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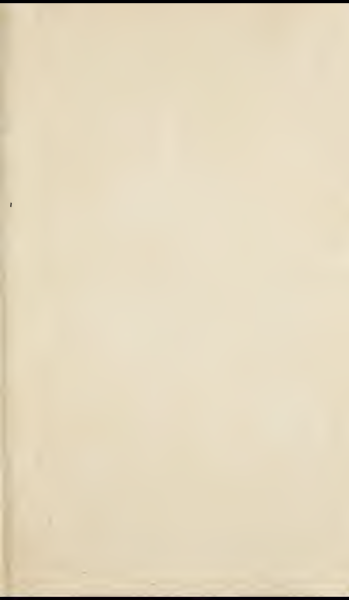
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The
WESTERN SOUVENIR
FOR
1829



CINCINNATI, OHIO

R. and C. Goodford



THE
WESTERN SOUVENIR,
A
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT
FOR 1829.

EDITED BY JAMES HALL.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY N. AND G. GUILFORD.

W. M. FARNSWORTH, PRINTER.



PREFACE.

THE following work appears before the publick, under the embarrassing character of a first attempt to imitate the beautiful productions of art and genius, which have reflected so much honour upon the talents of our worthy countrymen in some of the Atlantick states. We have adventured into a new field, and if we have fallen short of publick expectation, much allowance should be made for the difficulties which always attend a new undertaking; and for the want of time, and the consequent hurry, with which the work has been prepared and executed.

It will be seen, that this volume aspires to something beyond the ordinary compilations of the day, and that we have endeavoured to give it an original character, by devoting its pages exclusively to our domestic literature. It is written and published in the Western country, by Western men, and is chiefly confined to subjects connected with the history and character of the country which gives it birth. Most of the tales are founded upon fact, and though given as fiction, some of them are entitled to the credit of historical accuracy.

To the gentlemen, whose contributions compose the present volume, we return our grateful acknowledgments. It required no small degree of chivalry to induce them to embark with us, and to aid us with their talents and their names, in an enterprise of which the success was so extremely doubtful. To the modest and anonymous few, who, from their hiding places have sent us their contributions, we also tender our thanks.

The notice of our intention to publish was given at too late a period to enable writers at a distance to contribute; and it was thought adviseable to avail ourselves of the best materials within our reach, by admitting, in a few instances, articles, which had before been published in the ephemeral pages of our journals, and which were of course but little known.

The paintings, from which the embellishments have been prepared, were all executed in this country, and most of them expressly for the work. The views of Frankfort and Cincinnati, and The Shawanoe Warrior, were drawn by Mr. SAMUEL M. LEE, a young, native, and self-taught artist of this city. The Peasant Girl is from the pencil of Mr. HERVIEU, a French gentleman, who has recently settled at Cincinnati, and whose talents as a painter have been highly estimated. It was also our intention to have given a portrait of Daniel Boon, and for that purpose, we had procured an excellent copy of a painting by HARDIN, and forwarded it to an engraver; but it miscarried by acci-

lent, and did not reach him until too late. We intend that it shall embellish our next SOUVENIR.

The cordial approbation, with which our enterprise has been hailed, and the encouragement already extended to it, have been such as to induce the publishers to hope, that they shall be enabled to continue the work by an annual volume. The aid of our writers is, therefore, again invoked. The articles desired are Tales, Poetry, Historical Anecdotes, and descriptions of Scenery and Manners.

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THE NEW SOUVENIR.

OH! a new SOUVENIR is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide borders it flies with a zest;
 For save this fair volume, we Souvenir had none—
 It comes unpreceded, it comes all alone;
 So glossy in silk, and so neat in brier,
 There never was book like our new SOUVENIR!

It stays not for critic, and stops not for puff,
 Nor dreads that reviewers may call it "poor stuff!"
 For ere the dull proser can rail, or can rate,
 The ladies have smiled, and the critic comes late,
 And the poets who laugh, and the authors who sneer,
 Would be glad of a place in our new SOUVENIR.

So boldly it enters each parlour and hall,
 'Mong Keepsakes, Atlantics, Memorials, and all,
 That authors start up, each with hand on his pen,
 To demand whence it comes, with the wherefore, and
 when;—

"Oh come ye in peace, or in war come ye here,
 Or what is the aim of your new SOUVENIR?"

We've long seen your volumes o'erspreading the land,
 While the west country people strolled rifle in hand;

And now we have come, with these hard palms of ours,
To rival your poets in parlours and bowers.
There are maids in the West, bright, witty, and fair,
Who will gladly accept of our new SOUVENIR.

One hand to the paper, one touch to the pen,
We have rallied around us the best of our men :—
Away with the moccasin, rifle, and brand !
We have song, picture, silk, and gold-leaf at com-
mand—
Tis done !—Here we go with the fleet foot of deer—
They'll have keen pens that battle our new SOUVENIR.

JAMES HALL.

THE MINSTREL'S HOME.

THE image of a happier home,
Whence far my feet have strayed,
Still flits around me, as I roam,
Like joy's departed shade ;—
Though childhood's light of joy has set,
Its home is dear to memory yet !

Here—where the lapse of time hath swept
The forest's waving pride ;
And many a summer's light hath slept,
Upon the green hill's side,
I'll rest—while twilight's pinions spread
Their shadows o'er my grassy bed.

Yon stars—enthroned so high—so bright,
Like gems on heaven's fair brow,
Through all the majesty of night,
Are smiling on me now.
The promptings of poetic dreams
Are floating on their pale, pure beams.

The Muses of the starry spheres,
High o'er me wend along,
With visions of my infant years,
Blending their choral song—
Strewing with fancy's choicest flowers,
The pathway of the tranced hours.

They sing of constellations high,
The weary minstrel's home ;
Of days of sorrow hastening by,
And bright ones yet to come—
Far in the sky, like ocean isles,
Where sunny light forever smiles.

They sing of happy eireles, bright,
Where bards of old have gone ;
Where rounding ages of delight,
Undimmed, are shining on ;—
And now, in silence, sleeps again
The breathing of her mystic strain.

Leave me—O ! leave me not alone—
While I am sleeping here ;
Still let that soft and silvery tone
Sound in my dreaming ear.
I would not lose that strain divine,
To call earth's thousand kingdoms mine !

It is the sunbeam of the mind,
Whose bliss can ne'er be won,
Till the reviving soul shall find
Life's long, dark journey done,—
Then peerless splendour shall array,
The morning of that sinless day.

OTWAY CURRY.

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

[The following Speech was delivered by an Ottawa Chief before a Council of the Americans, held in the neighbourhood of Detroit, in 1788.]

“FATHERS!

I accepted your invitation to meet you here, with distrust, and measured my way to this Council Fire with trembling feet. My father and many of our chiefs have lately fallen in battle. The remembrance almost makes me a woman, and fills my eyes with tears.—Your kindness has relieved my heart.

“FATHERS!—You inform me, that if any of my people visit you they shall meet a friendly welcome. My fears are done away, and I will recommend to our young men to visit and get acquainted with yours.

“FATHERS!—What has happened this day has sunk deep into my heart, and will never be forgotten.—I foretell, that the sunshine of this day’s peace will warm and protect us and our children. To confirm it—I here present my right hand;—that hand which never yet was given in deceit;—which never raised the tomahawk in peace, or spared an enemy in war. And I assure you of my friendship with a tongue, which has never mocked at truth!”

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'Twas far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted
vows of love,
The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky
above,
The pebbly shore was covered o'er, with many a varied
shell,
And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glitter-
ing fell.
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun
has set,
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre
yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might
speak,
Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the
crimson cheek,
The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there
alone,
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but
our own ;
Thy footsteps all have vanished from the billow-beat-
en strand—
The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not
traced in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by child-
hood's dream,
To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's
stream ;
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain tor-
rent roared,
For love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each bar-
rier soared ;
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an
ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's
first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all, that e'er we
loved or knew,
The long remembered many, and the dearly cherished
few ;
The home of her we value, and the grave of him we
mourn,
Are there ;—and there is all the past to which the
heart can turn ;—
But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys
we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home,—its hallowed
resting place.

JAMES HALL.

LOVE IN THE DEW.

A MAIDEN went forth at the twilight hour,
To meet her true love in a dewy bower,
Where the rose, and sweet-briar, and jessamine grew,
And the humming-bird kissed from the blossoms their
dew ;

She was bright as that bird of the glittering wing,
And pure as the dew-drop, and gay as the spring.

And there in the shade,
The youth wooed the maid ;
But the moon rose high,
In the cloudless sky,

Ere she gave consent, and received the ring.

And then she flew,
From love and from dew,

To dream of them both the long night through !

The night has fled, and the dew is gone,
The maiden sits in her chamber alone ;
She is thinking of love, and moonlight hours,
Of dewy kisses, and jessamine howers,
And she wonders if rings, and vows, are true,
Or as cold as night, and fleeting as dew.

But her hope is bright,
And her heart is light,

And still she sings
Of bridal rings,
Of rose-buds, and vows, the long day through.
And all her theme,
Is that bright dream,
That came o'er her heart by the moon's pale beam.

The maiden is clad in her bridal dress,
The priest is there to unite and to bless;
And beside her the bridegroom has taken his stand,
To taste of her lip and to touch her hand,
And to wed in the face of the world, the maid
Whom he wooed at night in the jessamine shade.

No eye more bright,
No heart more light,
Than her's, the bride,
Who smiles in her pride,
For the ring is her's, and the vow is paid.
But maidens beware,
Of dew and night air,
Not always are truth and gold rings found there!

JAMES HALL.

TRADITIONS OF THE MAMMOTH.

THE bones of huge and monstrous animals have been found, buried in the earth, in different parts of the Mississippi valley. They have been dug out of the mud and clay, at Big-bone-lick, in such quantities as to be carried off in wagon loads. They have also been found between the Miamies, in the neighbourhood of the lakes, and in the banks of the Mississippi, Illinois, Wabash, Missouri, Osage, and Red rivers.

These remains have greatly puzzled and perplexed our naturalists and learned men;—some maintaining that the animals belonged to one class or genus, and some to another. Some have crowded all these bones into the same animal; and others have divided them among a dozen different species. Certain celebrated European philosophers have theorised very shrewdly and technically, upon the subject, and have finally set them all down as elephants!—And among our own great men, the question has been warmly discussed—whether the animals, to which they belonged, were carnivorous, or herbivorous; and for this purpose, their teeth and anatomy have been examined, described, compared, and commented upon, with great skill, and professional accuracy.

Some of these enormous grinders are found to have a flat and smooth, masticating surface; others have high, conical processes; strongly coated with enamel, and indicating animals of the carnivorous kind.—There is also a difference in the size and formation of the bones; and although they appear to be the remains of several distinct species, yet they have all received the general appellation of MAMMOTH.

Large claws have also been discovered, corresponding with bones of a size less than the Mammoth's, which some have conjectured to have been young Mammoths; others a species of the Sloth; and others maintain that it must have been the MEGALONIX, or Great Lion.

An English traveller, who called his name Thomas Ashe, a very sagacious and truth-telling tourist, and who, among other honorable deeds, swindled Dr. Goforth, of Cincinnati, out of the largest and most complete museum of these bones ever collected, which he carried off to England—has given the world the light and benefit of his researches, and established the fact beyond a doubt in his own mind, that these claws and carnivorous teeth all belonged to the Megaloniæ.

Mr. Ashe declares—and being a person of such high authority and known veracity, none ought to question the fact—that the Megaloniæ was precisely sixty feet in length, and twenty-five feet in height! That his shoulder-blade was as large as a breakfast table;—that his paw was four feet long and three feet wide;

that his skull was twelve inches thick; that, his ribs being formed like the sticks of a fan, he had the power of contracting his body to a great degree, in order to make more prodigious bounds; that he was endowed with the passions and appetites of the lion; that "his figure was magnificent; his looks determined; his gait stately, and his voice tremendous!"

Now the description of Mr. Ashe appears to be so minute and accurate, as to lead one to suppose, that, among the many other wonders which occurred to him in his tour through America, he must have met with one of these animals alive—actually taken his dimensions, and listened to the thunder of his voice.

Many other descriptions and ingenious theories have been given of this wonderful animal—some proving, that he belonged to that class of elephants whose remains are found in the arctic regions of Russia, and others—that he was a carnivorous and indigenous monster, peculiar to North America.

But I have in my possession a manuscript treatise upon this subject, written by a very learned naturalist, who is a member of the Antiquarian society—a great virtuoso in bones, and a regular correspondent of Dr. Mitchell and professor Raffinesque.

This gentleman has also been a great tourist, having travelled all over Europe and America. He has been on several expeditions with the fur traders of the Rocky mountains, and has formed acquaintance with most of the Indian tribes, and can fluently speak

twenty-seven different dialects of their language.—Hence it is thought, that he gave professor Rafinesque many of the very apt, and ingenious roots, derivations, and analogies, which he has introduced into his learned disquisition upon the language of the aborigines. But our author more particularly directed his inquiries as to the origin of the Indian Mounds, and the size, form, habits, and character of the Mammoth; and has collected many curious traditions relating to both, from which I will take the liberty of giving a few extracts.

“THE POTTOWATAMIE Indians,” says this manuscript, “and those who inhabit the country bordering upon the Great Lakes, represent this extinct creature, as neither carnivorous nor herbivorous, but a *lignivorous* animal—called in their language, the TREE-EATER. They say, that he sought no object less than the forest, itself, for food; that he fed upon the limbs and tops of trees—sometimes consuming trunks and all; that he was slow of pace, and clumsy in his movements; never travelling out of a walk; that he was as high as the trees, and had two immense tusks, standing in his under jaw, which curved up over his forehead in a circle, until they nearly reached his back, and when he moved, these tusks were to be distinctly seen above the forest trees—which bowed, bent, and cracked beneath him; and that, when a large herd of them got together, they consumed whole forests for many miles

around, which caused the numerous and extensive prairies, to be found in so many parts of the country.

“According to this tradition, they were of the colour of blue clay—had large, pendant ears—small, keen eyes—a rough and knotted hide—a short tail, and cloven feet. But the most extraordinary organ, which belonged to this animal, was a huge, flexible trunk, or proboscis—through which he breathed—making a noise, after a little exercise, or when excited from any cause, as loud as a high pressure steam-engine. Such was the power and strength of this trunk, that they would often wind it round trees, and tear them up by the roots. This also served as a pipe, or aqueduct, by which they conveyed the water into their stomachs. They possessed the power of elongating, or contracting it, at will; and when they wished to drink, they would, sometimes, wade into a river, the deepest of which they easily forded, and take such copious draughts, as to check the river in its course.— Sometimes, they would stand on the bank, and extend their trunks, like a hose, into the stream below, and draw up the water in torrents, until their thirst was slaked. They had also the power of spouting water to a great height, through these trunks, and would, at times, wade into the lakes, and gambol in the water—spouting it in a thousand *jets-d'eau*—almost to the clouds—which produced in the rays of the sun beautiful rainbows, and fell in rain and mist, at the distance of more than a mile!

"Their mode of fighting was to lock their trunks together, and pull back; and the one which could haul the other out of his tracks, became victorious. It sometimes happened, that, rather than be pulled out of his tracks, the weaker would let go his hold of a sudden, and suffer his antagonist to fall back upon his rump with a prodigious momentum—from which position it was difficult for him to rise again. When at rest, they coiled them up like a rope, and carried them upon their foreheads.

"The Tree-Eaters were great favourites of the Indians who used to seek out their accustomed haunts, and plant maize in the fields which they had cleared of wood. They were affectionate and docile in their dispositions, and would suffer the natives to run between their legs, and to handle and play with their trunks. They would frequently accompany the red men in their hunting expeditions, and when a river laid in their route, would set the whole company upon their backs with their trunks, and carry them across to the opposite shore. They tell many anecdotes of the instances of individual attachments, which were formed by these animals for some favourite Indian, and which evince a degree of instinct and intelligence, far beyond any thing of the kind now known to exist in the brute creation. One of which is the following:

"——During a violent earthquake, near the mouth of the Ohio, the dam of a young Tree-Eater was swallowed up in a yawning fissure of the earth. The

young calf, deprived of his maternal sustenance and care, wandered up the valley of the Ohio, into the neighbourhood of a village of the ancient Shawanese. He was discovered by the chief of the tribe, wandering about the forest, and uttering, from time to time, the most plaintive cries. He was observed occasionally to seize upon the trunks of small trees and saplings, and after some unsuccessful efforts at mastication with his toothless gums, he would quit his hold and continue his wailings.

“The Shawanoe understood his condition, and gave him some green corn and other vegetables, which he devoured with a voracious appetite. He manifested a strong feeling of attachment to the chief who had relieved his hunger—followed him to his village, and was fed and sustained by him, until his teeth were grown to such a size, that he could procure his own subsistence from the cane-brakes and trees of the forest. The Tree-Eater soon became domesticated in his habits, and exhibited, at all times, a peculiar affection for the chief—following him wherever he went, and yielding a prompt and willing obedience to his commands. He would accompany him on his hunting and fishing expeditions, setting him across the rivers, carrying his game, and carefully guarding him from harm. He would stretch his giant frame on the ground, at night, before the hut of his master, which was in the centre of the village; and, like a faithful watch dog, protect the tribe from danger during the night.

“The Shawanoe chief had neither wife nor family; but had, in one of his excursions to the south, formed an attachment for the daughter of a Cherokee chief, and contracted an alliance which he intended soon to consummate. It so happened, that just before the intended celebration of their nuptials, a wicked and faithless tribe of the Sioux invited the Cherokees to a bear feast, and war dance; and in the midst of their conviviality, treacherously fell upon, and massacred nearly the whole of their unsuspecting guests; and carried away captive the Cherokee maid, to whom the Shawanoe chief was betrothed. Maddened by this outrage, he assembled the flower of his nation—determined to chastise the perfidious Sioux, and redeem from the hands of violence his captive love. He took an affectionate leave of his faithful Tree-Eater, embraced his huge trunk, and left him with the women and children of his tribe to pursue his chivalrous expedition.

“Before the expiration of another moon, a remnant only of all the fierce and painted warriors, who went out to battle, returned to their village. They approached with a slow march, in Indian file, chaunting the death song, and intimating to their people, that death and disaster had thinned their ranks, and given victory to their enemy. The Tree-Eater raised himself from his lair, elevated his flapping ears;—then extending his ponderous trunk high in the air, with his keen and sagacious eyes, he scrutinized each

of the warriors as he passed. With an air of disappointment, and a low, melancholy moaning, he then set off with a quick step towards the setting sun—scenting the tracks, and following the trail by which the vanquished warriors had returned.

“The Shawanese had been truly unfortunate. By an ingenious ambuscade of the Sioux, they had been defeated with great slaughter; and their chief, stunned by the blow of a war club, had been taken captive.—The Sioux, after keeping him for some time a prisoner, and goading him with every cruel indignity they could devise, determined, at last, upon burning him at the stake; and, to aggravate his torture, they decreed, that the Cherokee maid should also perish in the same flame.

“The captives were brought forth and bound to the same tree. The circle of combustibles was piled high around them;—the dance of exultation, and the yell of triumph, had commenced—and the leader of the Sioux was in the act of applying the torch to the fagots—when his purpose was arrested by a sudden and deafening roar in the adjacent forest. All turned their eyes in the direction of the sound, and beheld the Tree-Eater of the Shawanoe rapidly approaching, and brandishing his tusks and sweeping trunk above the trees. The assembled tribe fled in consternation to their huts, and endeavoured to hide themselves from a presence so appalling. He approached his captive master, and exhibiting the most extravagant joy, released him and his companion from their thralldom—

seated them gently upon his broad shoulders; and taking the trail back again, recrossed the Father of waters, and bore in triumph his chief and the Cherokee girl to the tribe of the Shawanese." * * * *

"THE DELAWARES have another and different tradition. They represent this nondescript and legendary animal to have been of the lion or tiger kind.—From the stories which have been handed down from their fathers, they say—That he was of the size of five buffaloes, and as high as three men standing on each other's heads; that he had red, fiery eyes, which shone in the dark like two balls of fire, or blazing stars; that he was covered with a long, fine fur—beautifully spotted and variegated. They say, that his tail was as long as his body, and had a tuft, or brush, at the end of it; that instead of hanging down like most other animals, it was elevated much higher than the body, and when watching for game, he kept it constantly waving in the air; and when excited to anger, he would lash it with great fury—sometimes making it crack, like a coach-whip, as loud as the report of a musket.

"His feet, or paws, were nearly of the size of those described by Mr. Ashe; and had long, sharp and hook-like claws, which enabled him to rend and tear his prey. He was active, nimble and fierce, and bounded rather than walked. His speed was swift as the wind. His bounds were prodigious. He could leap across rivers, over the tops of trees, and would sometimes jump from

one cliff, or hill, to another. They say, that the Great Spirit, himself, was somewhat afraid of him; and he was a terror to the Indians, and all the beasts of the forest.

"The tradition of the SHAWANESE corresponds with that related by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia. That a race of animals in ancient times existed in these valleys, huge, voracious, and terrible; that they devoured the beasts of the forest, until the red men were reduced to famine for the want of game; that the Great Spirit took pity on his children, and seizing his lightning, hurled it, in his wrath, among them, until all were killed, but the big bull, who presented his forehead to the bolts, and shook them off as they fell—until missing one, at last, it wounded him in his side:—whereupon, bellowing with rage and fury, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the Great Lakes, where he is still living; and that since that time, they have never troubled the Indians or molested their game.

"But among the SIOUX, FOXES, and several other tribes west of the Mississippi, there are several legends and traditions, from all of which I gather, that the Tree-Eater, Mammoth, and Megalonyx, were distinct animals, and all existed at the same time. Such was the fierce and destructive character of the Mammoth and Megalonyx, that some portion of the dread, with which they inspired the aboriginal inhabitants, has descended to their posterity. They never speak of them

without evincing a kind of superstitious horror; and in their narrations, their looks and gestures, as well as language, partake of the terrific and marvellous.

“From their accounts, the Megalonix was the most terrible from his great nimbleness and ferocity. Such were his speed and accuracy that nothing could escape him. He constantly prowled and lurked about the forest—carrying terror, death, and destruction, wherever he went. But the Megalonix would be satisfied with a single Indian, bear, or buffalo; while the Mammoth would devour whole villages of Indians, and herds of buffaloes and deer, at a single meal.—Their roar was so loud and heavy as to shake the earth, and could be heard at a great distance; and when they approached a village none thought of making resistance; but old men, warriors, squaws, and children, all fled in affright—each endeavouring to save himself.

“These monsters never met without giving battle. In the combats between the Megalonix and the Mammoth, the latter had greatly the advantage in strength; and the former in agility and courage. The Megalonix would leap from the ground upon the back of the Mammoth, bite him with his voracious teeth, and tear him with his long claws; while the Mammoth would watch his opportunity, and hurl the Megalonix with his tusks into the air to a great height, from which he would fall through the trees, breaking the limbs and stripping them in his fall. And such was the inveter-

ate and determined spirit with which they fought, that it generally ended in the death of one or the other.

"The Tree-Eater was much stronger and less active than either of the others. His mode of warfare was to wind his trunk round the bodies or necks of his antagonists, and by pulling back, entangle, squeeze, choke, and strangle them to death. In these contests, the Tree-Eaters would sometimes hold their enemies with the trunk lashed round their necks, for several hours; and the efforts, boundings, and struggles of the prisoners to release themselves from its unyielding gripe, were prodigious.

"When in the progress of time they had destroyed most of the game, they made war in whole herds and armies upon each other. In these battles, they bounded over the hills—dashed through the rivers—tore up the earth—and crushed down the trees.

"At length the Great Spirit, being weary with the uproar and confusion, and incensed at a progeny of his creatures so destructive and so terrible, was determined to extirpate them all from the earth; and for this purpose he assembled the remnant of each race at Big-bone-lick, that they might destroy each other.—There, as was anticipated, a fearful battle ensued.—Their rage being increased by the sympathy of numbers, they assailed each other with inconceivable fury.—The blood flowed in torrents;—the earth shook beneath them; the hills trembled with the tumult; and

32 TRADITIONS OF THE MAMMOTH.

the distant mountains echoed with the bellowings of death! They continued the combat until all were destroyed except a big bull of the Mammoth, who, though shockingly torn and wounded, remained the sole surviving monarch of his race. Their carcasses laid piled in promiscuous heaps at the lick, where their bones at this day, have been dug up in such quantities. The big bull retired in gloom and rage beyond the Great Lakes, where all traditions agree that he is still living."

N. GUILFORD.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

GIVE me the scene of uproar wild,
 The mountain cliffs, in rudeness piled,
 Their summits bald amid the sky,
 Where the clouds pause that journey by,
 Where lightnings gambol round their heads,
 As the hoarse storm its curtain spreads.—

Man—the poor insect of a day!
 Just springs from earth to pass away,
 Flits from the scene as light and fast,
 As the lake's shadow in the blast:—
 But mark yon hills! Their cliffs have stood,
 Unmoved, since round them dashed the flood.

Skirting the horizon's verge afar,
 And neighbours of the evening star,
 In varied form of peak and ridge,
 Or woody dell, or naked ledge,
 They rear their heads above the cloud,
 Or veil them in a green-wood shroud;—
 Approaching here—till field and cot
 Distinctly mark the cultured spot—
 Retiring there—and soaring high,
 And softening till they melt in sky.

How sweet, by morning's early light,
 To stand upon their starry height,

When through the night, the welcome rain
Has left its freshness on the plain;
An ocean vast, the dawn will greet,
Of fleecy clouds beneath your feet—
With here and there, a lonely head
Emerging through their billowy bed:
All else, so lost, so still, and fair—
You almost ask if earth be there!
And wish the swallow's wing to try
The magic flood, and bathe in sky.—

But grander far the sable cloud,
Fraught with heaven's fire, and thunder loud;
Its fleecy van of silver sheen,
But all the rear a mid-night scene;
The bursting bolt, in vengeance hurled,
That rends the air, and shakes the world;
The pensile flash, whose vivid form
Crosses the darkness of the storm;
Descending now, with anger red,
Scathes the bleak mountain's distant head,
Or plays in gambols round the sky,
A solemn sport to mortal eye!

At length, the advancing torrents mark
The distant summits, veiled, and dark;—
Hill, after hill, as fast it nears,
Is shaded—dimmed—and disappears;
And mingle now along the plain,
The flash—the peal—and dashing rain.—

The cloud has passed.—Descending day
Beams forth again its brightest ray;—
The youthful flocks forget to feed,
Through joy's excess, and race the mead;
The songsters strain their little throats,
Put forth their loudest, merriest notes,
And scarce that day does Phœbus part
From saddened eye, or sorrowing heart.—

O! what were life's dull, transient hour,
Without its sunshine, and its shower—
Its day of gloom, and doubt's dark dream,
And hope's succeeding, brightening beam.

OHIO.

BEAUTEOUS are OHIO's woods,
Her forests vast—her virgin flowers ;
I love to trace her lofty groves,
And sit beneath her vine-clad bowers.

Bright, and bland Ohio's clime,
Where sheds the sun his mildest beams ;
Where bright he gilds the evening clouds,
With hues more soft than Fairy dreams.

Luxuriant is Ohio's soil,
Where hills, and woods, and fields are green ;
Where Ceres pours her lavish horn,
And freedom smiles on every scene.

Romantick is Ohio's stream,
Through wild woods wandering, deep, and slow,
While on its waveless mirror seen,
Cliffs, trees, and clouds, inverted glow.

But, ah ! the dear, the magic charm,
That binds my heart so strong to thee,
Is that which lights the angelic face
Of more than mortal purity !

N. GUILFORD.



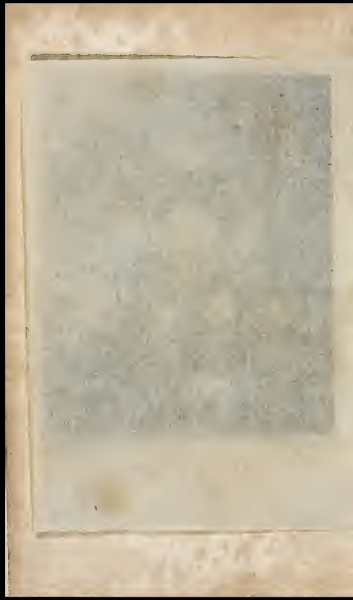


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PLEASANT GIRL

W. & G. Chafford



THE FRENCH VILLAGE.

ON the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village, which once boasted a numerous population of as happy, and as thoughtless souls, as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep bayou, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town, was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the bayou was a swamp, which during the summer heats was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypress, whose interwoven branches, and close foliage, excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot, as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenantless—and there were seasons, when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to wield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the paro-

quets, that chattered among the boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight, as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of musquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum, and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile, and dyspepsia, abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of musquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood, which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted the gaiety, of this happy people. When the musquitoes came, the *monsieurs* lighted their pipes, and kept up, not only a brisk fire, but a dense smoke, against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet, the fiddler flourished his bow, and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang, and laughed, and fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and of prey.

Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with innumerable flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety than here

and there a huge mound—the venerable monument of departed ages, or a solitary tree of stunted growth, shattered by the blast, and pining alone in the gay desert. The prospect was bounded by a range of tall bluffs, which overlooked the prairie, covered at some points with groves of timber, and at others exhibiting their naked sides, or high, bald peaks, to the eye of the beholder. Herds of deer might be seen here at sunrise, slyly retiring to their coverts, after rioting away the night on the rich pasturage. Here the lowing kine lived, if not in clover, at least in something equally nutritious; and here might be seen immense droves of French ponies, roaming untamed, the common stock of the village, ready to be reduced to servitude, by any lady or gentleman, who chose to take the trouble.

With their Indian neighbours, the inhabitants had maintained a cordial intercourse, which had never yet been interrupted by a single act of aggression on either side. It is worthy of remark, that the French have invariably been more successful in securing the confidence and affection of the Indian tribes than any other nation. Others have had leagues with them, which, for a time, have been faithfully observed; but the French alone have won them to the familiar intercourse of social life, lived with them in the mutual interchange of kindness; and by treating them as friends and equals, gained their entire confidence. This result, which has been attributed to the sagacious policy of their government, is perhaps more owing to the conciliatory man-

ners of that amiable people, and the absence among them of that insatiable avarice, that boundless ambition, that reckless prodigality of human life, that unprincipled disregard of public and solemn leagues, which, in the conquests of the British and the Spaniards, have marked their footsteps with misery, and blood, and desolation.

This little colony was composed partly of emigrants from France, and partly of natives—not Indians—but *bona fide* French, born in America; but preserving their language, their manners, and their agility in dancing, although several generations had passed away since their first settlement. Here they lived perfectly happy, and well they might, for they enjoyed to the full extent, those three blessings on which our declaration of independence has laid so much stress—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Their lives, it is true, were sometimes threatened by the miasm aforesaid; but this was soon ascertained to be an imaginary danger. For whether it was owing to their temperance, or their cheerfulness, or their activity, or to their being acclimated, or to the want of attraction between French people and fever, or to all these together; certain it is, that they were blessed with a degree of health, only enjoyed by the most favoured nations. As to liberty, the wild Indian scarcely possessed more; for although the ‘grand monarch’ had not more loyal subjects in his wide domains, he had never condescended to honor them with a single act of oppression, unless the occa-

sional visits of the Commandant could be so called; who sometimes, when levying supplies, called upon the village for its portion, which they always contributed with many protestations of gratitude for the honor conferred on them. And as for happiness, they pursued nothing else. Inverting the usual order, to enjoy life was their daily business, to provide for its wants an occasional labour, sweetened by its brief continuance, and its abundant fruit. They had a large tract of land around the village, which was called the "common field," because it belonged to the community. Most of this was allowed to remain in open pasturage; but spots of it were cultivated by any who chose to enclose them; and such enclosure gave a firm title to the individual so long as the occupancy lasted, but no longer. They were not an agricultural people, further than the rearing of a few esculents for the table made them such; relying chiefly on their large herds, and on the produce of the chase for support. With the Indians they drove an amicable, though not extensive, trade, for furs and peltry; giving them in exchange, merchandize and trinkets, which they procured from their countrymen at St. Louis. To the latter place, they annually carried their skins, bringing back a fresh supply of goods for barter, together with such articles as their own wants required; not forgetting a large portion of finery for the ladies, a plentiful supply of rosin and cat-gut for the fiddler, and liberal presents for his reverence, the priest.

If this village had no other recommendation, it is endeared to my recollection, as the birth-place and residence, of Monsieur Baptiste Menou, who was one of its principal inhabitants, when I first visited it. He was a bachelor of forty, a tall, lank, hard featured personage, as straight as a ramrod, and almost as thin, with stiff, black hair, sunken cheeks, and a complexion, a tinge darker than that of the aborigines. His person was remarkably erect, his countenance grave, his gait deliberate; and when to all this be added an enormous pair of sable whiskers, it will be admitted that Mons. Baptiste was no insignificant person. He had many estimable qualities of mind and person which endeared him to his friends, whose respect was increased by the fact of his having been a soldier and a traveller. In his youth he had followed the French commandant in two campaigns; and not a comrade in the ranks was better dressed, or cleaner shaved on parade than Baptiste, who fought besides with the characteristic bravery of the nation to which he owed his lineage. He acknowledged, however, that war was not as pleasant a business as is generally supposed. Accustomed to a life totally free from constraint, the discipline of the camp ill accorded with his desultory habits. He complained of being obliged to eat, and drink, and sleep, at the call of the drum. Burnishing a gun, and brushing a coat, and polishing shoes, were duties beneath a gentleman, and after all, Baptiste saw but little honor in tracking the wily Indians

through endless swamps. Besides he began to have some scruples, as to the propriety of cutting the throats of the respectable gentry whom he had been in the habit of considering as the original and lawful possessors of the soil. He, therefore, proposed to resign, and was surprised when his commander informed him, that he was enlisted for a term, which was not yet expired. He bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and submitted to his fate. He had too much honor to desert, and was too loyal, and too polite, to murmur; but he, forthwith, made a solemn vow to his patron saint, never again to get into a scrape, from which he could not retreat whenever it suited his convenience. It was thought that he owed his celibacy in some measure to this vow. He had since accompanied the friendly Indians on several hunting expeditions towards the sources of the Mississippi, and had made a trading voyage to New Orleans. Thus accomplished, he had been more than once called upon by the commandant to act as a guide, or an interpreter; honors which failed not to elicit suitable marks of respect from his fellow villagers; but which had not inflated the honest heart of Baptiste with any unbecoming pride; on the contrary there was not a more modest man in the village.

In his habits he was the most regular of men. He might be seen at any hour of the day, either sauntering through the village, or seated in front of his own door, smoking a large pipe, formed of a piece of buckhorn, curiously hollowed out, and lined with tin; to

which was affixed a short stem of cane from the neighbouring swamp. This pipe was his inseparable companion; and he evinced towards it a constancy which would have immortalized his name, had it been displayed in a better cause. When he walked abroad, it was to stroll leisurely from door to door, chatting familiarly with his neighbours, patting the white-haired children on the head, and continuing his lounge, until he had peregrinated the village. His gravity was not a "mysterious carriage of the body to conceal the defects of the mind," but a constitutional seriousness of aspect, which covered as happy and as humane a spirit, as ever existed. It was simply a want of sympathy between his muscles, and his brains; the former utterly refusing to express any agreeable sensation, which might haply tintillate the organs of the latter. Honest Baptiste loved a joke, and uttered many, and good ones; but his rigid features refused to smile even at his own wit—a circumstance which I am the more particular in mentioning, as it is not common. He had an orphan niece whom he had reared from childhood to maturity,—a lovely girl, of whose beautiful complexion, a poet might say, that its roses were cushioned upon ermine. A sweeter flower bloomed not upon the prairie, than Gabrielle Menou. But as she was never afflicted with weak nerves, dyspepsia, or consumption, and had but one avowed lover, whom she treated with uniform kindness, and married with the consent of all parties, she has no claim to be considered as the here-

ine of this history. That station will be cheerfully awarded by every sensible reader to the more important personage who will be presently introduced.

Across the street, immediately opposite to Mons. Baptiste, lived Mademoiselle Jeanette Duval, a lady who resembled him in some respects, but in many others was his very antipode. Like him, she was cheerful and happy, and single—but unlike him, she was brisk, and fat, and plump. Monsieur was the very pink of gravity; and Mademoiselle was blessed with a goodly portion thereof,—but hers was specific gravity. Her hair was dark, but her heart was light, and her eyes, though black, were as brilliant a pair of orbs as ever beamed upon the dreary solitude of a bachelor's heart. Jeanette's heels were as light as her heart, and her tongue as active as her heels, so that notwithstanding her rotundity, she was as brisk a Frenchwoman, as ever frisked through the mazes of a cotillion. To sum her perfections, her complexion was of a darker olive than the genial sun of France confers on her brunettes, and her skin was as smooth and shining, as polished mahogany. Her whole household consisted of herself, and a female negro servant. A spacious garden, which surrounded her house, a pony, and a herd of cattle, constituted, in addition to her personal charms, all the wealth of this amiable spinster. But with these she was rich, as they supplied her table without adding much to her cares. Her quadrupeds, according to the example set by their superiors, pursued their own hap-

piness without let or molestation, wherever they could find it—waxing fat or lean, as nature was more or less bountiful in supplying their wants; and when they strayed too far, or when her agricultural labours became too arduous for the feminine strength of herself, and her sable assistant, every monsieur of the village was proud of an occasion to serve Mam'selle. And well they might be, for she was the most notable lady in the village, the life of every party, the soul of every frolic. She participated in every festive meeting, and every sad solemnity. Not a neighbour could get up a dance, or get down a dose of bark, without her assistance. If the ball grew dull, Mam'selle bounced on the floor, and infused new spirit into the weary dancers. If the conversation flagged, Jeanette, who occupied a kind of neutral ground between the young and the old, the married and the single, chatted with all, and loosened all tongues. If the girls wished to stroll in the woods, or romp on the prairie, Mam'selle was taken along to keep off the wolves, and the rude young men; and in respect to the latter, she faithfully performed her office by attracting them around her own person. Then she was the best neighbour, and the kindest soul! She made the richest soup, the clearest coffee, and the neatest pastry in the village; and in virtue of her confectionary was the prime favourite of all the children. Her hospitality was not confined to her own domicile, but found its way in the shape of sundry savoury viands, to every table in the vicinity. In the sick cham-

ber she was the most assiduous nurse, her step was the lightest, and her voice the most cheerful—so that the priest must inevitably have become jealous of her skill, had it not been for divers plates of rich soup, and bottles of cordial, with which she conciliated his favour, and purchased absolution for these and other offences.

Baptiste and Jeanette were the best of neighbours. He always rose at the dawn, and after lighting his pipe, sallied forth into the open air, where Jeanette usually made her appearance at the same time; for there was an emulation of long standing between them, which should be the earliest riser.

“Bon jour! Mam’selle Jeanette,” was his daily salutation.

“Ah! bon jour! bon jour! Mons. Menou,” was her daily reply.

Then as he gradually approximated the little paling, which surrounded her door, he hoped Mam’selle was well this morning, and she reiterated the kind enquiry, but with increased emphasis. Then Monsieur enquired after Mam’selle’s pony, and Mam’selle’s cow, and her garden, and every thing appertaining to her, real, personal and mixed; and she displayed a corresponding interest in all concerns of her kind neighbour.—These discussions were mutually beneficial. If Mam’selle’s cattle ailed, or if her pony was guilty of any impropriety, who so able to advise her as Mons. Baptiste; and if his plants drooped, or his poultry died, who so skilful in such matters as Mam’selle Jeanette. Some-

times Baptiste forgot his pipe in the superior interest of the "tête à tête," and must needs step in to light it at Jeanette's fire, which caused the gossips of the village to say, that he purposely let his pipe go out, in order that he might himself go in. But he denied this, and, indeed, before offering to enter the dwelling of Mam'selle on such occasions, he usually solicited permission to light his pipe at Jeanette's sparkling eyes, a compliment at which, although it had been repeated some scores of times, Mam'selle never failed to laugh and curtesy, with great good humour and good breeding.

It can not be supposed that a bachelor of so much discernment, could long remain insensible to the galaxy of charms which centered in the person of Mam'selle Jeanette; and accordingly, it was currently reported that a courtship of some ten years standing had been slyly conducted on his part, and as cunningly eluded on hers. It was not averred that Baptiste had actually gone the fearful length of offering his hand; or that Jeanette had been so imprudent as to discourage, far less reject, a lover of such respectable pretensions. But there was thought to exist a strong hankering on the part of the gentleman, which the lady had managed so skilfully as to keep his mind in a kind of equilibrium, like that of the patient animal between the two bundles of hay—so that he would sometimes halt in the street, midway between the two cottages, and cast furtive glances, first at the one, and then at the

other, as if weighing the balance of comfort; while the increased volumes of smoke which issued from his mouth, seemed to argue that the fire of his love had other fuel than tobacco, and was literally consuming the inward man. The wary spinster was always on the alert on such occasions, manœuvring like a skillful general according to circumstances. If honest Baptiste after such a consultation, turned on his heel, and retired to his former cautious position at his own door, Mam'selle rallied all her attractions, and by a sudden demonstration drew him again into the field; but if he marched with an embarrassed air towards her gate, she retired into her castle, or kept shy, and by able evolutions, avoided every thing which might bring matters to an issue. Thus the courtship continued longer than the siege of Troy, and Jeanette maintained her freedom, while Baptiste with a magnanimity superior to that of Agamemnon, kept his temper, and smoked his pipe in good humour with Jeanette and all the world.

Such was the situation of affairs, when I first visited this village, about the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The news of that event had just reached this sequestered spot, and was but indifferently relished. Independently of the national attachment, which all men feel, and the French so justly, the inhabitants of this region had reason to prefer to all others the government, which had afforded them protection without constraining their freedom, or subjecting

them to any burthens; and with the kindest feelings towards the Americans, they would willingly have dispensed with any nearer connexion, than that which already existed. They, however, said little on the subject; and that little was expressive of their cheerful acquiescence in the honor done them by the American people, in buying the country, which the Emperor had done them the honor to sell.

It was on the first day of the Carnival, that I arrived in the village, about sunset, seeking shelter only for the night, and intending to proceed on my journey in the morning. The notes of the violin, and the groupes of gaily attired people who thronged the street, attracted my attention, and induced me to inquire the occasion of this merriment. My host informed me that a "King ball" was to be given at the house of a neighbour, adding the agreeable intimation, that strangers were always expected to attend without invitation. Young and ardent, little persuasion was required, to induce me to change my dress, and hasten to the scene of festivity. The moment I entered the room, I felt that I was welcome. Not a single look of surprise, not a glance of more than ordinary attention, denoted me as a stranger, or an unexpected guest. The gentlemen nearest the door, bowed as they opened a passage for me through the crowd, in which for a time I mingled, apparently unnoticed. At length, a young gentleman adorned with a large nosegay approached me, invited me to join the dancers, and after

inquiring my name, introduced me to several females, among whom I had no difficulty in selecting a graceful partner. I was passionately fond of dancing, so that readily imbibing the joyous spirit of those around me, I advanced rapidly in their estimation. The native ease and elegance of the females, reared in the wilderness, and unhacknied in the forms of society, surprised and delighted me, as much as the amiable frankness of all classes.—By and by, the dancing ceased, and four young ladies of exquisite beauty, who had appeared during the evening to assume more consequence than the others, stood alone on the floor. For a moment their arch glances wandered over the company who stood silently around, when one of them advancing to a young gentleman led him into the circle, and taking a large bouquet from her own bosom, pinned it upon the left breast of his coat, and pronounced him, “KING !” The gentleman kissed his fair elector, and led her to a seat. Two others were selected almost at the same moment. The fourth lady hesitated for an instant, then advancing to the spot where I stood, presented me her hand, led me forward, and placed the symbol on my breast, before I could recover from the surprise into which the incident had thrown me. I regained my presence of mind, however, in time to salute my lovely consort ; and never did king enjoy with more delight, the first fruits of his elevation—for the beautiful Gabrielle, with whom I had just danced, and who had so unexpectedly raised me, as it were, to the pur-

ple, was the freshest and fairest flower in this gay assemblage.

This ceremony was soon explained to me. On the first day of the Carnival, four self-appointed kings, having selected their queens, give a ball, at their own proper costs, to the whole village. In the course of that evening, the queens select, in the manner described, the kings for the ensuing day, who choose their queens, in turn, by presenting the nosegay and the kiss. This is repeated every evening in the week;—the kings for the time being, giving the ball at their own expense; and all the inhabitants attending without invitation. On the morning after each ball, the kings of the preceding evening make small presents to their late queens, and their temporary alliance is dissolved. Thus commenced my acquaintance with Gabrielle Menou, who, if she cost me a few sleepless nights, amply repaid me in the many happy hours, for which I was indebted to her friendship.

I remained several weeks at this hospitable village. Few evenings passed without a dance, at which all were assembled, young and old; the mothers vying in agility with their daughters, and the old men setting examples of gallantry to the young. I accompanied their young men to the Indian towns, and was hospitably entertained. I followed them to the chase, and witnessed the fall of many a noble buck. In their light canoes, I glided over the turbid waters of the Mississippi, or through the labyrinths of the morass, in

pursuit of water fowl. I visited the mounds, where the bones of thousands of warriors were mouldering, overgrown with prairie violets, and thousands of nameless flowers. I saw the mocasin snake basking in the sun, the elk feeding on the prairie; and returned to mingle in the amusements of a circle, where, if there was not Parisian elegance, there was more than Parisian cordiality.

Several years passed away before I again visited this country. The jurisdiction of the American government was now extended over this immense region, and its beneficial effects were beginning to be widely disseminated. The roads were crowded with the teams, and herds, and families of emigrants, hastening to the land of promise. Steam boats navigated every stream, the axe was heard in every forest, and the plough broke the sod whose verdure had covered the prairie for ages.

It was sunset when I reached the margin of the prairie, on which the village is situated. My horse, wearied with a long day's travel, sprung forward with new vigour, when his hoof struck the smooth, firm road which led across the plain. It was a narrow path, winding among the tall grass, now tinged with the mellow hues of autumn. I gazed with delight over the beautiful surface. The mounds, and the solitary trees, were there, just as I had left them, and they were familiar to my eye as the objects of yesterday. It was eight miles across the prairie, and I had not

passed half the distance, when night set in. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the village, but two large mounds, and a clump of trees, which intervened, defeated my purpose. I thought of Gabrielle, and Jeanette, and Baptiste, and the priest—the fiddles, dances, and French ponies; and fancied every minute an hour, and every foot a mile, which separated me from scenes, and persons, so deeply impressed on my imagination.

At length, I passed the mounds, and beheld the lights twinkling in the village, now about two miles off, like a brilliant constellation in the horizon. The lights seemed very numerous—I thought they moved; and at last discovered, that they were rapidly passing about. “What can be going on in the village?” thought I—then a strain of music met my ear—“they are going to dance,” said I, striking my spurs into my jaded nag, “and I shall see all my friends together.” But as I drew near, a volume of sounds burst upon me, such as defied all conjecture. Fiddles, flutes and tambourins, drums, cow-horns, tin trumpets, and kettles, mingled their discordant notes with a strange accompaniment of laughter, shouts, and singing. This singular concert proceeded from a mob of men and boys, who paraded through the streets, preceded by one who blew an immense tin horn, and ever and anon shouted, “Cha-ri-va-ry! Charivary!” to which the mob responded “Charivary!” I now recollected to have heard of a custom which prevails among the American

French, of serenading at the marriage of a widow or widower, with such a concert as I now witnessed ; and I rode towards the crowd, who had halted before a well known door, to ascertain who were the happy parties.

“Charivary !” shouted the leader.

“Pour qui ?” said another voice.

“Pour Mons. Baptiste Menou, il est marié !”

“Avec qui ?”

“Avec Mam’selle Jeanette Duval—Charivary !”

“Charivary !” shouted the whole company, and a torrent of music poured from the full band—tin kettles, cow-horns and all.

The door of the little cabin, whose hospitable threshold, I had so often crossed, now opened, and Baptiste made his appearance—the identical, lank, sallow, erect personage, with whom I had parted several years before, with the same pipe in his mouth. His visage was as long, and as melancholy as ever ; except that there was a slight tinge of triumph in its expression, and a bashful casting down of the eye ; reminding one of a conqueror, proud but modest in his glory. He gazed with an embarrassed air at the serenaders, bowed repeatedly, as if conscious that he was the hero of the night—and then exclaimed,

“For what you make this charivary ?”

“Charivary !” shouted the mob ; and the tin trumpets gave an exquisite flourish.

“Gentlemen !” expostulated the bridegroom, “for why you make this charivary for me ? I have never

been marry before—and Mam'selle Jeanette has never been marry before!"

Roll went the drum!—cow-horns, kettles, tin trumpets and fiddles poured forth volumes of sound, and the mob shouted in unison.

"Gentlemen! pardonnez moi—" supplicated the distressed Baptiste. "If I understan dis custom, which have long prevail vid us, it is vat I say—ven a gentleman, who has been marry before, shall marry de second time—or ven a lady have de misfortune to loose her husban, and be so happy to marry some odder gentleman, den we make de charivary—but 'tis not so wid Mam'selle Duval and me. Upon my honor we have never been marry before dis time!"

"Why Baptiste" said one "you certainly have been married and have a daughter grown."

"Oh, excuse me sir! Madame St. Marie is my niece, I have never been so happy to be marry, until Mam'selle Duval have do me dis honneur."

"Well, well! its all one. If you have not been married, you ought to have been, long ago:—and might have been, if you had said the word."

"Ah, gentilmen, you mistake."

"No, no! there's no mistake about it. Mam'selle Jeanette would have had you ten years ago, if you had asked her."

"You flatter too much" said Baptiste, shrugging his shoulders;—and finding there was no means of avoiding the charivary, he with great good humour accepted

the serenade, and according to custom invited the whole party into his house.

I retired to my former quarters, at the house of an old settler—a little, shrivelled, facetious Frenchman, whom I found in his red flannel night cap, smoking his pipe, and seated like Jupiter in the midst of clouds of his own creating.

“Merry doings in the village?” said I, after we had shaken hands.

“Eh, bien! Mons. Baptiste is marry to Mam’selle Jeanette.”

“I sec the boys are making merry on the occasion.”

“Ah Sacré! de dem boy! they have play hell to night.”

“Indeed! how so?”

“For make dis charivary—dat is how so, my friend. Dis come for have d’ Americain government to rule de countrie. Parbleu! they make charivary for de old maid, and de old bachelor?”

I now found, that some of the new settlers, who had witnessed this ludicrous ceremony, without exactly understanding its application, had been foremost in promoting the present irregular exhibition, in conjunction with a few degenerate French, whose love of fun outstripped their veneration for their ancient usages. The old inhabitants, although they joined in the laugh, were nevertheless not a little scandalized at the innovation. Indeed they had good reason to be alarmed; for their ancient customs, like their mud-walled

cottages, were crumbling to ruins around them, and every day destroyed some vestige of former years.

Upon enquiry, I found that many causes of discontent had combined to embitter the lot of my simple hearted friends. Their ancient allies, the Indians, had sold their hunting grounds, and their removal deprived the village of its only branch of commerce. Surveyors were busily employed in measuring off the whole country, with the avowed intention on the part of the government, of converting into private property those beautiful regions, which had heretofore been free to all who trod the soil, or breathed the air. Portions of it were already thus occupied. Farms and villages were spreading over the country with alarming rapidity, deforming the face of nature, and scaring the elk and the buffalo from their long frequented ranges. Yankees and Kentuckians were pouring in, bringing with them the selfish distinctions, and destructive spirit of society. Settlements were planted in the immediate vicinity of the village; and the ancient heritage of the ponies, was invaded by the ignoble beasts of the interlopers. Certain pregnant indications of civil degeneration were alive in the land. A county had been established, with a judge, a clerk, and a sheriff; a court-house and jail were about to be built; two lawyers had already made a lodgement at the county-seat; and a number of justices of the peace, and constables, were dispersed throughout a small neighbourhood of not more than fifty miles in extent. A brace

of physicians had floated in with the stream of population, and several other persons of the same cloth were seen passing about, brandishing their lancets in the most hostile manner. The French argued very reasonably from all these premises, that a people who brought their own doctors expected to be sick; and that those who commenced operations, in a new country, by providing so many engines, and officers of justice, must certainly intend to be very wicked and litigious. But when the new comers went the fearful length of enrolling them in the militia; when the sheriff arrayed in all the terrors of his office, rode into the village, and summoned them to attend the court as jurors; when they heard the Judge enumerate to the grand jury the long list of offences, which fell within their cognizance, these good folks shook their heads, and declared that this was no longer a country for them.

From that time the village began to depopulate.—Some of its inhabitants followed the footsteps of the Indians, and continue to this day to trade between them and the whites, forming a kind of link between civilized and savage men. A larger portion, headed by the priest, floated down the Mississippi, to seek congenial society among the sugar plantations of their countrymen in the South. They found a pleasant spot, on the margin of a large bayou, whose placid stream was enlivened by droves of alligators, sporting their innocent gambols on its surface. Swamps, extending

in every direction, protected them from further intrusion. Here a new village arose, and a young generation of French was born, as happy and as careless, as that which is passing away.

Baptiste alone adhered to the soil of his fathers, and Jeanette in obedience to her marriage vow, cleaved to Baptiste. He sometimes talked of following his clan, but when the hour came, he could never summon fortitude to pull up his stakes. He had passed so many happy years of single blessedness in his own cabin, and had been so long accustomed to view that of Jeanette, with a wistful eye, that they had become necessary to his happiness. Like other idle bachelors, he had had his day-dreams, pointing to future enjoyment. He had been for years planning the junction of his domains with those of his fair neighbour; had arranged how the fences were to intersect, the fields to be enlarged, and the whole to be managed by the thrifty economy of his partner. All these plans were now about to be realized; and he wisely concluded, that he could smoke his pipe, and talk to Jeanette, as comfortably here as elsewhere; and as he had not danced for many years, and Jeanette was growing rather too corpulent for that exercise, he reasoned that even the deprivation of the fiddles, and king balls, could be borne. Jeanette loved comfort too; but having besides a sharp eye for the main chance, was governed by a deeper policy. By a prudent appropriation of her own savings, and those of her husband, she purchased from the emigrants,

many of the fairest acres in the village, and thus secured an ample property.

A large log house has since been erected in the space between the cottages of Baptiste and Jeanette, which form wings to the main building, and are carefully preserved in remembrance of old times. All the neighbouring houses have fallen down; and a few heaps of rubbish surrounded by corn fields shew where they stood. All is changed, except the two proprietors, who live here in ease and plenty, exhibiting in their old age, the same amiable character which in early life, won for them the respect and love of their neighbours, and of each other.

JAMES HALL.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

SPEED away—ye lingering hours!

Why stays my love?

He alone decks time with flowers—

Why stays my love?

Sad I sit, to cheat time trying,

Listening, hoping, fearing, sighing—

Oh! would I had wings for flying

To meet my love!

Happy, kind, will be our meeting—

Come quick my love!

Sweet, and tender his dear greeting—

Best, truest love!

No fondness his, of artful seeming,

His dark eyes betray no gleaming,

But pure rays of heaven's own beaming

Dear, faithful love!

Hark! I hear him now advancing—

I'll meet thee, love!

Thy light step sets my heart dancing—

Come quick, my love!

Glad, my eyes shall now behold thee,

Soon, Oh soon! shall I enfold thee—

To my bosom I shall hold thee—

Throbbing with love!

ANONYMOT'S.

MISFORTUNES OF GENIUS.

WHILE glowing hopes controul
 Young genius with their spell,
 He hastes towards the goal,
 To which their smiles impel,
 With beaming look surveys
 The wreath that waits him there,
 Which, in all future days,
 His victor-brow may bear:
 Still brighter, and more bright,
 His eye with ardour glows,
 As to his straining sight,
 Its charms the guerdon shews.
 Fame speeds his breathless course,
 His fainting heart sustains,
 She renovates his force,
 New life from her he gains:
 She spreads her glittering scroll,
 Where mighty names appear
 Of men of daring soul,
 Who chose a high career;
 The record there displays,
 Of honors that they won,
 Illumed by brightest rays,
 From her unclouded sun;

Tells how, when life is past,
And proud ones sleep in dust,
Their memory still shall last,
In song and breathing bust;
The glorious tale relates,
Which o'er their tombs shall swell—
That voice, which consecrates
The praise they gained so well.

Boy of celestial birth!
From thy empyrean sphere,
Why hast thou strayed to earth?
Why dost thou linger here?
Thy generous hopes are spurned,
Thy fervour counted shame,
By slaves, who never burned
In thy Promethean flame.
Will sotted wealth and power
With joy thy presence hail!
Or yield one votive hour,
To list thy song and tale?
When were their golden hoards
Thy just reward confest?
When, at their groaning boards,
Wert thou a greeted guest?
In vain thou may'st recount
The rays of light, that flow
From thy supernal fount,
To charm the world below.

Thy loveliness and worth,
To vulgar souls unknown,
But few blest spots of earth,
Their kindling presence own;
And, as on Afric's waste,
Green isles begem the land
Like fair Oases placed,
These spots of verdure stand.

Thou of the radiant mind!
Whose thoughts are uncontrolled
By servile chains, that wind
Round all of grosser mould;
Thou, whose unblenching eye,
From ether's fields surveys
The Day-God of the sky,
In his meridian blaze.
Art thou, deluded youth!
By flattering hope beguiled,
Still trusting to her truth,
As when at first she smiled?
Then speed thy reckless way,
The empty shade to clasp,
Which, court it as you may,
Will still elude your grasp!
Of genius such the doom,
When by the traitor light,
That rises 'mid the gloom
Of intellectual night,

The simple boy is led,
To seek that wreath of fame,
He vainly thinks shall shed
Fair honors round his name.
With heedless steps he flies
Toward the meteor glare,
False hope new strength supplies,
The gloomy path to dare.

Ah! who from nature's hand
That envied boon would crave,
Which, in each darkened land,
Is spurned by craven slave—
That gift of priceless worth,
Which worldlings all disdain,
Or, in their idiot mirth,
Proclaim it false and vain?
The spirit that illumines,
The mind with ray divine,
In its bright flame consumes
That consecrated shrine.

E. R. B.





CINCINNATI, OHIO.
H. & O. Gullford

Engraved by J. M. J. Co.



VIEW OF CINCINNATI.

THE valley, in which CINCINNATI stands, is bisected by the OHIO. The city is situated on the North bank of the river. It is terminated on the East by Deer Creek; on the West by Mill Creek, and extends North to the highlands, which shoot down upon the plain in irregular and beautiful slopes and angles.—The view here presented was taken from the KENTUCKY shore, and embraces the site of the city with some of the surrounding hills.

OOLEMBA IN CINCINNATI.

THE children of the settlements tell their tales, whether their own brethren will hear or forbear. Why may not I, who am a hunter, and in some sense a native of the desert—I, who have been alone in the world almost since I have lived in it—I, who have wandered for years among the red men, who have kindled as I saw their oppressions, and have noted them silently melting away like the snow upon the hills, or the last ice of spring,—why may not I relate a tale of sorrows, as I heard it from the hoary sufferer himself, sitting around the camp-fires, under the starry canopy of night?

The scene was a prairie; the listeners were men, women and children, and they bore with them their slender riches, and the bones of their forefathers, as they were journeying to the remotest shores of the Arkansas, to change their place of residence. They were already a hundred leagues beyond the Father of Waters. A stream ran through the prairie, here and there shaded by a solitary tree, whose branches twinkled with innumerable fire-flies. The emigrating tribe were Shawnees and Delawares. They had left their green retreats on the Wabash, and the Maumee. They had left their council-houses, their peach trees, their hazle clumps, their maple orchards:—the well remembered

places, where they had bathed, and fished and strolled listlessly through woods;—where they had wrestled, and played the quoit; whence they had issued painted for war, after singing the death song, and dancing the war dance; the woods where their forefathers remembered to have hunted the buffalo, and where the children still brought down at times a solitary deer. They had left the trees, the streams, the scenes, the home of their youth. They had left all that endears the remembrance of infancy, and the natal spot; and they were bound to a new country—among unknown and hostile tribes, four hundred leagues away. True, they bore some portion of the remains of their forefathers with them, to consecrate their new home; but those of their more ancient fathers were left to be turned up by the plough of the white man.

I was the only son of the pale-face among them.—The narrator, whose story I repeat, was an aged red man—a stranger, like myself, whom chance had cast among them. He came on their camp from the North-west, I from the South-east. Both in the morning were bound to opposite points; he to find a grave among the valleys of the Rocky mountains; I to see once more the shades of my kindred, and the place where I received the consecrated name I hare. Stern thought sat on the faces of the listening warriors, as they sat half enclosed in the drapery of their blankets round their camp fire. Their yagers lay beside them. The children, wearied with the long march of the preced-

ing day, slept profoundly. Some of their women also slept, others sat apart mending the dresses of their sons or husbands. Some gave utterance to a half articulated wail, as they thought of all they had left behind. The dogs howled at the wolves of the prairie, who returned defiance in a howl still more dismal. The cattle and horses nibbled the grass or slept, and the occasional tinkle of their hundred bells gave a kind of measure to the pauses in the red man's tale of sorrow. The fire-flies lighted up millions of gems on the grass and flowers; and the moon cast her sombre shadows on the gently waving verdure of the prairie, as she sailed through the fleecy clouds in her noon of night.

Such was the scene and place where I heard what I relate. The red men talked in turn of the hard destiny that had driven them from their native woods and waters. As the tale of their wrongs passed from mouth to mouth, many a young warrior sprung from his recumbent posture, poised his yager, and half raised the war cry. When it came to the turn of my fellow stranger, OOLEMBA, or the Passing Thunder Cloud, he uttered the admonitions of forbearance and peace. "Why" said he, "should the blood of the red men flow forever. Complainings are only wise for them, who can find relief, or redress in complaint. Braves contend, when there is aught for which to contend; but when the Great Spirit from behind his throne of clouds, utters a plain talk, the braves, who are also wise, hear it, and submit. Will a single pawpaw stand in the midst of a

beech forest, in the season of flowers, and bid the branches of the great trees not to put forth leaves? No; it will throw forth its own foliage in peace, amidst the increasing shade of the forest. It will say, "the Great Spirit hath left me a feeble and solitary shrub surrounded by trees, and I will learn to grow in peace among them."

The eye of him, who said this talk of peace, was deep under his brow. Sterner passions had passed away from his face; but an indelible trace of what he had been, spoke that he had not always been a paw-paw in the beech forest, a shrub amidst trees. His port and his eye told, that he once guided the fierceness of the battle, and that the spirit which remained, was one of wisdom, deep thought, experience and sorrow, not that of a shrinking or servile mind. As he spoke, his own calmness, and the influence of a master-spirit was diffused among the rest.

Another strain prevailed. They recounted their adventures in turn. When it came in order for Oolemba to speak, the influence of persuasion dwelt on his tongue, and his accents, though they bore the impress of the desert, announced a subdued and a sorrowful spirit.—Would that memory could retrace the words of his sad story as faithfully as it recalls his looks, gestures, and tones. He spoke slowly, and it seemed with pain.—

"Joy" he said, "trips readily on the tongue, like the voluble song of the mocking-bird; but the utterance of grief is like water drawn from the deep fountains."

His words, though slow, were full of meaning, and they painted the wants and fortunes of the dwellers in the desert, with the vivid freshness of colours drawn from its trees and flowers.

"Five hundred moons" said Oolemba, "have waned since I dwelt a young warrior of the Delawares, under a huge sycamore, on the brow of the hill, whose margin is washed by the silver wave of the Ohio. This sweet valley is bounded towards the rising sun, by the gentle stream Dameta, or the creek of deers; and on the side of the setting sun, by the transparent waters of El-hen-a, or the stream of the green hills. Wood-crowned ridges shut it in on the north. In this valley I was born, and my fathers before me. I have wandered far, and seen many vales since; but none of them was the place of my birth, none of them like El-sin-de-low-a, or the valley of the Delaware Crossing. I was married according to the ways of my people. Wansim-met, my first born, already drew a strong bow, and was fleet as a deer of the hills, when strange talks began to spread among our people, not only, as we knew, that those pale-faces beyond the great fresh ponds of the north, but that white men of another race were moving onwards towards the silver wave, and that their great wigwams had already risen beyond the hills towards the rising sun.

But a few moons passed, before our warriors, that returned from hunting in the cane-groves of the Bloody Ground, related, that they had seen the smokes, and the

wigwams of the pale-faces in Kan-tuck-ee. They said that the new race swept away the forests, as though whirl-winds had raged among them; that new and strange breeds of buffaloes and deers fed about their wigwams; and that they multiplied in such numbers, that there would soon be neither grass nor cane left for our game. Part of their strange talks I heard with wonder, part with doubt. Our warriors urged me to join them, as they went to make war upon this new race, who were destroying the game of the Bloody-ground. I loved my wife—I loved my green native valley—I loved Wansimmet. The pale-faces had as yet done me no harm, and I saw no want of deers and buffaloes on the north shore of the silver wave. They reproached my love of peace and home, as if I had not the spirit of a brave; and told me, I would soon be compelled to fight the pale-faces, whether I would or not.

Wansimmet had already seen seventeen winters, when a band of red men came from beyond the great fresh ponds, and with them a few pale-faces from that region. I saw their white skin. I heard their quick, habbiling speech. I handled their guns. They gave our people their accursed poison water, which bewitched them like the medicine of the Great Spirit. It filled them with fire and madness. They habbled like the white skins. They ran with brute fury upon their mothers and wives, and bragged of their exploits, and staggered, and uttered lies. Yes, then I saw that this race had a medicine stronger than ours. Our women

swallowed their poisoned fire, and were bewitched to love the white skins. Wansimmet too, was persuaded to taste it, and his mother and I could control him no more than a whirlwind. They gave him a gun and enticed him away to join their expedition, to hunt, and make war upon the new race of white skins in Kentucky. His mother and I followed him to the silver wave as he crossed it; and we sang the death song, when he left us; expecting never to see him again. He saw and fought the white skins. He drank the poisoned water. He contracted a deadly hatred to the new race.

One morning as the mists were brushed away from the silver wave, by the rising sun, I saw through the opening of the trees, many huge and strange canoes floating down the stream. Wansimmet at the same moment came in breathless haste to tell me, that I might now see the new white skins for myself; and learn by my own senses whether they were lying squaws who said their numbers were as the leaves on the trees. Under cover of the forest, we moved to the shore to survey them more nearly. My wife stood trembling behind me, and Wansimmet, with his gun charged, by my side. The great canoes came to the shore on our side of the river. The proud pale-faces sprung on the shore, in numbers as the trees of the forest. Among them were grey headed and feeble old men, and many women. Their boys skipped like the young deer, and sung, and danced, and discharged their guns, and secm-

ed equally full of joy, and mischief. Soon afterwards they turned on shore whole droves of their strange animals, none of which, except their dogs, had I ever seen before. Great numbers of large tame birds made their shrill notes heard through the woods, as they sung from the roofs of their canoes. I watched their movements with intense curiosity. As they advanced towards my cabin, the head of Wausinmet grasped his gun, and he would have fired among them, had I not withheld him. They came upon my cabin, the place where my wife had first handed me the little Wausinmet. Can I tell my thoughts, as they merrily shouted at the sight of my wigwam? I understood too well their laugh of derision. They mocked and danced on the spot where my forefathers had left their bones. Though we had done them no harm, they clearly considered us as enemies. Some of their young people put fire to my cabin, and it was soon involved in flames. While they thus exulted in their violence, and their might, their cattle devoured the grass, broke down the shrubs, and trampled under foot the flowers. Some cut down the smaller trees with their accursed hatchets; nor would they have spared my sycamore, whose hollow body contained a sacred swarm of bees, but for its hardness, and its size.

The burning in my bosom would not allow me longer to hold back the arm of Wausinmet, as the roof of my cabin sunk in the flames. He singled a leader in the mischief, and fired upon him; at the same

moment I drew an arrow upon another. Both fell wounded. A wild cry of wrath rose from the multitude, and they discharged upon us the mimic thunder of their guns. The invisible lead whistled round us, cutting the limbs, and caused the leaves to fall at our feet.— Happily we escaped unharmed. We fled before them to the shelter of our glens. Their dogs bayed, and they pursued us in vain. We reached the hills, and the noise of their pursuit, and their guns, and their dogs, died away. The night that followed was one of darkness and storms. The thunder roared, and the rain, and hail, poured from the sky. We were used to the elements, and recked not the thunder. But now, as we remembered that our cabin was burned, and that we were as unsheltered as the birds and beasts of the woods, we all felt desolate and forlorn.

We sheltered ourselves, as we might, under the hills. When the sun of the next morning mounted above the trees in the brightness of his glory, we returned to the place where our cabin had stood. The pale-face was gone. The marks of wanton and destroying mischief were left all around. The embers of my ruined cabin still issued a smouldering smoke. The wild flowers had been trampled under foot. The paths were defiled, and the pale-faces had wrought more ruin in a day, than a whole tribe of red men would work in a year. My wife wailed and tore her hair. Wansimmet ran to the spot where the blood of the wounded pale-faces stained the black mould. He kissed it. A gloomy

joy marked his countenance, and we saw, that between him and that race an everlasting war was proclaimed.

We spoke of the forewarnings of our fathers; that the white people should come to this land, like locusts, or sea fowls, from the regions of the rising sun; and that they would fill all the country along the shores of the silver wave, and back to the great fresh ponds of the north. We said that we would not wait to see that day. It was a hard thought to leave the shade of our sycamore, that had sheltered us so long; and the trees around us, with which we had been acquainted so many years, that we felt as if they loved us. It was hard to trample on a strange soil, to hear the scream of strange birds, and to look on a sky that did not know us. It was hard to leave the silver wave, so pleasant to see, and from which we had drawn so many fish. It was still harder to leave the green mound where the bones of our whole race were buried. But as we looked upon the ashes of our cabin, Wansimmet said, I will either fight the pale-faces to the death, or fly the sight of them altogether. I told him that they were stronger than we, and that braves never fight, when it is to no purpose.

Our resolve was formed in a moment. It was to depart to the regions of the setting sun. We had no cabin to leave. We gathered up the bones of our immediate forefathers; we placed them wrapped in skins in our canoe. Two dogs accompanied our exile. We cursed the sycamores, and left them to the whites.—

We cursed the green hills, the river, the springs, the grass, the game, the deer, and every thing that we gave up to the pale-faces. Having cursed all, we pushed into the stream. Sometimes for hours we floated down the wave in silence; sometimes we aroused, and alternately dipped our paddles in the transparent water.— Sometimes the sun looked fiercely upon us; and sometimes we glided under the shadows of the high cliffs, or the trees. The woods were as green as those we had left, but they knew us not, like those. The cliffs were lofty; but they were not those, at whose feet ran the waters of Dameta, nor those over which our forefathers had scrambled so often. The birds screamed, and their notes sounded in our ears as those of defiance and war.

But the heart of Wansimmet was bold. His gun brought down wild fowls and deer, and we wanted neither food, nor the gentle breath of the Great Spirit. We often saw our red brethren stand gazing at our canoe, as we floated down the stream; and they sometimes raised the cry of brotherhood as they passed us in crossing the silver wave to the opposite shore. In this way, we passed the twenty rivers that fall into the silver wave. For the greater part of the way the sun was bright, and the stream wafted us gently farther and farther from the natal spot, until near the mouth of the silver wave, we saw sweeping across its watery path, the Father of waters, himself, rolling on his turbid torrents from the unknown countries of the north.

Before we entered the dominions of the powerful stranger, we surveyed him with something of apprehension and awe. He was wild and fierce, and we loved him not, as we did the transparent face of our native silver wave, gently moving on his calmness. The mother of Wansimmet shed a woman's tears, as our canoe struck the muddy current of the Father of waters. I saw even Wansimmet's countenance melt in sadness. I spake not; but I looked up to the Great Spirit, and thoughts and remembrances, which I had no words to express, rose in my bosom. For Wansimmet, as the wild stream whirled our canoe round, he looked up the bosom of the silver wave, that we had left, and sung the war song, and poised his gun in the position of defiance. "Cursed be the silver wave," said he, "for the sake of the pale-face, who hath driven us away from it. May its fishes become to them as rattle snakes. May the trees that wave over its waters be blasted. May its pure waters bring fevers to the whites. May the pale-faces redden the wave with each other's blood. Cursed for their sakes, be the whole country towards the rising sun. For Wansimmet, he is now free. Hail, Father of waters! Hail, regions that spread towards the path of the setting sun! Wansimmet exults in the thought of your free and wide plains, and would wander westward forever! Nothing would so please him as to march with the Father of day, and hide with him in his secret places!"

Having thus said, in silence, and sadness, we paddled our canoe across the broad stream. We landed on the western shore, and pushed our canoe into the wave.— We bade all the east country farewell. Then bearing our burthens, and followed by our dogs, we made our way through the wide belt of woods, that shades the margin of the Father of waters. We receded to the west during the progress of three suns. As the fourth was rising, we passed the last trees, and for the first time, I stood on the verge of a boundless prairie.— Great Spirit! shall I ever forget the new thought that arose within me! The whole course of the sun over the green grass lay before us. My bosom swelled, and I seemed to possess a new spirit. “Oolemba!” said I, “thou hast hitherto been a child and a fool. Thou hast seen nothing.” The eye of Wansimmet kindled with strange thoughts too. But while he gazed, and drank in the distance, a countless mass of dark atoms seemed moving towards us from the north. We judged that they might be those little, mischievous men, who trouble the traps of the red men, and disturb their dreams. The multitude every moment enlarged upon the eye. Soon we saw that they walked on four feet, and tossed their heads. We heard their wild snort of defiance. We scented them on the northern breeze.— We saw that they were buffaloes. The sound of their march was as the prolonged roar of thunder. Instead of a solitary pair, which we had seen along the silver

wave, they were more in number than the stars. They were as the dew drops of morning. We saw that they would have trampled us in the dust, as if we had been grasshoppers. We retreated to the wood; and as the living cloud passed by, Wansimmet fired, and I drew an arrow. Two buffaloes fell; and we thanked the Great Spirit, who had made such rich provision for his red children. Wansimmet exclaimed, "who would not be a hunter in the prairie! Who would live like an opossum under the branches of a sycamore, and have his prospects bounded by the next tree? We owe thanks to the pale-faces, who have driven us to these glorious buffalo pastures."

Thus our first advances west of the Father of waters were joyous, and filled us with courage. Wanderers may have their happy hours; but let those, who would have repose and peace, stay at home. We soon found that the Great Spirit hath every where mixed good and evil in the same draught. We flattered ourselves, that the red men would be united with us in dread and hatred of the whites. We saw at a distance the smoke of an encampment of red men; and we approached them with confidence. They were tall, and fierce looking men, and they rode on the strange beasts, that we had seen the white man drive on shore at our native place. We held up our calumet and made the sign of peace. They surrounded us in a moment; but heeded not our signs, or our calumet. We told them that we had fled from the pale-

faces, the common enemy of all red men, who were moving upon us from the regions of the rising sun.— They paused a moment—put their hands to their ears, to signify that they understood us not, and laughed in derision. They bound us fast with buffalo ropes. Instead of violence from the whites, we found ourselves captives to the red men. I then remembered my mother had sung to me, when a child—that the bird which flies to strange forests, will see strange sights, and find strange enemies. They treated us as old women; and made us carry burthens, bring water, and drive their beasts. We whispered to each other in our own speech, that wisdom should teach us to feign submission. We made signs that we loved to be with them, and performed our drudgery with seeming joy. We journeyed with them some days, and seemed so happy that they were deceived. We waited the hour of sleep, when they watched us no longer. The morn marked the shadows of her clouds upon the grass, and the evening star twinkled and seemed to invite us to the west; and we fled where it pointed us. Wansimmet cursed them, as we left them, even as he had cursed the white people. Soon we heard their dogs howling after us, and saw them scouring the plains on their swift beasts in pursuit of us. The Great Spirit guided us to a wide stream. We plunged in, hid ourselves in the water, and they could not find us.

Thus we passed along, among the tribes of the red men. Some treated us cruelly, and as enemies; others,

showed us all the kindness that could be expected from those that knew not our language. Instead of uniting these tribes, as we had fondly hoped, in league against the pale-face, we found that it required all our wisdom and management to escape violence, captivity, or death. We found them more intent upon destroying each other, than willing to form leagues to bar the passage of the whites across the Father of waters.

Why need I prolong my tale of dark thoughts!—The hunter's moon rode in the sky, when we first saw the blue shadows of the gates of the Rocky mountains. I felt once more as if I possessed a new spirit, when we saw them hanging in black masses of rock, directly over the waters of the Missoorie. We had seen these homes of the Great Spirit for days; but had thought them clouds in the sky. None of us had seen mountains before. The bald eagle was soaring high above their summits, and seemed in the clear blue sky, but little more than a speck of falling snow. We all exclaimed together, who would dwell on the plain after he had seen mountains? Then we wished for wings, that we might mount over them. The river in its wrath rushed through the cleft hills, and seemed to warn us, that all was grandeur and terror above. The waters slept in a basin at the foot of these mountains. We rowed our canoe into the shade, and looked upwards. The Great Spirit, as we thought, was seated on the inaccessible tops of the hills. His dark cloud was wrapped close round the snows, and his thunders

were continually bursting over them. The mother of Wansimmet was pale with affright. "Who shall dare," she said, "to ascend to the invisible chambers of the spirit of tempests? Let us return to the silver wave. It is not so terrible to encounter the pale-faces, as the Great master of life." I wished to soothe her fears; and I told her we had come too far to return; that the noblest birds and game loved these mountains, and that nothing would tempt me henceforward to dwell on the plains. The sight of these wild cliffs, the roar of waters and of thunder, charmed the brave and free spirit of Wausimmet. "Would" he said, "that there were other mountains as high as those piled above them; and that the thunderer sat on the summit of all. I would ascend to the highest peak and behave as a warrior ought before him." When his mother saw that her son had the heart of a brave, she was comforted, and said, that whither Oolemba and Wansimmet went, she feared not to go.

We spent a whole moon, wandering among the mountains, and as it were, alone with the Great Spirit. At the end of that moon, we descended into a large and fair valley. The verdure of the grass and trees was as that of the silver wave—although snows glittered on every side, on the mountain tops. The smoke of a hundred cabins streamed into the air. Here dwelt the Sho-sho-nee, a mild and good people, and to our admiration, they were clearly the children of the pale-face. The daughters of that people, that saw not the

noon day sun, were fair as the lily of the prairie.— Wansimmet would have fled them. But they saw that we were weary and strangers. They conquered our dislike. They gave us a cabin and a share of their game. They made us feel that they were our brethren. We learned their speech and their ways.— They were wiser than we. But we were braves, and in turn, taught them many secrets relating to war, and the chase. They made our days pass happily by a thousand stories of the far home of their forefathers over the blue waters. We went to war with them, and Wansimmet stayed the battle, when the Shoshonees were ready to retreat before the Blackfeet. Every thing went well with us. Wansimmet's mother was in honor with us, for she was pointed out as the wife of the brave Oolemba, and the mother of Wansimmet. The place was a sweet place, and it wanted only that I had been born there, to have been all the world to me.

The Sheneedee, who dwelt west of the Rocky mountains, invaded our happy valley. We met them in battle. We vanquished them—and Wansimmet was more than ever crowned with glory. We chased them down the hills—we pursued them to their dwellings on the plains—we subdued them. We made them as slaves, row us down the Oregon to the great sea, where the sun sleeps in his watery caverns. I plunged into this wave. I vainly strove to see the opposite shore.— As my spirit burned within me at the view, I mourned that man is so little, and that the path of the Great

Spirit on the land and the waters is so wide. I mourned at the thought, that I should leave this glorious sight of boundless water, and return to have my spirit again pent up in my narrow valley. One thing rejoiced me; Wansimmet had gained glory; his name would live after him.

Great Spirit! shall I ever forget, that at the grand corn dance and war feast, that was prepared for our return, Wansimmet was chosen first war chief of the Shoshonce! Washnoba, the first council chief, had an only daughter; and she was fairer than the virgins of the sun. When I had seen her, she seemed to me as one of those beings of brightness, who are placed in the happy isles, to receive the brave and free spirits, and welcome them to the land of shadows. Her fair hair was not as that of the daughters of the red men. She wore a robe, all woven with the down of the swan, and resplendent with the feathers of the parouquet. When she sung, my soul melted within, and I no longer thought of battle. Well was she called Lenlennee, or the nightingale of the valley. Why should I recall the remembrance of her songs, and her beauty? It is the tale of things, that are all passed away.

When Wansimmet came forth the first war chief at the corn dance, the face of Lenlennee was alternately of the hue of the wild rose and the lily; and when the other Shoshonce girls chaunted the praises of the new chief, she turned away her face, and was silent. Could

she do other than feel kindly towards Wansimmet?— He had saved her father in the fury of battle, when three warriors of the Shenceedee were waving their hatchets over his head. The corn dance passed, and the young warriors and maidens wandered by the light of the moon among the hemlocks of our happy valley. The father of Lenlennec walked with me, and Wansimmet went timidly by the side of his daughter. I had seen the gleaming of his eye, as he met the grizzly bear. But when he was beside the fair daughter of Washnoba, a new lustre, such as I had never noted before, dwelt there. We reclined on the grass, and looked at the moon and stars, while we heard the words of our son and daughter.

“Daughter of Washnoba!” said my son, “nightingale of the valley! I love the sun in his high path. I love the moon, as now, walking in her silvery brightness. I love to scent the south breeze, when it comes charged from the blossoms of the wild apple-groves. I love to see the fawn skip over the grass. I love to hear the lark, as he soars from his morning covert in the prairie. But I love them not, and I love nothing, nightingale of the valley! as I love thee. Neither grizzly bear, nor foe, nor dreams from the Great Spirit, nor medicine, nor death, ever melted my heart, as the expression of thine eye. When thou lookest on me, daughter of Washnoba! all thoughts of war and glory die within me; and my courage is as that of a woman! Canst thou tell me, daughter of Washnoba! hast thou witched me

with thy sorceries? Hast thou conquered my proud heart with medicines, learned from thy book of the Great Spirit? Tell me, nightingale of the valley! why thy melting eye destroys my strong purpose? Tell me, why I no longer court glory or death in thy presence; and why I would gladly throw my war weapons in the stream, and follow thee forever? Tell me, why I, who have learned nothing but war, would for a whole moon be content to gather flowers for thy hair, or embroider mocassins for thy feet!"

We then heard the soft voice of the daughter of Washnoba in reply; and it fell on our ears, as the flakes of snow, when they softly descend at sunset without wind.

"Son of Oolemba!" she said, "where hast thou learned the flattering speech of the pale-face? What purpose would it answer thee, to deceive a simple maiden of the Shoshonee? What wouldst thou of me? Tomorrow, thou wilt clamber over these hills, and utter these same words to another daughter of the Shoshonee, in another valley. But, son of Oolemba! thou has saved my father in battle, and I will, therefore, forgive thee all these flattering words, meant to deceive me."

We, their parents, heard these words, and though we are children of nature and the woods, we knew their meaning: for we, too, had had our morning of life. The pale-faces speak of us, as those, who have no hearts, and know nothing of love. Fools! they know

us not, and measure us by their own insensible hearts. The love of money hath not yet scared our affections. We have heard the turtles coo in our trees. We have seen the birds begin, and finish their loves, and fly abroad with their new offspring. We have affections not the less strong, because we shut them up deep in our hearts, concealing them under a stern and silent countenance, as the embers glow under the ashes. I would linger upon this remembrance forever. They loved. Wansimmet took the fair daughter of Washnoba for his wife. Never was love seen among that people, like their love. I feared at first, that the heart of Wansimmet would melt down, like that of a woman. But he became not weak, nor ceased to be a brave, because he loved. The nightingale of the valley, much as she loved him, sent him away, though it was as parting with life, when the Shencedee invaded us again. Again he led his warriors triumphant to the Western sea.

On their return, the warriors all declared, that my son had been among the rest, as the bald eagle among singing birds. His path had been as a gleam of light. The daughter of Washnoba related his exploits in songs, and sung them, as she nursed his son in her arms. The days fled away, as the arrow glides through the air, and the swift moons seemed but as days.

Gladly would I dwell on these happy moons forever. But I am now a solitary old man,—a single tree on the prairie, blasted with the lightning of the Great Spirit.

Joys pass away, like the summer clouds; but griefs are as the sullen storms of winter. Oolemba is childless, and friendless, and is hurrying back, over the wide distance, to find him a grave beside those he loved. Far away from our sheltered and happy valley, on the mountains of the north, dwelt a fierce and cruel people. They were leagued with a terrible race of the pale-faces, called Muscovites. By them this people were supplied with the white man's guns, and medicines, and witching and poisonous drinks. First they came in small numbers to our streams to trap the beaver, and to spear the salmon. They met us, trapped, and took the salmon with us, and came to our happy valley. They loved our daughters, and they coveted our furs and buffalo robes. We spoke, and dealt kindly with them, and they departed with the deceitful smile of peace on their faces. But they spied out, and remembered the passes between our inaccessible mountains. They returned to their far homes, collected the whole force of their tribe; and, like the crafty serpent, they wound among the defiles, and concealed themselves until night, as the panther watches his prey, crouching in his covert, in the branches of a tree.

The moon came rejoicing over the eastern mountains. So far from dreaming of war, we had just returned from a successful buffalo hunt,—and we held high festival. The daughter of Washnoba looked on, as her beloved led the warrior's dance. Washnoba and myself alternately held her boy. All was festivi-

ty and joy. Just at the happiest moment of our lives, the northern red men, led on by the Muscovite pale-face, dashed among the unarmed and joyous group. The Muscovites fired their small guns in the forehead of Washnoba's wife and mine. They groaned, and fell. Then were heard yells, and shrieks, and the firing of guns, and the howling of dogs. Wansimmet seized a flaming brand from the fire, and rushed upon the murderous foe. But the courage of strength and despair were in vain. The winged lead passed through his body. The glittering long knife of the Muscovite flashed over him, and severed his head from his body. Lenlennee threw herself on his body, and perished by a hundred wounds. I fought with whatever weapons chance supplied; but in the murderous contest, I was thrown unconscious to the earth, and rolled, like a lifeless stone, down the hill. Whether they despised, or lost sight of me, or were glutted with murder, I know not. But when I came to myself, all was still. I arose and staggered through faintness, as I made my way to our late abode. The village ruins still sent up their smokes. The dead bodies lay here and there,—braves, old men, women, and children,—some so mangled, that I knew them not; and others but too well known! Washnoba's wife and mine had fallen together. Lenlennee laid with her arms embracing the headless trunk of her husband. There was her loved and noble boy, as he lay supine, and his fair locks floating over his neck, at the foot of the tree. I groan-

ed, as I felt, that I had not the arm, nor the bolt of the Thunderer. I felt more bitterness of spirit, to think, that I had not fallen with the rest, and that they had seemed to spare me, like a harmless woman.

A few desolate old men, and women, like myself, remained. We met.—We spoke little;—for what could words avail, when such sights were before us? We learned, that the foe had carried off most of our young women; and that the young men, and the braves, were slain to a man. All the Shoshonees that survived, proposed to found another village of their people on the western side of the mountains. They requested me to join them. But I—could I go among them—now an obscure and solitary stranger? No.—I determined to wander, and try to forget my sorrows, and my loneliness, and what I had been, by returning once more to the spot, where I was born. Full well I knew, that the spirits of Wansimmet, and his mother, and his boy, and his wife, had already flown through the air, and over the mountains; and that their shades were now in the valley of Elsindelowa.

They, who say, that we have no feelings, should have seen the surviving old men and women of the Shoshonees, piling their dead sons on the funeral scaffold, by the light of the morning, after they were murdered.—They should have seen me, looking for the last time on the face of Wansimmet—still stern, and unsubdued in death. They should have seen me lay on the scaffold, for the last journey, the mother of Wansimmet, who

had been my inseparable companion for three hundred moons. Do not despise me, braves! My heart is as a woman's, even now in the relation. We sat by the dead on their scaffold, all the following night. We sung the song of spirits. We called on the names of those, who had fought, and hunted for us; and who had now gone on their last journey, and left us alone. We wished them a safe and a happy journey to the land of shadows. We hoped, they might find pure and calm lakes, full of fish, and green fields stored with game. Some wished their sons might be united, in the land of spirits, with virgins of the sun. I asked of the Great Spirit, only, that Wansimmet might carry with him the spirits of his wife, his son, and his mother; and might build a cabin in the pleasant wood of spirits for me. I said to him, That I was weary and old, and longed to be with them.

With the next morning's sun, I took my last look of the bodies. It would have done me good, to have shed the tears of a woman, as I saw my noble son, holding his boy in his bloody arms, and his fair-haired wife in her blood by his side. As I walked past the still smoking ruins of my cabin, I prayed that the Great Spirit would grant me tears, to drop on the ashes. But my brain seemed as much scorched, as the brands of my cabin. I saw my brethren of the Shoshonee moving slowly off, the one behind the other, as they started for the village of their brethren. Their home was on the side of the mountains, west of where

we dwelt. At the same time, alone, I began to mount the hills towards the rising sun.

Not a gleam of light came over my dark spirit, during my weary journey across the mountains. It was in my dreams only, that I rejoiced; for then the shadows of my wife, and my son, and his boy, surrounded me again. I need not speak of this long and painful journey. I once more saw the boundless prairies. I once more wandered beside the mighty Missooree, as I measured my lonely way over the plains. I often saw droves of innumerable buffaloes, and I pleased myself by night, in thinking, that I saw the spirit of Wansimmet chasing them, as they thundered away from my path over the plain. I reached the Ozark, and descended its crimson wave, until I once more saw the Father of waters—not as before, in the vigour of my strength, attended by my wife and son; but old, weary and alone—not followed even by a dog.

I needed no one to tell me, how the pale-face had increased, and spread over the land during the many winters, that I had lived among the Rocky mountains. The Father of waters was covered with their big canoes. Among them were prodigious white canoes, which uttered thunder, and threw up smoke, and struggled rapidly up the powerful wave without wings. It was a grand sight, to see the mighty boat breast the surge, as though it moved with the force of the Great Spirit! The whole stream,—above, below, and around me,—was covered with numberless canoes;—some

moving up, and some down, and some across the stream. My spirit rejoiced in the pleasant sounds, that issued from these canoes; and I was compelled to allow, that the white man's path on the waters was not one of sadness, like ours. In a few days, I arrived once more at the mouth of the silver wave. The tears then fell, and relieved me. I could almost think it the same day, in which, in the vigour of my strength, accompanied with Wansimmet and my wife, I had descended in my journey to the west. I held out my arms, as if to embrace them. "Shadows!" I said to those, who were so dear to me, "return from your green and misty hills, and go with me up the silver wave, and let us revisit together the place, where we first breathed, and saw the sun." But I held out my arms, and called them in vain. No spirits descended from the passing clouds, and the only answer to my cries was the white man's music from the boats; or the scream of the water fowls, as they sailed over our heads.

At the mouth of the Kantuckee, weary of paddling my canoe against the stream, I left it, and made my way on foot among the hills. I soon cleared the hills and cliffs, and came out upon the open plains. What a scene! Great Spirit! thou hast given the dominion of the earth to the pale-face! The few red men that remain, are scattering, like the leaves, after the frosts of autumn. The green woods, the cane-brake, that fed innumerable buffaloes and deers, and where the wild turkeys were on every tree—all were gone. Big, and

painted cabins of the pale-faces rose proudly in the distance. Instead of looking from a hill upon the wavy summit of woods, as far as the eye could reach, great cabins, fences, roads, and open lots appeared on every side. In some places a few trees remained. The white man's cattle of various kinds fed in the pastures; or he was riding them, or drawn by them along the country. All was naked, enclosed, turned up by the plough, and to the white man's taste.

Chance brought me at night to the cabin of a white man, who knew the Delaware speech. Of him I learned the nature of the changes, which the white man had wrought. He, too, was a man, who had loved the woods; and, like me, it grieved him to think of the day, when all this fair land was covered with woods, and alive with deers and buffaloes and turkeys. But he told me, that now, were I ever so hungry, and killed one of the turkeys, or fowls about the white man's cabin, I should be found guilty of the crime of being poor; and should be shut up with iron bolts from the light of the sun. Cursed! I replied with a groan, are the ways of the pale-face, and may they punish their guilt upon one another in this same way. One thing alone gave me joy to hear. Two hundred moons had not passed, since the pale-faces and the red men seldom met, but in mortal combat. All that was now gone by. The red man, if he could only give the little white pieces of the pale-face, passed in as much peace and safety as the white man himself.—

But we mourned together over the remembrance of the days of the hunter, the trapper, and the brave. When I told my host, that I intended to return, and die in my nest among the Rocky mountains, he was almost persuaded to make me a brother, and return back with me to the country of hunters, and the hills of the winds and snows.

Next morning, I left my kind host, and made my way still towards the valley of Elsinde Iowa, keeping, as much as I could, to the woods, and avoiding the habitations, the roads and the presence of the white men. When compelled to pass their cabins, the children stared at me, as though I were some strange beast. The dogs barked at me. But, for the rest, the people neither regarded, feared, nor cared for me. I was no longer an object of interest or even dread.—Once I passed a group of old men, who looked like hunters. Their countenances were full of wrath, and as they mentioned the words, “Blue Licks!” they poised their rifles at me. “Shoot!” I said, in my own speech. “I should thank him, who would rid a weary and desolate old man like me, who has neither wife, nor child, of the burden of existence.”

At length I had clambered over a thousand fences, been barked at by a thousand dogs, been covered with dust, and scorched with the sun, when I arrived on the wooded banks of the Licking. I thanked the Great Spirit, and prayed, that the valley of Elsinde Iowa might be as green and as wooded as these banks. But

when I emerged from the woods at the mouth of Licking—what a sight spread before me on every side!—Spirit of my fathers! Would that I had fallen to the earth at the sight. The hills still remained, as if to mock me. They rose in the blue air, and were covered with green trees, as when I left them. The waters of the Licking still made their way on their rocky bed. But how was every thing else changed! All the vale of Elsinde Iowa was filled with the big cabins of the white men. Their big canoes, and buildings vomited up smoke. A dim dust arose above the cabins, and a dull, but incessant noise, as of all kinds of movement and life, rose upon my ear. The big canoes covered the silver wave. Even the shore, on which I stood, was covered with the cabins of the whites. I stood amazed. My head became dizzy, and my thoughts confounded. “Is this,” I asked, “the place I left forty winters ago, one wide forest without a white man’s cabin in the land?”

After a long and sorrowful survey, I determined at least to cross the silver wave once more, and discover, if I could, the place where I was born, and where my wife bore me Wansimmet. Finding a man, who knew my speech, I obtained conveyance across the river in one of the strange round canoes, which was paddled across by beasts. We flew over the wave, with a swiftness and power, of which I had no conception.—As soon, as I landed on the shore, where I was born, I could have stooped, and kissed the earth. But there

was no longer a soft, black mould, and sweet flowers, and sheltering trees, and coolness and verdure. The shore was covered with hard rock, placed there by the white men. Men!—men in crowds were bustling about on every side. All seemed hurry and distraction. My ears, and eyes, and senses all drank in dust; and there was every annoying and grating noise, that could be imagined. “Ah! pale-faces!” said I, “I rejoice, that you have to live in the wretched place, that yourselves have made.” Amidst a thousand noises of their accursed medicine instruments, and in danger of being run down by the things, drawn about by their beasts, I made my way, by the help of my guide, to the spot, where once spread the noble sycamore, that sheltered my infancy. The tears once more rushed to my eyes. My wife, my Wansimmet, my youth, my forefathers, my morning dreams rushed upon me. But the dream soon passed and the sad reality returned to my thoughts. I was a single red man, amidst thousands of whites; and all the change, which I saw, had taken place in three hundred moons. The very spot, where my cabin had stood, was occupied by a huge wigwam of stone, where the pale-faces lock up their little white pieces of metal. Every thing was changed; and my guide told me it was all the same quite back to the great fresh ponds of the north. All, I had wished, was accomplished. Nothing could have tempted me to stay there a night. I recrossed the silver wave—sought the woods of Licking, and made my way in

peace through Kantuckee. I recrossed the Father of waters—I am here; and I shall press with all haste to the Shoshonee, who have seen Wansimmet and Washnoba.——I have done.”

The old emigrating warriors sat profoundly silent, and still. The younger ones sprang from the ground, and pointed their yagers towards the east, and brandished their tomahawks in defiance of those, who had driven them from the regions of the rising sun. Oolemba noted their rising wrath, and in the deep and monotonous strain of the Indian songs, he chaunted these words—

“It is the will of the Great Spirit! The generations of leaves succeed each other on the trees! The waves follow each other, and break on the shore.—Men are as leaves and waves. The frost has come, and the red men are scattered to the winds! The pale-faces came after them! They too will give place to other generations. Braves! we resist the Great Spirit, when we fight with the thing, that hath been and will be. Braves! learn to bury the tomahawk, and fold the hands in submission. Young braves! go to the fountains of the Yellow river, and hunt the buffalo, and raise corn in peace. Go! conduct so, that when your spirits join those of your fathers, on the aerial mountains, they shall delight to own you, as their children, who have not sullied their glory! War, without wisdom, is a fool! Patience is now the duty of the red men—I have said all!”

His voice sunk away in low murmurs. The ruddy streaks of morning were visible far towards the rising sun upon the green grass. Oolemba took his pack, and slung his bow, and slowly disappeared in the increasing twilight. I, too, left these Indians, carrying the remains of their forefathers far towards the setting sun. I followed the hoary chief, in thought, on his long way to his desolate goal. I rose and started towards the regions of the rising sun, feeling as I went, that the days of man upon the earth, are as a shadow!

TIMOTHY FLINT.

MARIA LOUISA AT THE GRAVE OF
NAPOLEON.

"And she proud Austria's mournful flower."—

BYRON.

REST, warrior! on that sea-girt isle,
Wild tempests hymn thy dirge;
O, better than the high raised pile,
Thy grave amid the surge!
It seemed another Delos rose,
Called from the ocean by thy foes;
As if the utmost verge
Of the old world, could yield no space,
Fit for a hero's resting place.

Kings saw the unarm'd stranger come,
And the mail'd host gave way;—
The voice of revelry was dumb,
The sceptre powerless lay;
The halls of an imperial line,
Pomp, power, the throne, the world were thine
It was thy very play
To wrest the loftiest wreath of fame,
And deck a brow without a name.

And in that hour of god-like pride,
When Monarchs bow'd the knee,
Methinks the victor should have died,
Nor known captivity;—
Yet it was well, like the great sun,
Thy course did end, as it begun,
Upon the chainless tide;
Thy youth was cradled on the wave,
And its fierce waters clasp thy grave!

I would not wake thy slumbers now,
All lowly as thou art;
Nor place again upon thy brow,
The crown that crush'd thy heart!
No bitterness of death was left,
When of thy wife and child bereft,
—Captivity's worst smart—
Piecemeal, they meted out thy doom,
Thou living tenant of a tomb.

Rest, warrior! though no column tell
The story of thy death,
Earth's mightiest shall remember well
Of him that sleeps beneath.
And he, who scarce with infant hand,
Unsheaths his father's battle brand,
May earn as green a wreath,
And teach how poorly they were free,
When the damp sod closed over thee.

S. S. BORD.

ODE TO MUSIC.

COME, Music!—strike thy potent lyre!
And let me catch its magic tones—
Such strains as love and joy inspire,
And make despair suspend his groans!

Come, child of Heaven!—and in thy throng,
Let mystic spirits, hovering round,
With sweetest harps the notes prolong,
And swell the soul-inspiring sound.—

Ah! the spell I now feel
Of thy hornpipe and reel!
As they play o'er the chords in gay, rapid flight!—
See jollity prancing—
And ecstasy dancing!—
And clapping their hands in a thrill of delight!

Let thy lyre now change its brisk numbers,
And Handel's loud symphonies swell;
'Till indolence, waked from his slumbers,
Shall strive his compeer to excel.

'Tis the trumpet of glory resounding,
Ambition stands listening the strain!
See heroes her banner surrounding,
See conquerors stalk o'er the plain!

Let Mozart next, in slow and pensive airs,
Soft as Zephyr's sigh, or Flora's kiss,
Lull my senses—sooth my restless cares,
And chain my soul in sad and tender bliss.

And let the voice of her my heart adores,
In accents sweet come stealing thro' my breast;
'Till I, in fancy, tread Elysian shores,
And mingle souls with those whom love has blest.

N. GUILFORD.

THE SERENADE.

How sweet to start from sleep's soft dream,
And list by moonlight's pensive beam,
To sounds which all unearthly seem.

Now sad, now gay, they liquid roll,
And steal, and captivate the soul,
And sorrow's heaviest sigh control.

They call to mind departed time,
The dreams of youth! its joys sublime!
When health, and hope were in their prime.

They tell of hours in memory's store,
The smiles, which love and friendship wore,
When life's full cup of bliss ran o'er.

Sweet, dying strains! Ye now expire!
And, transient as the meteor's fire,
Ye live not—save in memory's lyre.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN.

I EMBARKED a few years since, at Pittsburg, for Cincinnati, on board of a steam boat—more with a view of realising the possibility of a speedy return against the current, than in obedience to the call of either business or pleasure. It was a voyage of speculation. I was born on the banks of the Ohio, and the only vessels associated with my early recollections were the canoes of the Indians, which brought to Fort Pitt their annual cargoes of skins and bear's oil. The Flat boat of Kentucky, destined only to float with the current, next appeared; and after many years of interval, the Keel boat of the Ohio, and the Barge of the Mississippi were introduced for the convenience of the infant commerce of the West.

At the period, at which I have dated my trip to Cincinnati, the steam boat had made but few voyages back to Pittsburg. We were generally skeptics as to its practicability. The mind was not prepared for the change that was about to take place in the West. It is now consummated; and we yet look back with astonishment at the result.

The rudest inhabitant of our forests;—the man whose mind is least of all imbued with a relish for the picturesque—who would gaze with vacant stare at the

finest painting—listen with apathy to the softest melody, and turn with indifference from a mere display of ingenious mechanism, is struck with the sublime power and self-moving majesty of a steam boat;—lingers on the shore where it passes—and follows its rapid, and almost magic course with silent admiration. The steam engine in five years has enabled us to anticipate a state of things, which, in the ordinary course of events, it would have required a century to have produced. The art of printing scarcely surpassed it in its beneficial consequences.

In the old world, the places of the greatest interest to the philosophic traveller are ruins, and monuments, that speak of faded splendour, and departed glory. The broken columns of Tadmor—the shapeless ruins of Babylon, are rich in matter for almost endless speculation. Far different is the case in the western regions of America. The stranger views here, with wonder, the rapidity with which cities spring up in forests; and with which barbarism retreats before the approach of art and civilization. The reflection possessing the most intense interest is—not what has been the character of the country, but what shall be her future destiny.

As we coasted along this cheerful scene, one reflection crossed my mind to diminish the pleasure it excited. This was caused by the sight of the ruins of the once splendid mansion of Blennerhassett. I had spent some happy hours here, when it was the favour-

ite residence of taste and hospitality. I had seen it when a lovely and accomplished woman presided—shedding a charm around, which made it as inviting, though not so dangerous, as the island of Calypso;—when its liberal and polished owner made it the resort of every stranger, who had any pretensions to literature or science.—I had beheld it again under more inauspicious circumstances:—when its proprietor, in a moment of visionary speculation, had abandoned this earthly paradise to follow an adventurer—himself the dupe of others. A military banditti held possession, acting “by authority.” The embellishments of art and taste disappeared beneath the touch of a band of Vandals: and the beautiful domain which presented the imposing appearance of a palace, and which had cost a fortune in the erection, was changed in one night, into a scene of devastation! The chimneys of the house remained for some years—the insulated monument of the folly of their owner, and pointed out to the stranger the place where once stood the temple of hospitality. Drift wood covered the pleasure grounds; and the massive, cut stone, that formed the columns of the gateway, were scattered more widely than the fragments of the Egyptian Memnon.

When we left Pittsburgh, the season was not far advanced in vegetation. But as we proceeded, the change was more rapid than the difference of latitude justified. I had frequently observed this in former voyages: but it never was so striking, as on the present

occasion. The old mode of travelling, in the sluggish flat boat seemed to give time for the change of season; but now a few hours carried us into a different climate. We met spring with all her laughing train of flowers and verdure, rapidly advancing from the south. The buck-eye, cotton-wood, and maple, had already assumed, in this region, the rich livery of summer. The thousand varieties of the floral kingdom spread a gay carpet over the luxuriant bottoms on each side of the river. The thick woods resounded with the notes of the feathered tribe—each striving to outdo his neighbour in noise, if not in melody. We had not yet reached the region of paroquets; but the clear toned whistle of the cardinal was heard in every bush; and the cat-bird was endeavouring, with its usual zeal, to rival the powers of the more gifted mocking-bird.

A few hours brought us to one of those stopping points, known by the name of "wooding places." It was situated immediately above Letart's Falls. The boat, obedient to the wheel of the pilot, made a graceful sweep towards the island above the chute, and rounding to, approached the wood pile. As the boat drew near the shore, the escape steam reverberated through the forest and hills, like the chafed bellowing of the caged tiger. The root of a tree, concealed beneath the water, prevented the boat from getting sufficiently near the bank, and it became necessary to use the paddles to take a different position.

"Back out! Mannee! and try it again!" exclaimed a voice from the shore. "Throw your pole wide—and brace off!—or you'll run against a snag!"

This was a kind of language long familiar to us on the Ohio. It was a sample of the slang of the keel-boatmen.

The speaker was immediately cheered by a dozen of voices from the deck; and I recognised in him the person of an old acquaintance, familiarly known to me from my boyhood. He was leaning carelessly against a large beech; and as his left arm negligently pressed a rifle to his side, presented a figure, that Salvator would have chosen from a million, as a model for his wild and gloomy pencil. His stature was upwards of six feet, his proportions perfectly symmetrical, and exhibiting the evidence of Herculean powers. To a stranger, he would have seemed a complete mulatto. Long exposure to the sun and weather on the lower Ohio and Mississippi had changed his skin; and, but for the fine European cast of his countenance, he might have passed for the principal warrior of some powerful tribe. Although at least fifty years of age, his hair was as black as the wing of the raven. Next to his skin he wore a red flannel shirt, covered by a blue capot, ornamented with white fringe. On his feet were moccasins, and a broad leathern belt, from which hung, suspended in a sheath, a large knife, encircled his waist.

As soon as the steam boat became stationary, the cabin passengers jumped on shore. On ascending the

bank, the figure I have just described advanced to offer me his hand.

"How are you, MIKE?" said I.

"How goes it?" replied the boatman—grasping my hand with a squeeze, that I can compare to nothing, but that of a blacksmith's vice.

"I am glad to see you, Mannce!"—continued he in his abrupt manner. "I am going to shoot at the tin cup for a quart—off hand—and you must be judge."

I understood Mike at once, and on any other occasion, should have remonstrated, and prevented the daring trial of skill. But I was accompanied by a couple of English tourists, who had scarcely ever been beyond the sound of Bow Bells; and who were travelling post over the United States to make up a book of observations, on our manners and customs. There were, also, among the passengers, a few bloods from Philadelphia and Baltimore, who could conceive of nothing equal to Chesnut or Howard streets; and who expressed great disappointment, at not being able to find terrapins and oysters at every village—marvellously lauding the comforts of Rubicum's. My tramontane pride was aroused; and I resolved to give them an opportunity of seeing a Western Lion—for such Mike undoubtedly was—in all his glory. The philanthropist may start, and accuse me of want of humanity. I deny the charge, and refer for apology to one of the best understood principles of human nature.

Mike, followed by several of his crew, led the way to a beech grove, some little distance from the landing. I invited my fellow passengers to witness the scene.— On arriving at the spot, a stout, bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting shirt—but bare-footed—in whom I recognised a younger brother of Mike, drew a line with his toe; and stepping off thirty yards—turned round fronting his brother—took a tin cup, which hung from his belt, and placed it on his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge, I felt uneasy, whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection; for this second Albert exclaimed—

“Blaze away, Mike! and let’s have the quart.”

My “*compagnons de voyage*,” as soon as they recovered from the first effect of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back his left leg, levelled his rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds as immovable, as if the arm which held it, was affected by no pulsation.

“Elevate your piece a little lower, Mike! or you will pay the corn,” cried the imperturbable brother.

I know not if the advice was obeyed or not; but the sharp crack of the rifle immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards—rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see, if the fool-hardy boatman was really safe. He remained as im-

moveable, as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked, when the ball struck the cup within two inches of his skull.

"Mike has won!" I exclaimed; and my decision was the signal which, according to their rules, permitted him of the target to move from his position. No more sensation was exhibited among the boatmen, than if a common wager had been won. The bet being decided, they hurried back to their boat, giving me and my friends an invitation to partake of "the treat." We declined, and took leave of the thoughtless creatures. In a few minutes afterwards, we observed their "Keel" wheeling into the current,—the gigantic form of Mike, bestriding the large steering oar, and the others arranging themselves in their places in front of the cabin, that extended nearly the whole length of the boat, covering merchandize of immense value. As they left the shore, they gave the Indian yell; and broke out into a sort of unconnected chorus—commencing with—

"Hard upon the beech oar!—

She moves too slow!—

All the way to Shawneetown,

Long while ago."

In a few moments the boat "took the chute" of Le-tart's Falls, and disappeared behind the point, with the rapidity of an Arabian courser.

Our travellers returned to the boat, lost in speculation on the scene, and the beings they had just beheld;

and, no doubt, the circumstance has been related a thousand times with all the necessary amplifications of finished tourists.

Mike Fink may be viewed, as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct; but who once possessed as marked a character, as that of the Gipsies of England, or the Lazaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than a third of a century. The character was created by the introduction of trade on the Western waters; and ceased with the successful establishment of the steam boat.

There is something inexplicable in the fact, that there could be men found, for ordinary wages, who would abandon the systematic, but not laborious pursuits of agriculture, to follow a life, of all others, except that of the soldier, distinguished by the greatest exposure and privation. The occupation of a boatman was more calculated to destroy the constitution, and to shorten life, than any other business. In ascending the river, it was a continued series of toil, rendered more irksome by the snail like rate, at which they moved. The boat was propelled by poles, against which the shoulder was placed; and the whole strength, and skill of the individual were applied in this manner. As the boatmen moved along the running board, with their heads nearly touching the plank on which they walked, the effect produced on the mind of an observer was similar to that, on beholding the ox, rocking before an overloaded cart. Their bodies, na-

ked to their waist for the purpose of moving with greater ease, and of enjoying the breeze of the river, were exposed to the burning suns of summer, and to the rains of autumn. After a hard day's push, they would take their "fillee," or ration of whiskey, and having swallowed a miserable supper of meat half burnt, and of bread half baked, stretch themselves, without covering, on the deck, and slumber till the steersman's call invited them to the morning "fillee." Notwithstanding this, the boatman's life had charms as irresistible, as those presented by the splendid illusions of the stage. Sons abandoned the comfortable farms of their fathers, and apprentices fled from the service of their masters. There was a captivation in the idea of "going down the river;" and the youthful boatman who had "pushed a keel" from New Orleans, felt all the pride of a young merchant, after his first voyage to an English sea port. From an exclusive association together, they had formed a kind of slang peculiar to themselves; and from the constant exercise of wit, with "the squatters" on shore, and crews of other boats, they acquired a quickness, and smartness of vulgar retort, that was quite amusing. The frequent battles they were engaged in with the boatmen of different parts of the river, and with the less civilized inhabitants of the lower Ohio, and Mississippi, invested them with that ferocious reputation, which has made them spoken of throughout Europe.

On board of the boats thus navigated, our merchants entrusted valuable cargoes, without insurance, and with no other guarantee than the receipt of the steersman, who possessed no property but his boat; and the confidence so reposed was seldom abused.

Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect, that give the possessor influence, he would have been a conspicuous member of any society, in which his lot might have been cast. An acute observer of human nature, has said—"Opportunity alone makes the hero.—Change but their situations, and Caesar would have been but the best wrestler on the green." With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed gigantic strength; and accustomed from an early period of life to brave the dangers of a frontier life, his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. At the court of Charlemagne, he might have been a Roland; with the Crusaders, he would have been the favourite of the Knight of the Lion-heart; and in our revolution, he would have ranked with the Morgans and Putnams of the day. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader in a thousand daring adventures. From Pittsburg to St. Louis, and New Orleans, his fame was established. Every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike—otherwise, there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great

prototype, Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of Black Mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of five or six miles, and return before morning, rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known among his companions by the appellation of the "Snapping Turtle;" and on the Mississippi, he was called "The Snag."

At the early age of seventeen, Mike's character was displayed, by enlisting himself in a corps of Scouts—a body of irregular rangers, which was employed on the North-western frontiers of Pennsylvania, to watch the Indians, and to give notice of any threatened inroad.

At that time, Pittsburgh was on the extreme verge of white population, and the spies, who were constantly employed, generally extended their explorations forty or fifty miles to the west of this post. They went out, singly, lived as did the Indian, and in every respect, became perfectly assimilated in habits, taste, and feeling, with the red men of the desert. A kind of border warfare was kept up, and the scout thought it as praiseworthy to bring in the scalp of a Shawnee, as the skin of a panther. He would remain in the woods for weeks together, using parched corn for bread, and depending on his rifle for his meat—and slept at night in perfect comfort, rolled in his blanket.

In this corps, whilst yet a stripling, Mike acquired a reputation for boldness, and cunning, far beyond his companions. A thousand legends illustrate the fear-

lessness of his character. There was one, which he told, himself, with much pride, and which made an indelible impression on my boyish memory. He had been out on the hills of Mahoning, when, to use his own words, "he saw signs of Indians being about."—He had discovered the recent print of the moccasin on the grass; and found drops of the fresh blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazle and briar; and, for several days, did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted patiently on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He gave no alarm to the settlements, because he discovered with perfect certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting party, who were receding from the Alleghany.

As he was creeping along one morning, with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell upon a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot, three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot at every hazard. Re-priming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approaches in the usual noiseless manner. At the moment he reached the spot, from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, advancing from a direction a little different from his own. Mike shrunk behind a tree, with the quickness of thought, and keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the

result with patience. In a few moments, the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the meanwhile, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage; and at the moment the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the red man's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike re-loaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and having satisfied himself, that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcase those pieces, suited to the process of jerking.

In the meantime, the country was filling up with a white population; and in a few years the red men, with the exception of a few fractions of tribes, gradually receded to the Lakes and beyond the Mississippi. The corps of Scouts was abolished, after having acquired habits, which unfitted them for the pursuits of civilized society. Some incorporated themselves with the Indians; and others, from a strong attachment to their erratic mode of life, joined the boatmen, then just becoming a distinct class. Among these was our hero, Mike Fink, whose talents were soon developed; and for many years, he was as celebrated on the rivers of the West, as he had been in the woods.

I gave to my fellow travellers the substance of the foregoing narrative, as we sat on deck by moonlight.

and cut swiftly through the magnificent sheet of water between Letart and the Great Kanhawa. It was one of those beautiful nights, which permitted every thing to be seen with sufficient distinctness to avoid danger;—yet created a certain degree of illusion, that gave reins to the imagination. The outline of the river hills lost all its harshness; and the occasional bark of the house dog from the shore, and the distant scream of the solitary loon, gave increased effect to the scene. It was altogether so delightful, that the hours till morning flew swiftly by, whilst our travellers dwelt with rapture on the surrounding scenery, which shifted every moment like the capricious changes of the kaleidoscope—and listening to tales of border warfare, as they were brought to mind, by passing the places where they happened. The celebrated Hunter's Leap,* and the bloody battle of Kanhawa, were not forgotten.

The afternoon of the next day brought us to the beautiful city of Cincinnati, which, in the course of thirty years, has risen from a village of soldiers' huts to a town,—giving promise of future splendour, equal to any on the sea-board.

*A man, by the name of Huling, was hunting on the hill above Point Pleasant, when he was discovered by a party of Indians.—They pursued him to a precipice of more than sixty feet, over which he sprang and escaped. On returning next morning with some neighbours, it was discovered, that he jumped over the top of a sugar tree, which grew from the bottom of the hill.

Some years after the period, at which I have dated my visit to Cincinnati, business called me to New Orleans. On board of the steam boat, on which I had embarked, at Louisville, I recognised, in the person of the pilot, one of those men, who had formerly been a patroon, or keel boat captain. I entered into conversation with him on the subject of his former associates.

"They are scattered in all directions," said he. "A few, who had capacity, have become pilots of steam boats. Many have joined the trading parties that cross the Rocky mountains; and a few have settled down as farmers."

"What has become," I asked, "of my old acquaintance, Mike Fink?"

"Mike was killed in a skirmish," replied the pilot. "He had refused several good offers on steam boats. He said he could not bear the hissing of steam, and he wanted room to throw his pole. He went to the Missouri, and about a year since was shooting the tin cup, when he had corned too heavy. He elevated too low, and shot his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased, who was present, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart, before he had time to re-load his rifle."

With Mike Fink expired the spirit of the Boatmen.

THE MOUND.

HERE stood a Mound, erected by a race
 Unknown in history or poet's song ;
 Swept from the earth, nor even left a trace,
 Where the broad ruin rolled its tide along :—
 No hidden chronicle, these piles among,
 Or hieroglyphic monument survives
 To tell their being's date, or whence they sprung ;
 Whether from gothic Europe's northern hives,
 Or that devoted land where the dread Siroc drives.

Mysterious pile ! O say for what designed !
 Have flaming altars on thy summit shone ?
 Have victims bled, by pious rites consigned
 To appease the wrath above, and thus atone
 For sinful man to the Eternal Throne ?
 Momentous monitor of mortal woe !
 Thou dost proclaim a nation lost, unknown,
 Smitten from earth by some tremendous blow,
 Which but a God could give, and but the Omniscient
 know.

Hill of the Lord ! where once, perchance, of yore,
 Sincere devotion woke her pious strain ;

Mountain of God! did prostrate man adore,
And sing hosannahs to Jehovah's name,
While sacrifices fed thine altar's flame?
And when stern War his sanguine banner spread,
And strewed the earth with many a warrior slain,
Didst thou become the charnel of the dead,
Who sought imperial sway, or for fair Freedom bled?

Yes—here may some intrepid chieftain lie,
Some Alexander, great as Philip's son,
Whose daring prowess bade the Persian fly
Before the conquering arm of Macedon;
Or greater still, some former WASHINGTON,
Whom glory warmed and liberty inspired!
Who for this hemisphere perchance had won
His country's freedom, and, deplored, expired,
Bathed by a nation's tears, beloved, revered, admired.

High o'er this Mound, where Aborigines
Have mouldered with their long extinguished line,
Majestic stands a group of aged trees,
With trunks encompassed by the wreathing vine:
Close through the sylvan canopy entwine
Luxuriant growth of clustered vintage wild,
That not a penetrating ray can shine
To mar the cool retreat; which oft beguiled,
From summer's noontide beam, fair nature's loveliest
child.

And here, from these o'ershadowing boughs among,
A choir of countless warblers cheered the dale,
While gentle zephyrs bore the strains along,
The plaintive dove her absent mate would wail.
And here to breathe the balmy fragrant gale,
On Sabbath eve would neighbouring youth repair,
And each recount full many a pleasing tale,
And thus the flow of social converse share,
While some would laugh aloud, and some with wonder stare.

MOSES BROOKS.

THE FEVER DREAM.

A FEVER scorched my body, fired my brain!
 Like lava in Vesuvius, boiled my blood
 Within the glowing caverns of my heart.
 I raged with thirst, and begged a cold, clear draught
 Of fountain water.—'Twas with tears denied.
 I drank a nauseous febrifuge, and slept;
 But rested not—harrassed with horrid dreams
 Of burning deserts, and of dusty plains,
 Mountains disgorging flames—forests on fire,
 Steam, sun-shine, smoke, and boiling lakes—
 Hills of hot sand, and glowing stones that seemed
 Embers and ashes of a burnt up world!

Thirst raged within me.—I sought the deepest vale,
 And called on all the rocks and caves for water;—
 I climbed a mountain, and from cliff to cliff,
 Pursued a flying cloud, howling for water:—
 I crushed the withered herbs, and gnawed dry roots,
 Still crying, Water! water!—While the cliffs and caves
 In horrid mockery, re-echoed "Water!"
 Below the mountain gleamed a city, red
 With solar flame, upon the sandy bank
 Of a broad river.—"Soon, Oh soon!" I cried,
 "I'll cool my burning body in that flood,
 And quaff my fill."—I ran—I reached the shore.—

The river was dried up. Its oozy bed
Was dust; and on its arid rocks, I saw
The scaly myriads fry beneath the sun!
Where sunk the channel deepest, I beheld
A stirring multitude of human forms,
And heard a faint, wild, lamentable wail.
Thither I sped, and joined the general cry
Of—"water!" They had delved a spacious pit
In search of hidden fountains—sad, sad sight!
I saw them rend the rocks up in their rage,
With mad impatience calling on the earth
To open and yield up her cooling fountains.

Meanwhile the skies, on which they dared not gaze,
Stood o'er them like a canopy of brass—
Undimmed by moisture. The red dog-star raged,
And Phœbus from the house of Virgo shot
His scorching shafts. The thirsty multitude
Grew still more frantic. Those who dug the earth
Fell lifeless on the rocks they strained to upheave,
And filled again, with their own carcasses,
The pits they made—undoing their own work!
Despair at length drove out the labourers,
At sight of whom a general groan announced
The death of hope. Ah! now no more was heard
The cry of "water!" To the city next,
Howling, we ran—all hurrying without aim:—
Thence to the woods. The baked plain gaped for
moisture,
And from its arid breast heaved smoke, that seemed

The breath of furnace—fierce, volcanic fire,
Or hot monsoon, that raises Syrian sands
To clouds. Amid the forests we espied
A faint and bleating herd. Sudden a shrill
And horrid shout arose of “Blood! blood! blood!”
We fell upon them with the tiger’s thirst,
And drank up all the blood that was not human!
We were dyed in blood! Despair returned;
The cry of blood was hushed, and dumb confusion
reigned.

Even then, when hope was dead!—past hope—
I heard a laugh! and saw a wretched man
Rip his own veins, and bleeding, drink
With eager joy. The example seized on all:—
Each fell upon himself, tearing his veins
Fiercely in search of blood! And some there were,
Who, having emptied their own veins, did seize
Upon their neighbour’s arms, and slew them for their
blood—

Oh! happy then were mothers who gave suck.
They dashed their little infants from their breasts,
And their shrunk bosoms tortured to extract
The balmy juice, Oh! exquisitely sweet
To their parched tongues! ’Tis done!—now all is gone!
Blood, water, and the bosom’s nectar,—all!

“Rend, Oh! ye lightnings! the scaled firmament,
And flood a burning world.—Rain! rain! pour! pour!
Open—ye windows of high heaven! and pour
The mighty deluge! Let us drown, and drink

Luxurious death! Ye earthquakes split the globe,
The solid, rock-ribbed globe!—and lay all bare
Its subterranean rivers, and fresh seas!”

Thus raged the multitude. And many fell
In fierce convulsions;—many slew themselves.

And now I saw the city all in flames—
The forest burning—and the very earth on fire!
I saw the mountains open with a roar,
Loud as the seven apocalyptic thunders,
And seas of lava rolling headlong down,
Through crackling forests fierce, and hot as Hell,
Down to the plain—I turned to fly,——and waked!

DR. HARNEY.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

I saw thee languish. Thou wast where
No pitying arm was stretch'd to save :—
I saw thee borne on the rough bier
By strangers to the grave.

They've laid thee here ; and I alone,
With stainless flowers have decked thy bed ;
And I have raised this nameless stone
Above thy lowly head.

And thou eanst never more awake,
Though gentle eyes for thee should weep ;
Nor kindred sorrows ever break
Thy long undreaming sleep.

But thou wilt lie in this dark cell,
Beneath the unconseious elay ;
While they, whom thou hast loved so well,
Will chide thy long delay.

And they will wait for thy return,
At home, sweet home ! so far away,—
For many a bright returning morn,
And many a twilight gray.

And oft when lingering hope has fled,
Affection's tear for thee will flow,
While thou art slumbering in that bed,
Affection can not know.

Yet, when a few more years are fled,
They'll meet thee in the bright abode;
And thou and they together tread
The star-embossed road.

Oh! then, at life's immortal springs,
How sweet with those dear friends to bow—
Where peace and joy on seraph wings
Sublime are circling now.

OTWAY CURRY.

VIEW OF PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH was laid out in 1784. It is situated on a plain, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, which meet here and form the Ohio.

The ground plat of the city is somewhat contracted by the approach of hills, two of which, Grant's and Boyd's, run down close upon the eastern or back line. This evil is, however, remedied by two elegant bridges, traversing both rivers, one of which—that over the Alleghany, operates as a street connecting the town of Alleghany with Pittsburgh.

Under the French, this place was called Fort du Quesne. When the English took possession of it, they called it Fort Pitt, in honour of the Earl of Chatham. When it came to be laid out as a county town, it took its present name of PITTSBURGH.



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1892-1893. The following is a list of the books received by the Library during the year ending June 30, 1893. The books are arranged in alphabetical order of the author's name.

1. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 2. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 3. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 4. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 5. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 6. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 7. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 8. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 9. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 10. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams.

11. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 12. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 13. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 14. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 15. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 16. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 17. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 18. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 19. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams. 20. *The History of the United States*, by John Adams.

Small Plate



PLATE 1. 3. 5. 7. 9. 11. 13. 15. 17. 19. 21. 23. 25. 27. 29. 31. 33. 35. 37. 39. 41. 43. 45. 47. 49. 51. 53. 55. 57. 59. 61. 63. 65. 67. 69. 71. 73. 75. 77. 79. 81. 83. 85. 87. 89. 91. 93. 95. 97. 99. 101. 103. 105. 107. 109. 111. 113. 115. 117. 119. 121. 123. 125. 127. 129. 131. 133. 135. 137. 139. 141. 143. 145. 147. 149. 151. 153. 155. 157. 159. 161. 163. 165. 167. 169. 171. 173. 175. 177. 179. 181. 183. 185. 187. 189. 191. 193. 195. 197. 199. 201. 203. 205. 207. 209. 211. 213. 215. 217. 219. 221. 223. 225. 227. 229. 231. 233. 235. 237. 239. 241. 243. 245. 247. 249. 251. 253. 255. 257. 259. 261. 263. 265. 267. 269. 271. 273. 275. 277. 279. 281. 283. 285. 287. 289. 291. 293. 295. 297. 299. 301. 303. 305. 307. 309. 311. 313. 315. 317. 319. 321. 323. 325. 327. 329. 331. 333. 335. 337. 339. 341. 343. 345. 347. 349. 351. 353. 355. 357. 359. 361. 363. 365. 367. 369. 371. 373. 375. 377. 379. 381. 383. 385. 387. 389. 391. 393. 395. 397. 399. 401. 403. 405. 407. 409. 411. 413. 415. 417. 419. 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THE BACHELORS' ELYSIUM.

[The following, written by the Editor of this work, was published some years since in the *Port Folio*. But, as it will be new to most of our readers, we give it a republication in the *Souvenir*.]

I PASSED an evening lately in company with a number of young persons, who had met together for the laudable purpose of spending a merry Christmas; and as mirth exercises a prescriptive right of sovereignty at this good old festival, every one came prepared to pay due homage to that pleasant deity. The party was opened with all the usual ceremonies; the tea was sipped, the cakes praised, and Sir Walter Scott's last novel criticised; and such was the good humour which prevailed, that although our fair hostess threw an extra portion of bohea into her tea-pot, not a breath of scandal floated among the vapours of that delightful beverage. An aged gentleman, who happened to drop in, at first claimed the privilege, as an old Revolutionary, of monopolizing the conversation, and entertained us with facetious tales, told the fiftieth time, of Tarleton's trumpeter, general Washington's white horse, and governor Mifflin's cocked hat, with occasional pathetic digressions relating to bear-fights and Indian massacres. The honest veteran, however, who

was accustomed to retire after smoking one pipe, soon grew drowsy, and a similar affection, by sympathy I suppose, began to circulate among his audience, when our spirits received a new impulse from an accidental turn of the conversation from three-cornered hats and horses, to courtship and marriage. The relative advantages of married life and celibacy were discussed with great vivacity; and as there were a number of old bachelors and antiquated maidens present, who had thought deeply and feelingly on the subject, and were, therefore, able to discuss it with singular felicity, the ladies' side of the question had greatly the advantage.

A gentleman, who had reluctantly left the card-table to join the ladies, gave his opinion, that life was like a game of cards; that a good player was often eured by a bad partner—he thought it wise, therefore, to play alone. “Perhaps,” said a fair miss, “a good partner might assist you.” “Thank you, madam,” said he, “courting a wife is nothing more than cutting for partners—no one knows what card he may turn.”

My friend, Absalom Squaretoes, gravely assured us, that he had pondered on this subject long and deeply, and it had caused him more perplexity than the banking system, or the Missouri question; that there were several ladies whom he might have had, and whom, at one time or other, he had determined to marry; “But,” continued he, arching his eye-brows with a dignity which the great Fadladeen might have envied, “the

more I hesitated, the less inclination I felt to try the experiment, and I am now convinced that marriage is not the thing it is cracked up to be!"

Miss Tabitha Scruple, a blooming maid of three score, confessed that for her part, she was very much of Mr. Squarctoes' opinion. It was well enough for honest, pains taking people to get married, but she could not see how persons of sentiment could submit to it—"Unless, indeed," she added, "congenial souls could meet, and, without mercenary views, join in the tender bond:—but men are so deceitful, one runs a great risk you know!"

Mr. Smoothtongue, the lawyer, who had waited to hear every other opinion before he gave his own, now rose, and informed the company that he would conclude the case, by stating a few points, which had occurred to him in the course of the argument. He began by informing us, the question was one of great importance, and that much might be said on both sides.

He said that so great a man as lord Burleigh, treasurer to queen Elizabeth, had written ten rules of conduct, which he charged his son to observe, and keep next to the ten laws of Moses, and that the very first of them related to the choice of a wife. He pointed out all the unfortunate husbands mentioned in history, from Adam down to George the fourth, and after detailing the relative duties and rights of baron and femme, as laid down in Blackstone, concluded with sundry ex-

tracts from Pope, whose works he declared he set more store to, than those of any writer in the English language, except Mr. Chitty. He was interrupted by a young lady, who declared that Pope was a nasty, censorious, old bachelor—so he was. The lawyer replied, that as Mr. Pope's general character was not implicated in the present question, it could not be properly attacked, nor was he called on to defend it; and that, as long as his veracity was unimpeached, his testimony must be believed, which he offered to prove from Peake's Evidence, if the lady desired him to produce authority. The lady assured him, that she was greatly edified by his exposition of the law, and had no desire to see the books;—but confessed, that though she admired his speech very much, she was still at a loss to know which side he was on. "Madam," said he, with great gravity "I admire marriage as a most excellent civil institution, but have no inclination to engage in it, as I can never consent to tie a knot with my tongue, which I can not untie with my teeth."

These opinions, coming from such high authority, seemed to settle the controversy, and the question was about to be carried *nem. con.* in favour of celibacy, when an unlucky Miss, whose cheeks, and lips, and teeth, reminded one of pearls, and cherries, and peaches, while all the loves and graces laughed in her eyes, uttered something in a loud whisper about "sour grapes," which created a sensation among a certain part of the company, of which you can form no ade-

quate idea, unless you have witnessed the commotions of a bee hive.

I now began to be seriously afraid, that our Christmas gambols would eventuate in a tragical catastrophe; and anticipating nothing less than a general pulling of caps, was meditating on the propriety of saving my own curly locks by a precipitate retreat. Fortunately, however, another speaker had taken the floor, and before any other hostilities were committed, drew the attention of the belligerents, by a vivid description of Fiddler's Green. This, he assured us, was a residence prepared in the other world for maids and bachelors, where they were condemned as a punishment for their lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance together to all eternity.

Here was a new field for speculation. A variety of opinions were hazarded; but as the ladies all talked together, I was unable to collect the half of them.—Some appeared to regard such a place as a paradise, while others seemed to consider it as a pandemonium. The ladies desired to know whether they would be provided with good music and good partners; and I could overhear some of the gentlemen calculating the chances of a snug loo-party, in a back room. On these points our informant was unable to throw any light. The general impression seemed to be, that the managers of this everlasting ball would couple off the company by lot, and that no appeal could be had from their decision. Miss Scruple declared that she had a

mortal aversion to dancing, though she would not object to leading off a set occasionally with particular persons; and that she would rather be married half a dozen times, than be forced so jig it with any body and every body. Mr. Skinflint thought so long a siege of capering would be rather expensive on pumps, and wished to know who was to suffer. Mr. Squaretoes had no notion of using pumps; he thought moccasins would do; he was for cheap fixings and strong. Miss Fanny Flirt was delighted with the whole plan, provided they could change partners; for she could imagine no punishment more cruel than to be confined for ever to a single beau. Mr. Goosy thought it would be expedient to secure partners in time, and begged Miss Demure to favour him with her hand for an eternal reel. Little Sophy Sparkle, the cherry-lipped belle, who had nearly been the instrument of kindling a war as implacable as that of the Greeks and Trojans, seemed to be afraid of again giving offence; but, on being asked her opinion, declared, that it was the most charming scheme she ever heard, and that she would dance as long as she could stand, with any body or nobody, rather than not dance at all.

During all this time, I was lolling over the back of a chair,—a lazy habit which, with many others, I have caught since my third sweetheart turned me off; and was rolling and twisting the pretty Sophy's handkerchief—for I can't be idle—into every possible form and shape. I was startled into consciousness by the

dulcet voice of my fair companion, as she exclaimed, "La! Mr. Drywit, how melancholy you are! How can you look so cross, when every body else is laughing?—Pray, what do you think of the grand ball at Fiddler's Green?" "I never trouble myself, madam, to think about things which do not concern me." "Oh dear! then you have no idea of going there?" "Not I, indeed.—I go to no such places." "And not expecting to inhabit the paradise of bachelors, it is a matter of indifference to you, how your friends enjoy themselves?" "No, indeed: I sincerely hope that you may caper into each others' good graces, and romp yourselves into the best humour imaginable with the pains and pleasures of single blessedness: As for my single self, I intend, unless some lady shall think proper to stand in her own light, to alter my condition." Having uttered this heroic resolution, I made my bow and retired. But the conversation of the evening still haunted my imagination, and as I sunk to sleep, general Washington's white horse, Sophy Sparkle, and Fiddler's Green, alternately occupied my brain, until the confused images settling into a regular train of thought, produced the following vision.

I thought that the hour of my dissolution had arrived, and I was about to take my departure to the world of spirits. The solemnity of the event, which was taking place, did not affect me however, as it would have done, had the same circumstance occurred in reality: for my mind was entirely filled with the conver-

sation of the previous evening ; and I thought, felt, and died like a true bachelor. As I left the clay tenement which I had inhabited so long, I could not avoid hovering over it for a moment, to take a parting view of the temple, which had confined my restless spirit, and for which, I must confess, I had a high respect. I could now perceive, that time had made ravages in the features which had lately been mine, that I had not been aware of while living ; and that the frame which had carried me through a stormy world, was somewhat the worse for the wear ; and I really felt a joy in escaping from it, similar to the emotions with which the mariner quits the shattered bark, that has braved the billows through a long voyage. Still, however, I felt something like regret in quitting my ancient habitation ; and was beginning to recall to memory, the conquests I had made in it, and the sieges it had withstood, when I was obliged to take my departure. I had always thought that spirits flew out of a window, or up the chimney ; but I now found, that whatever might have been the practice of others, mine was a ghost of too much politeness to withdraw in this manner from a house, in which I had been only a boarder ; and accordingly, I walked deliberately down stairs, and passed through the parlour. As soon as I reached the open air, my spirit began to ascend for some distance, and then floated rapidly towards the north. It was a brilliant evening, and as the stars shone with uncommon lustre, I could not help fancying them the

eyes of millions of beauties, who, having made it their business to teaze the beaux in this world, were doomed to light them to the next.

I do not know how long I had been journeying, when I discovered the sea beneath me, filled with mountains of ice; and I perceived that I was rapidly approaching the North Pole, I now congratulated myself upon being able to determine, by actual observation, whether the Poles are flattened, as some philosophers imagine, together with other questions of like importance to the happiness of mankind. But, how great was my surprise, when, on arriving at the place, I found that all the philosophers in the world were mistaken, except captain Symmes; and discovered only a yawning cavern, into which I was suddenly precipitated!

I now travelled for some distance in utter darkness, and began to be very fearful of losing my way, when I suddenly emerged into a new world, full of beauty, melody, and brightness. I stood on the brink of a small rivulet, and beheld before me an extensive lawn of the richest green, spangled with millions of beautiful flowers. Clusters of trees and vines were scattered in every direction, loaded with delicious fruit. Birds of the loveliest plumage floated in the air, and filled the groves with melody. The garden of Eden, or the paradise of Mahomet, could not be arrayed by a poetic fancy with half the charms of this Elysium.

While I stood enchanted with delight, a strain of music stole along the air, resembling that which pro-

ceeds from a number of violins, tambourins, and triangles; and I was not a little surprised to recognise the well-known air of "O dear, what can the matter be!" At the same moment I perceived a female figure advancing with a rapid motion, resembling a hop, step and jump. I now cast a glance over my own person, as a genteel spirit would naturally do at the approach of a female, and discovered for the first time, that although I had left my substance in the other world, I was possessed of an airy form, precisely similar to the one I had left behind me, and was clad in the ghost of a suit of clothes made after the newest fashion, which I had purchased a few days before my death. I mechanically raised my hand to adjust my cravat; but felt nothing, and sighed to think that I was but the shadow of a gentleman.

As the figure came near, she slackened her pace, and struck into a graceful *chasse* forward, at the same time motioning me to cross the rivulet, which I no sooner did, than I involuntarily fell to dancing with incredible agility. The fair stranger was by this time close to me, and we were setting to each other, as partners would do in a cotillion, when she presented her right hand, and turned me, as she welcomed me to Fiddler's Green. I was now more astonished than ever, for although, when I took the lady's hand, I grasped nothing but air—"thin air"—yet she spoke and acted with precisely the grace, manner, and tone of a modern fair belle. She was exceedingly happy to see me at the

Green—hoped I had left my friends well—and desired to know how I had been for the last twenty years—since she had seen me. I assured the lady, that she had the advantage of me—that I was really so unfortunate as not to recollect my having had the honor of her acquaintance, and that I was totally ignorant of any thing that had occurred twenty years ago, as that was before my time. She told me, that it was useless to attempt to conceal my age, which was well known at the Green, and equally unpolite to deny my old acquaintance. Upon her mentioning her name, I recognised her as a famous belle, who had died of a consumption at the introduction of the fashion of short sleeves and bare elbows. Having thus passed the compliment of the morning, my fair companion desired to conduct me to the principal manager of the Green, by whom my right of admittance must be decided, and offering both of her hands, whirled away in a waltz.

We soon came to a part of the lawn which was crowded with company, all of whom were dancing, and I was about to advise my conductress to take a circuitous course, to avoid the throng, when she directed me to cast off, and right and left through it, a manœuvre which we performed with admirable success. On our arrival at the bower of the principal manager, the sentinels danced three times forward and back, then crossed over, and admitted us into the enclosure. My conductress now presented me to an

officer of the court, who, after cutting a pigeon wing higher than my head, led me to his superior.

The manager was a tall, graceful person, dressed in a full suit of black, with silk stockings, shoes, and buckles; an elegant dress sword glittered by his side, but he wore his own hair, and carried a *chapeau de bras* gracefully under his arm. He is the only person in these regions, who is permitted to exercise his own taste in the ornaments of his person. He was beating time with one foot, not being obliged, like the others, to dance; I was informed, however, that he sometimes amused himself with a minuet, that step being appropriated solely to the managers, as the pigeon wing is to the officers of inferior dignity. On such occasions, an appropriate air is played, and the whole company are obliged to dance minuets, to the great perplexity of those ladies and gentlemen, who have not studied the graces in the upper world. He received me with a polite bow, and desired me to amuse myself on the Green for a few moments, as he was not then at leisure to attend to me; by which I perceived that dancing gentlemen are every where equally fond of putting off business.

On my return to the plain, I was attracted by the delicious appearance of the fine clusters of fruit that hung from the trees, and reached my hand to pluck a peach—but I grasped nothing! My fair companion was again at my side, and condescended to explain the mystery.

"Every thing you see here," said she, "surprises you. You have yet to learn that marriage is man's chief good, and they, who neglect it, are sent here to be punished. In the other world we had the substantial and virtuous enjoyments of life before us, but we disregarded them, and pursued phantoms of our own creation. One sought wealth, and another honor; but the greater number luxuriated in idle visions of fancy. We were never happy but in imagining scenes of delight too perfect for mortals to enjoy. The heart and mind were left unoccupied, while we were taken up with frivolities which pleased the eye and ear. In the affairs of love, we were particularly remiss. Its fruits and flowers hung within our reach, but we refused to pluck them. Ladies have danced off their most tender lovers, and many a gentleman has gambled away his mistress. The flurry of dissipation, and the soft emotions of affection will not inhabit the same breast. We were to choose between them, and we chose amiss—and now behold the consequence! We are here surrounded by fruits and flowers that we can not touch—we have listened to the same melody until it has become tedious—we are confined to partners not of our own choice—and the amusement, which was once our greatest delight, is now a toil. When alive, our fancies were busy in creating Elysian fields—here we have an Elysium,—and we lead that life which maids and bachelors delight in—a life of fiddling, dancing, coquetry, and squabbling. We now learn

that they only are happy who are usefully and virtuously employed."

This account of the place which I was probably destined to inhabit, was rather discouraging; but my attention was soon drawn by fresh novelties. I was particularly amused with the grotesque appearance of the various groups around me. As the persons who composed them were from every age and nation, their costumes exhibited every variety of fashion. The Grecian robe, and the Roman toga, the monkish cowl, the monastic veil, and the blanket and feathers of the Indian, were mingled in ludicrous contrast. Nor was the allotment of partners less diverting. A gentleman in an embroidered suit led off a beggar girl, while a broad shouldered mynheer flirted with an Italian countess. But I was most amused at seeing queen Elizabeth dancing a jig with a jolly cobbler, a person of great "bonhomie," but who failed not to apply the strap, when his stately partner moved with less agility than comported with his notions. When she complained of his cruelty, he reminded the hard-hearted queen of her cousin Mary and lord Essex. Several of her maids of honor were dancing near her with catholic priests, and I could perceive that the latter took great delight in jostling the royal lady, whenever an opportunity offered.

My attention was withdrawn from the dancers by the approach of a newly deceased bachelor, whose appearance excited universal attention. He was a

tall, gaunt, hard-featured personage, whose beard had evidently not known the discipline of a razor for a month before his decease. His feet were cased in moccasins, and his limbs in rude vestments of buck skin; a powder-horn and pouch were suspended from his shoulders, and a huge knife rested in his girdle.—I knew him, at once, to be a hunter, who had been chasing deer in the woods, when he ought to have been pursuing *dears* of another description. I determined to have a little chat with him, and approaching, asked him how he liked Fiddler's Green.

"I don't know, stranger," said he, scratching his head. "I'm rather jubus that I've got into a sort of a priminary here."

I expressed my surprise at his not admiring a place where there were so many fine ladies.

"Why as to the matter of that," said he, "there's a wonderful smart chance of women here—that are a fact—and female society are elegant—for them that likes it—but, for my part, I'd a heap rather camp out by the side of a canic-brake, where there was a good chance of bears and turkeys."

"But you forget," said I, "that you have left your flesh and blood behind you."

"That are a fact," said he, "I feel powerful weak; but I don't like the fixens here, no how—I'm a 'bominable bad hand among women—so I'd thank 'em not to be cutting their shines about me."

"But, my friend, you will have to turn in directly, and dance with some of them."

"I reckon not," said he,—*"If I do, I'll agree to give up my judgment;—but if any of 'em have a mind to run, or jump for a half pint, I'd as leave go it as not."*

This gentleman was followed by another, who came in a still more questionable shape. The polite ghosts could not suppress a smile, at the sight of this moiety of a man, while the ill-bred burst into peals of obstreperous laughter. I easily recognised him to be a Dandy; and as he, with several other newly arrived spirits, were hastening to the Manager's court, I repaired thither also, in hopes of obtaining an audience.

As we passed along, my conductress pointed out to me a most commodious arm-chair, in the shade of a delightful bower, near which was suspended a richly ornamented tobacco-pipe—while a huge tabby cat sat purring on the cushion. It had an inviting air of comfortable indolence. On my inquiring whose limbs were destined to repose in this convenient receptacle, my companion replied:—

"It is called the chair of Celibacy.—The happy maid or bachelor, whose singleness shall not be imputed to any blameable cause, who spends a good humoured life, and dies at a respectable age, in charity with all the world, shall be seated in that commodious chair, enjoy the company of this social quadruped,

and while pleasantly puffing away the placid hours, may indulge in any remarks whatever upon the surrounding company, and thus enjoy all the luxuries of unmarried life. Its cushion, however, has not as yet found an occupant."

"But this," said I, "can be the reward of only one meritorious individual.—What is to become of the remainder of those that shall not be sentenced to dance?"

"I can not answer your question," said she, "for as yet no one has appeared, who could claim an exemption from the common fate. I suppose, however, that if this chair should ever be filled, others will be provided, should any future members of the fraternity establish their claims to the same felicity."

We soon arrived at the dread tribunal, which was to decide our future destiny; but before the anticipated investigation commenced, the court was thrown into confusion by an altercation between the Dandy and my friend from the back woods. The former, it seems, had indulged himself in some imprudent jests upon the dress of the latter, which so irritated the gentleman in buckskin, that he threatened "to flirt him sky high." The Dandy upon this swelled very large, and assuming an air of vast importance, declared, that if a gentleman had used such language to him, he would know what to do.

"I tell you what, stranger," said the woodsman, "you musn't intimate any thing of that sort to me,—

I don't want to strike such a mean white man as you, but if you come over them words agin, drot my skin if I don't try you a cool dig or two, any how."

An officer here interposed, and with some difficulty restored peace, as the bachelor in buckskin continued to assert, that the other had hopped on him without provocation, and that he wouldn't knock under to no man. He was at length in some degree pacified, and strolled off muttering that he wasn't going for to trouble nobody—but that they musn't go fooling about him.

The Manager had now ascended the justice-seat, and was prepared to examine the newly arrived spirits. The first who presented herself, was an unseemly maiden of forty, who stated her case with great fluency. She assured the court, that it was not her own fault that she was here, as she had always conducted herself with great decorum, and had never evinced any dislike to matrimony. Indeed, she had once been duly engaged to marry; but her lover came in unexpectedly upon her one day, when she was only just spanking her youngest sister a little, for breaking a bottle of perfume.—"And do you think," continued she, "the ungrateful wretch didn't march off, swearing he had caught a tartar; and from that blessed day to this, I never set eyes on him again."

"You may stand aside," said the Manager, "until we can find a suitable partner for you."

The Dandy now made his appearance, and was about to commence his story with a bow as low as his corsets would permit, when the Manager, suppressing a smile, said—"Be pleased, Sir, to pair off with the obliging lady who stands at the bar;—your appearance precludes the necessity of a hearing."

A languishing beauty now approached, and gently raising her downcast eyes, ogled the judge with a most bewitchingly pensive smile, which seemed to say, "Oh! take me to your arms, my love." "My history," said she, "is short and melancholy. My heart was formed for the soft impulses of affection, and was rendered still more sensitive by a diligent perusal of the most exquisite fictions in our language, I devoured those productions, which describe the amiable and unfortunate susceptibilities of my sex, and endeavoured to regulate my conduct by the most approved rules of romance. I doted on manly beauty; and knowing that gentlemen admire the softer virtues, I endeavoured, while in their presence, to be all that was soft and sweet. I selected several handsome men, on whom I conferred my particular regard and friendship, in the hope that out of many I could fix one. To each of these I gave my entire confidence, consulted as to my studies, and entrusted him with the feelings and the sorrows of a too susceptible heart—leaving each to believe, that he was the only individual who enjoyed this distinguished honour. To all other gentlemen, and to my own sex, I evinced a polite indifference. My friends

treated me with great kindness, but alas! what is mere kindness! Some of them pressed my hand, and said a great many soft things without coming to the point; and some would even snatch a kiss, for which, not being followed by a declaration of love, I thought I ought to have dismissed them; but I had not sufficient resolution. And thus, with a heart feelingly alive to the delights of connubial affection, and after a miserable life devoted to its pursuits, I died without enjoying its blisses."

"A little less solicitude to attain the object, might perhaps have been attended with more success," said the Manager. "We will endeavour to provide you with a friend, of whose constancy you shall have no reason to complain. For the present—be pleased to stand aside."

This lady was succeeded by my sturdy acquaintance in buckskin, who declared that he never had any use for a wife. "Once in my life, I felt sort o' lonesome," said he, "and it seemed like I ought to get married. I didn't think, that it would make me any happier, but thought, somehow, I'd feel better contented. So I went to see a young woman in the neighbourhood;—she was a right likely gal too, and her father was well off; but, somehow, I didn't like the signs, and so I quit the track;—and that's all the courten that ever I did, to my knowledge."

"There is a lady in waiting," said the Manager, pointing to the pensive beauty last examined, "who

has been as unsuccessful as yourself; perhaps you may like the signs better in that quarter." "I reckon its as good luck as any," rejoined the gentleman; "I wouldn't give a 'coon skin to boot between her and any of the rest." Thus said, he seized her hands and whirled her off with a swing, which kept her dancing in the air, until they were out of sight.

Many other persons of both sexes were examined; but their loves were common place, and their pleas frivolous or unfounded. Pride and avarice appeared to be the greatest foes to matrimony. It would be tedious to detail the numberless instances, in which young persons otherwise estimable, bad, in obedience to their unruly passions, done violence to the best affections of their hearts. The fear of marrying beneath themselves, on the one hand, and the ambition to acquire wealth upon the other, constituted prolific sources of celibacy.

Parental authority was frequently alleged by the ladies to have been exerted in opposition to their matrimonial views; but it appeared to have been used successfully only where the lover was poor, and where the lady's passion was not sufficiently strong to contend against the parent's prudence.

Many suitable matches had been broken off by manœuvring. This seemed to be equally effectual, whether used in friendship or in hostility. We heard of many old ladies, who having sons or daughters, or nephews or nieces, to provide for, resolutely set their faces

against all matrimonial alliances whatever, by which a fortune or a beauty could be taken out of the market; and many others who, without such interest, opposed all matches which were not made by themselves.

I observed, moreover, that every gentleman averred, that he could have married if he had been so disposed; and that not a single lady alledged, that she had been prevented by want of offers.

The last lady who was put to the ordeal, was the daughter of a rich confectioner, who fancied herself a fine lady, because she had fed upon jellies and conserves. It seemed as if all the sweet meats and sugar plums, which she had swallowed in the course of her life, had turned to vinegar, and converted her into a mass of acidity. She forgot that sweet things—such as girls and plum cakes—grow stale by keeping; and turned up her nose at lovers of all sorts and sizes, until she became unsaleable. On hearing her doom, she cast a glance of indignation at the judge, and throwing her eyes superciliously over the assembly, fixed them on me, and darting towards me, with the ferocity of a tigress, seemed determined to make me her partner, or her prey. Alarmed at the prospect of a fate, which appeared more terrible than any thing I had ever fancied, I sprang aside, and rushing towards the judge, was about to claim his protection—when I awoke.

JAMES HALL.

LA BELLE RIVIERE.

WERT thou here, my dear Fanny, to-brighten my dream,
Could we roam through the cotton-tree grove,
That o'ershadows the bank of the beautiful stream,
And repeat the soft tale of our love ;
Then each scene were enrich'd with the hues of delight,
And the eye now bedim'd with a tear,
Would be sparkling with rapture from morning till night,
As we trod the green shores of La Belle Riviere.

Could I bear you, my dear, to the sycamore grove,
By the graceful young cane could we stray,
Where the ever-green foliage resembles our love,
Blooming fresh through each wintery day ;
Then our faith would be brighten'd by pleasure's beam,
And while ling'ring in bowers so dear,
We could hope that in future life's placid stream,
Would be margin'd with sweets like La Belle Riviere.

As the chrystal drops blend to be sever'd no more,
'Till they fall in the far distant sea,
In some vine-cover'd cot by this sweet blooming shore,
Should my Fanny be wedded to me.
Then would love be no longer the poet's day-dream,
But the warmth-giving sun of our sphere,
And life's tide gliding smoothly, a beautiful stream,
Would reflect its gay beams like La Belle Riviere.

JAMES HALL.

THE EMIGRANT.

PRIDE and folly only
Enticed me far from home,
Friendless, sad, and lonely,
Through distant lands to roam.

Sparkling glows the sun-beam,
O'er evening rock and tree ;
But there is not one beam
Of pleasure here for me.

Father now I know not,
Nor mother's face I see ;
Eyes of love now glow not,
With tears of joy for me.

Sisters have I none here,
Nor brothers good and kind ;
No ! I am alone here,
The sport of every wind.

Shall no bosom ever
Warmed with affection be ?
Shall the tear-drop never
Wet the dear eye for me ?

ANONYMOUS.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

How calm are thy slumbers, thou sweet, little stranger !
Unmindful of sorrow, regardless of danger ;
Thy mild spirit left thee, as pure as it found thee,
Ere the cold cares of life spread their darkness around
thee.

Sleep on, lovely cherub ! No more shalt thou waken ;
Thy body lies tenantless, cold, and forsaken :
No more shall the arms of a parent enfold thee,
No more shall the eye of affection behold thee !

Though now thy frail body in death is reclining,
Thy bright, spotless spirit with angels is shining ;
For our Saviour to us, an assurance has given,
That of such as thou art, is the kingdom of heaven.

HARVEY D. LITTLE.

CHETOCA, OR THE MAD BUFFALO.

THE following facts are given on the authority of Major Davenport of the army, an officer of high and respectable standing, and who was conversant with all the circumstances. They are presented without embellishment, as no art could add to the simple and deep interest of the unadorned recital.

It will be necessary to premise, that the Osage Indians occupy an extensive tract of country on the North and West of the Arkansas territory. The game continued to be abundant throughout this region, until the whites began to intrude upon their hunting grounds. Killing the buffalo for the tongue and skin alone, the whites committed great havoc among them, and the animals continually attacked, receded from the scene of slaughter. The government of the United States, to protect these, and other Indians, from such unjust invasions of their territory, passed a law prohibiting our citizens from hunting on the Indian lands. This wholesome law was often evaded; and its violation was the more distressing to the Osages, as the game had already become scarce; and being hemmed in to the westward by the Pawnees, a powerful and warlike tribe, with whom they were always at war,

they were unable to extend their hunting grounds in that direction.

In the spring of 1824, a party, consisting of three or four whites, as many half breed Indians, and a negro, disregarding the law, went from the borders of the Arkansas territory, to hunt in the Indian lands. They were discovered by a party of Osages, led by CHETOCA WASHENPESHA, or the Mad Buffalo, the most famous war chief of that tribe. Mistaking the hunters, as they afterwards stated, for Indians of an unfriendly nation, they attacked and killed several of the party. But upon ascertaining the character of those who had fallen, they expressed much regret. "We fear," said they, "that it will make trouble." Some of them were even melted to tears.

As always happens in such cases, the affair produced great excitement among the inhabitants on the frontiers; whose fears and passions are always excited by the slightest insult from their warlike neighbours. The aggressors were demanded from their tribe by the commandant of the American troops stationed on the Neotio river. After much consultation among themselves, and upon the frequent reiteration of the demand, they met in council at the garrison to the number of three or four hundred. They formed themselves into a circle to hold their talk after their own fashion. The demand was again repeated, and an appeal made to them, enforcing the necessity of their compliance, and the evil consequences which must result from a refusal.

At length the Mad Buffalo arose with great dignity, and coming forward, declared himself to have been the leader of the party accused. He said that he had mistaken the hunters for a party of unfriendly Indians; and did not know, that there were any whites among them, until after the deed was done. He expressed his willingness to make any atonement for the wrong, which he had ignorantly committed against the children of his great father, the president; and stepping into the middle of the ring, "I deliver myself up," said he to the American commandant, "to be dealt with as may be thought proper." Five other warriors immediately followed his example. They were taken in charge, and held in close custody at the fort for a few days, and then sent under a strong guard, down the Arkansas to Little Rock, distant about three hundred miles. During the first, or second night of their journey, one of them slipped off his hand cuffs, and made his escape. Mad Buffalo was very much distressed at the event. He spoke of the deserter with vehement indignation, as a coward, who had disgraced his nation and himself.

At the mouth of the Porto, they met with Major Davenport, who had been known to Mad Buffalo and his people for about two years, and whose frank and soldierly deportment had won their confidence. They expressed great pleasure at this meeting, and consulted with him as a friend, respecting their situation.— He explained to them, as well as he could, the nature

of their offence; and that under the laws of the United States, they would have to be tried for murder, by a court of justice, under the civil authority, and if found guilty, would be punished with death by hanging.— He advised them to employ counsel to defend them, as our own citizens did under similar circumstances.

The Mad Buffalo seemed to be much moved by this explanation, and for the first time to comprehend his real situation. He told Major Davenport, that he had expected to appear before a council of warriors like himself, who would decide, on principles of honour, and the particular circumstances, whether he had violated the plighted faith between his tribe and the children of his great father. He did not expect, he said, to be tried by laws, of which he was ignorant, and which, as it appeared to him, very unjustly affixed the punishment to his offence beforehand. He requested Major Davenport to act as his counsel. But he declined, assuring the chief, that not being a lawyer, he could render him no service, and that it was, besides, impossible for him to leave his post to attend a trial, at a spot so distant.

On the following morning, the Mad Buffalo appeared much dejected, and told Major Davenport, that he knew not how to act; that he knew not what his fate would be, nor what in justice it ought to be. His countenance was indicative of strong sensibility, and many contending emotions. He exhibited no symptoms of fear or alarm. But all the unyielding pride

and stubborn prejudices of the Indian character were aroused, as he looked at the approaching crisis.

He again desired Major Davenport to speak for him, and delivered to him his war club as a token, that he made him his deputy, with full power to act for him in every emergency. He requested the Major to show the war club to Claimore, the principal chief of the Osages, who, on seeing that symbol, would do whatever might be required of him.

"When I saw you yesterday," said he, "I felt as if I had seen my father. I know you to be my friend.—Go to Claimore—show him my war club. Whatever you think ought to be done for me, tell Claimore and he will do it."

They parted, the one for Little Rock, the other for the post on Neotio river. On their arrival at the Rock, a smith was sent for to remove the manacles from the arms of the prisoners, previous to their being confined in jail. But the Buffalo, without waiting for assistance, threw the irons from his wrists, and turning to the officer who had charge of him—

"Go," said he, "and tell your colonel, that the Mad Buffalo could have escaped at any moment he pleased, but would not. Tell him, that I gave myself up to the white people to answer for what I had done. I expected to be tried immediately by a council of warriors, without being confined. They said they must tie my arms—and I would not refuse.—

They said I must be brought here—and I have come without resistance.”

Major Davenport saw Claimore, showed him the war club, advised him to employ counsel for his people below, and told him, that the Buffalo wished him to attend his trial, and see justice done him. Claimore refused to attend the trial, as he considered it not safe to trust himself among enemies; but offered five hundred dollars for counsel, which was accepted and paid.

When the trial came on at the Rock, no exertions, corresponding with the importance of the case, were made for the prisoners. No legal evidence was produced against them, nor a case made out to warrant conviction. Three of them were acquitted. But as it was thought necessary by the politic jury to make an example, which should strike terror among the Indians, the Mad Buffalo and the Little Eagle were selected as victims to the prejudice, and vengeance of the neighbouring whites;—the Buffalo on account of his influence in the tribe, and the Eagle, because the lot happened to fall upon him.

The Buffalo behaved during the trial, with the same resignation—the same calm courage and dignity, as he had all along exhibited. He and the Eagle were condemned to be hung; and the three who were acquitted returned to their tribe.

The sons of the Buffalo, some of whom were quite grown up, frequently visited Major Davenport at the

garrison, and always requested to see the war club.— After they heard that their father was condemned, and they despaired of again seeing him, they requested the Major to give them the war club. They would often secretly and silently examine it, while the tears would roll down their cheeks. He promised to give it to the eldest of the sons, when it should be ascertained that their father never would return, but not before.

The Buffalo declared he would never submit to be hung up by the neck; and made some unsuccessful attempts to destroy himself. They were respited, from time to time, by the acting governor, who took occasion to visit them in prison. Upon being introduced, the Buffalo made him a speech; in which he expressed his sentiments in loud, figurative, and fearless language. In the midst of his speech, the Eagle touched him, and told him, that in speaking so loud, he might give offence. "Give offence?" replied the Buffalo indignantly, "am not I a man as well as he?"

Much interest was made by Major Davenport, Governor McNair, and some others to obtain their pardon. After about a years imprisonment, they were finally pardoned by president Adams, soon after entering upon the duty of his office in 1825. They were liberated at the Rock, and supplied by the people of the village with a gun, ammunition, and provisions for their journey home.

Such, however, are the jealousy and hatred existing between the frontier settlers, and the Indians, that, to

avoid the danger of being shot on the way, it was necessary for them to take a circuit around the settlements of more than three hundred miles. With this view, they took the direction of the mountains between the Arkansas and Red rivers, lying close by day, and travelling by night—and following the chain of mountains, until they had passed the last settlement.

Here they were so much exhausted with hunger, fatigue, swelled legs, and sore feet, that they could proceed no farther; and, to add to their other sufferings, the Buffalo was taken sick. The Eagle left him with a view of saving himself, and if possible, of sending relief to his companion. Left to himself, the Buffalo heated a stone, and by applying it to his breast, was greatly relieved. He again pursued his journey, passed the Eagle on the way without knowing when or where; and arrived at the garrison on Grand river, so much emaciated, that Major Davenport did not know him. He had not felt himself safe, until he reached this point; and he could not give utterance to his joy and gratitude, except by emphatic gestures, and inarticulate sounds. Major Davenport gave him his war club, supplied him with a horse and provisions, and sent him on to his tribe. The Little Eagle arrived soon after, and was sent on in the same manner.

The document containing their pardon, was soon after sent on, and delivered to them. But they could not comprehend its meaning. And as it was a large paper, and such as had been presented to them to sign,

when they gave away their lands, they viewed it with much jealousy and alarm. After recruiting their strength a little, the Buffalo and Eagle, accompanied by about two hundred of the Osages, returned to the garrison to learn what the big paper meant. On its being read and explained to them, and being told that it said nothing about their lands, they went away perfectly satisfied, expressing the most friendly disposition towards their great father, the president.

Thus terminated the affray and trial of the Mad Buffalo and his companions—strongly illustrating the character of these rude sons of the forest, their views of civilized jurisprudence, and the absurdity, if not injustice, of making them amenable to laws, of which they must be wholly ignorant.

THE PLANT OF HAVANA—A PARODY.

THERE is not in the wide world a joy so divine,
As the joy we inhale from tobacco and wine ;
Oh ! the last rays of credit, and cash must depart,
Ere the bloom of those pleasures shall fade from my
heart.

Yet it is not that nature has shed o'er the plant,
The strength to excite, and the fume to enchant,
'Tis not the soft joy of a dear sneezing fit,—
Oh, no ! it is something more exquisite yet !

'Tis, that round me choice spirits in high glee are seen,
Who pour wit brightly out, as the wine they pour in,
And who know how the looks of our sweethearts im-
prove,
When we see them reflected in cups that we love.

Sweet plant of Havana ! how calm could I rest,
If no clouds, but thy own, could o'ershadow my breast ;
Not love, nor false friendship, should vex or provoke,
And my woes, like thy dear self, should vanish in
smoke !

ORLANDO.

THE FOREST CHIEF.

"ACCURSED be the savage crew,
That came with murderous hand,
And captive bore my only child,
To some far distant land!

My darling! shall I ne'er again
Thy cherub features see?
Oh, would that thou hadst ne'er been born,
Or I had died for thee!

The heartless monsters bore thee off,
Regardless of thy cries,
And soon thy blood may flow to grace
Some heathen sacrifice!

To die of lingering torture,
Or live an abject slave!
Oh would my child had ne'er been born
Or found an earlier grave!"

Thus spoke the Spanish commandant,
While tears profusely flowed;
In mute and tearless agony,
The childless mother stood.

When lo! a painted warrior stood
Before the weeping pair;
And kind the words he spoke, though rude.
And fearless was his air.

"Thy grief be hushed," the warrior said.
"And let thy terror cease;
My heart is good, my arm is strong,
My feet are swift in chase.

The hawk has borne the lamb away—
The eagle shall pursue;
The hawk is swift—but the eagle's wing
Is swifter, and more true.

The Muskogee is strong in war—
But feeble as a squaw,
When on the battle field he meets
The valourous Quapaw.

Farewell! Before the sun shall rise,
The prowling Muskogee
Shall fall beneath my tomahawk,
Or yield his spoil to me."

He said.—No answer waited he,
But vanished from their sight,
And pierced the forest fearlessly.
As flies the bird of night.

Thick darkness overshadowed him,
No eye could pierce the gloom;
And, save when distant thunder moaned,
'Twas silent as the tomb.

The wolf forgot to bay that night,
The owl forgot to scream,
The wind was hushed, no marmur crept
Along the placid stream.

Pale spirits glided silently
Their mouldering bodies o'er,
And weary nature slept as if
She ne'er would waken more.

But swift, and true, and fearlessly,
Pressed on that Forest chief;
And cautiously, with noiseless foot,
He crushed the fallen leaf.

In each opposing stream he plunged—
Nor ever halted he,
Till by the ambushed camp he stood,
Where slept the Muskogee.

No moment lost, the Forest chief
Proceeds with bush and brand;
And many an ample pile uprears
Around the sleeping band.

Then suddenly, each heap sends forth
A bright and fearful gleam ;—
The chieftain shouts!—a hundred caves
Send back the hostile scream.

The Muskogee from slumber wakes,
As starts the timid deer ;
Amazed those blazing lights to see,
That warlike yell to hear.

When lo ! a warrior rushes in,
Quick throws the pointed lance—
His knife gleams bright, and on the foe
Scowls terribly his glance.

Then waited not the Muskogee—
Their spirits quail with fear,
In fancy they, the battle cry
Of countless foes can hear.

With panic filled, they turn to fly,
While dastard flight may save,
And yielding to the foe their spoil,
They plunged into the wave.

The wily conqueror mocks their flight,
With menace long and wild—
Then seeks, in the forsaken camp,
The pale and trembling child ;

He soothes him with a fond caress—
Then binds him to his back ;
And through the forest shade resumes
His lone and fearless track.

The morning came.—O'er banners gay,
The sunbeams brightly shine ;
But mournful sits the commandant
Within the guarded line.

A murmur—and a step he hears—
Then shouts and laughter wild—
He starts!—There stands the Forest chief,
And there the lovely child!

With transport, and with dumb amaze,
The father clasps his boy ;
The mother kissed his pallid cheek,
And o'er him wept with joy.

In every eye that gazed on them,
A generous tear-drop shone ;
All turned to thank the Forest chief—
The Forest chief was gone!

JAMES HALL.

A TALE OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

THE beauties the *Ægean* sea presents, on a summer evening, have often been the subject of description. Though prepared for the splendour of the scene by the story of others, yet the traveller, sailing over its bosom, feels that no words can give an adequate idea of the reality. The calm serenity of the azure sky, the peaceful slumbers of the waters, and the glories of the setting sun, would create a poetic spirit in a breast devoid of feeling. The air, the voyager breathes, inspires romantic sentiments; and many a classick pilgrim, as his vessel glides onward, realizes, why the poets of that clime were unrivalled, and the chivalry of the Greeks unsurpassed in after times.

The islands, that perpetually rise and sink as it were, have been compared to pleasing thoughts, that continue to chase one another through the mind, and when gone, recollection is delightful. But when the story of the past is called to mind, the traveller acknowledges with a sigh, that "all except their sun is set." And yet, when sailing over the "blue *Ægean*," with the aid of fancy, one could easily imagine himself on the ocean of happiness, and hourly passing the isles of bliss—where the gales are loaded with fragrance, where music floats in the air, and where with

enraptured ears, he continually hears the sounds of gladness.

Such was the picture which painters for ages contemplated in rapture, and poets strove to excel in describing.

The Greeks of the islands may be said to have enjoyed a state of comparative freedom. They were allowed to carry on a lucrative commerce; and as long as they seemed insensible to their really enslaved condition, they lived unmolested. The islanders were all adventurous and brave. Their insular situation, rendering them more or less dependent on the people of other countries for many of the comforts and luxuries of life, they were all early inured to lives of hardihood.

The little isle of Hydra, one of those "gems of the sea," rises from the *Ægean* at the distance of a few hours sail from *Napoli di Romania*, the capital of modern Greece. The traveller bound to Hydra, generally leaves the quay of that city in the evening; and while going out the harbour, he loses in the contemplation of the magnificent scenery around, the recollection of the dirt and filth of the capital.

The *Palamede* hill towers aloft in the rear of the city, and with its top bristling with batteries, seems the giant guardian of the place. Before him lie the ruins of the city of *Agamemnon*, while to the left, he sees the snowy *Taygetus* bounding the view.

No where is the scenery of *Napoli* surpassed. It has repeatedly been pronounced one of the most picturesque in the world.

The voyage to Hydra is performed in a Caique or open boat, and if the night prove pleasant, is both speedy and delightful. Then is the magic of a Grecian evening truly felt. The moon shines with unclouded, sparkling lustre, and the stillness is only interrupted by the slight noise of the purling wave, and the revolutionary song of the sailors.

At Midnight, the traveller approaches Hydra. The island is a mass of rock with but scanty vegetation, and would seem every way unforbidding as a residence; yet here, a century or so ago, a few hardy adventurers settled, that on its barren shores, they might possess a kind of freedom.

A few years since, its population was thirty thousand. The number has been doubtless thinned by war; and throughout the whole of the revolution, the Hydriots have been conspicuous for the most ardent devotion to the cause of Greece. At first it appears a huge black mass, surrounded by a belt of snow, but soon the tall white houses of the city are distinctly seen. The lights; flitting about from place to place, give it the air of enchantment; and some one has not unaptly compared them to stars of gold, upon a silver ground. The quay was once lined with vessels from all parts; but, at the time of our story, war had diminished the commerce of the island. In place of the peaceful merchantmen, the proud ship of war rode at anchor. The dreadful fire ship lay at a safe distance from the shore, cannon frowned from every cliff

and rock, and the air was filled with the busy note of preparation.

It was here, that Anastasius, the hero of our tale, was born. His father was a merchant, who, by long and successful trade, had amassed immense wealth. His connexions were extensive in the various quarters of the Levant; and the Hydriot, Andreas, was as well known for his riches as his generosity. He had three sons, and Anastasius was the second. Our hero was the favourite son; and while his two brothers were inured to lives of hardihood in their father's vessels, he was nursed in the lap of ease. The primate of the island initiated him into the sciences, and the younger priests delighted in learning him some accomplishment. At eighteen, Anastasius was learned for a modern Greek. He was as remarkable for his talent of pleasing, as the embellishments of the mind. But, yet, while he pleased and flattered the old, and the young imitated him, the life he led was not agreeable to his disposition. His spirit was romantick and venturous in the extreme. To be careering over the waves in quest of glory, to raise his country into importance, was his desire.

Andreas was secretly proud of these noble aspirations of his son; but he trembled, lest they might prove his ruin. Under a despotick government like that which oppressed them, prudence directed, that such feelings should be, as much as possible, repressed.

Andreas felt they possessed but a dangerous kind of liberty, and he cautioned Anastasius against any ill-timed burst of passion. While no Greek could—were time fitting—he more prodigal of his riches and blood than he, he would even have his proud son, like the Roman patriot, make pretence of foolishness, till the auspicious moment came, when he could fling aside the mask, and assume his real character. Anastasius obeyed, as far as possible, the dictates of prudence, and bowed with reluctance, to the force of surrounding circumstances. When he reflected on the little chance of distinction he had, he was overcome by the thought, that he might leave the world unknown. The Macedonian conqueror grieved that his career was ended; Anastasius wept, that his had not begun.

When Anastasius had just reached manhood, the Greek revolution broke out. All had been long expecting that event, and hailed it with acclamation. The people of Hydra early pledged every thing for the cause of liberty. When the information first arrived, an assembly was called—not to debate whether to rebel, but to determine on the manner they could best give their assistance. Yet some there were, that wavered. Anastasius, forgetful in the moment of excitement of the precedence due to age, sprang to an elevated part of the assembly, and with the energy of patriotism, silenced all doubts.

“Who is there,” he cried, “that would hesitate, when the alternative is freedom or slavery? Let such

an one but view the condition of the modern Greek. The Spartan Helot was not more degraded. Has he ever felt the equal influence of justice? And when has the wretch, whose only crime was, that he was feared, ever heard the sweet voice of mercy? Cbained down in his lowly condition, guarded on every side by masters, who, when they became such, never ceased to be enemies, the Greek sees every avenue that might lead from his prison, shut up forever. The axe or the bow string finishes the brief career of him, who indulges in a patriotick thought. Let us swear to submit no longer!—We will free our soil from Asiatick pollution—or if we can not—leave this classick land, and elsewhere find a country. Does any one demand, how this shall be done?—I answer, like the Athenians, let us trust to our wooden walls.”

As he ended, the applause of those who heard, showed their readiness to put his advice in practice.

The Greeks, at that time, possessed no regular built ships of war. They were compelled to select their largest merchantmen, and arm and equip them in the best manner their scanty means could allow.

In a short time, a large fleet was brought together, composed of the vessels of Hydra, and those of the neighbouring islands. The young and hardy seamen of the island, hastened to embark. Our hero's elder brother, Demetrius, commanded one of the largest ships, while a younger, Leander, was lieutenant. Anas-

tasius, as yet little acquainted with a seafaring life, acted only as a volunteer.

We pass by several skirmishes between the Greek and Turkish fleets, and hasten to the first general engagement that happened.

As soon as the Turkish fleet was descried, and signals were made by the admiral to engage, each Greek vessel pressed on, emulous of being the first to close; but the ship of Demetrius far outsailed the others. She was met by a general discharge from every ship of the enemy that could bring her guns to bear. But her crew gloried in their critical situation, and giving one loud, long shout for liberty, the ship was soon wreathed in the smoke of their incessant firing. But the odds were too much against her. By the time the other ships had come up, she was almost unmanageable. Her rigging was cut to pieces, several shot between wind and water, nearly half her crew dead or dying—and her brave commander wounded. Demetrius was not discouraged. He determined to board a frigate, that continued to pour in a murderous fire, and take her, or perish. The shreds of sails but just served to bring his ship along side the other—he grappled with her, and he and Anastasius, begging the remnant of the crew to fight but a few moments longer as they had done, sprang on board. The Turks were prepared to meet them, and soon the decks of the frigate ran in blood. The combat was of the most deadly character. No quarter was given, and none expected. Musket, pike.

and sabre were all at once in requisition, and the fight advanced, or receded along the decks, like the waves of the sea. The dying crawled to each other, and exhausted the last remains of their strength, in the feeble attempt to kill.

As was to be expected, Anastasius was among the foremost. He had as yet escaped unhurt:—and by the side of Demetrius and Leander, was hewing his way to the after part of the vessel, where the Turkish commander stood. But the strength of the boy, Leander, did not permit him to keep even pace with his brothers. They forced their way some distance into the crowd of opposing Turks, and while fighting with a strength that seemed to his enemies supernatural, Anastasius was arrested in his course by a short, convulsive cry proceeding from the rear. He instantly turned, and saw his brave, younger brother lying on the deck, pierced already with a mortal wound, and a ferocious sailor standing on him, about to plunge his sabre in his bosom. Anastasius sprang on him like a tiger, and at one blow his head rolled on the deck. Just as Anastasius embraced his brother, a tremendous explosion lifted them all in the air, and our hero with the dying Leander in his arms, fell in the sea, a few yards from the frigate. The explosion was caused by a box of cartridges, that had accidentally taken fire on the second deck. Anastasius, unhurt, supported Leander in his arms, and swam to the nearest Greek ship. The dying, young officer was received on board.

Anastasius could just give him a last embrace, and he made his way back through the fire, to the ship, where his brother was engaged. He climbed on deck by the fore-chains, wrenched a sabre from the hand of a dead Turk, and with his blackened figure and furious mien, struck the few who yet defended the ship with terror. The Greeks, animated by his presence, soon forced them to surrender. He then sought out his brother, Demetrius, and found him lying among the dead. Life was not quite extinct. He laid beside the Turkish captain, who had fallen by his hand.—At the time our hero was thrown in the sea, Demetrius had forced his way to him. With the utmost fury they struck at one another, each more intent on the other's destruction, than individual safety—the Turk was instantly killed, and the Greek mortally wounded. When their captain fell, the Greeks continued to fight, that they might avenge him. Anastasius soothed his brother's last moments with the assurance of victory.

When Anastasius returned to Hydra, Andreas shed tears over him,—now his only son. But, though the old man had already lost two sons, he was ready to lose the third and dearest. He fitted out a brulot, or fire ship, of the largest class, and putting him in command, wished him to go to sea immediately, as his country had a right to his continued services. The old man accompanied his boy to the quay, and giving him a fond embrace, said with a faltering voice—

“Go, my son! and fight, as you have done, for your country. There rides your fire ship, the best gift I can bestow on thee. I know that thou wilt show thyself worthy of it.”

Anastasius could but return his father’s embrace, and they parted.

The brulots in the Greek service, are among the most formidable engines of destruction, known in war. The hold is filled with powder, the decks covered with barrels of pitch and tar, and the rigging smeared, and saturated with the most inflammable substances. That commanded by Anastasius, was of the finest description. He burned for an opportunity to distinguish himself; but, for a long time, he accompanied the fleet, and coasted about among the islands without meeting it.

He happened to stop at the island of Ipsara. He only touched there for a few hours to view the place, and give his sailors an opportunity of seeing their friends and acquaintances. He occupied himself in roving about the island, already so remarkably distinguished by the exertions of its people in the cause of liberty. Like his own native isle, it was a heap of rocks, with but little vegetation—and the resemblance made it the dearer. Here and there, throughout the little island, was a spot, where great labour and expense had made the forbidding face of nature smile. Towards evening, as Anastasius neared the town, he passed one of those retreats, which was of rather a superior or-

der. Every thing about showed the man of taste and wealth. But a few acres surrounded the house, yet that house was embosomed in trees, and the rocks were fancifully fringed with evergreens.—Near the house, a little cascade foamed over the cliff.—A statue or two, taken from the ruins of some ancient temple, were made to adorn the walks—while the air was loaded with the perfume of the citron and the pomegranate. Anastasius was attracted by the beauties of the place. He entered, and making himself known to the owner, was gladly received. The family was small, consisting of the parents and an only daughter. But that daughter was a fit person to be the divinity of that little paradise. Her beauty was of the most transcendent character. Her figure was tall and commanding;—her dark eye spoke the generous soul, and her whole manner had a charm, that at once, attracted the attention of Anastasius.

He had passed the Hydriot girls, almost without notice. The Ipsariot ladies are pre-eminent for beauty, and Helena might be said to unite in her person, their every charm. When our hero parted, his thoughts were of her. He found a pleasure, before unknown, in again and again revisiting that lovely spot. He postponed, from day to day, the time of sailing, and each hour rendered him the more loath to quit the island.

Helena at first felt maiden timidity, when in company with Anastasius; but soon, the pleasure she felt when he approached, was manifest to all.

To be brief, they were of congenial minds. Their sentiments were of the same noble order.—They loved their country, and each other, with the same passionate attachment.

At length, after some weeks passed most happily, the day arrived, when the weight of Turkish fury was to fall on Ipsara.

The bravery her people had always displayed, while it excited the admiration of their countrymen, roused the indignation of the Turkish government, and she was now to be made a frightful example to others.—Anastasius was on board his ship, which lay at a part of the island, distant from the little town, when he was aroused by the sound of cannon; and he had hardly reached the deck, when a loud shriek, as if from every inhabitant, reached his ears. It was a horrible death yell, in which the moan of anguish and misery was mingled with the laugh of savage satisfaction.

From every part of the island, he beheld the flames towering in the air. The rattling of muskets—the explosion of magazines—the shooting flames—the yells and cries on every side, rendered it a frightful scene!—Anastasius leaped into the boat with a few followers, and with frantick haste, rushed to that part of the island, where the father of Helena lived. His way laid on the cliffs, at some distance from the scene of action, as they passed on, his comrades saw the town in flames, and its miserable people shot down in heaps. Bands of maddened Turks were running to and fro, some plun-

dering—some butchering, while crowds were fighting among themselves about the division of their booty.—Others were quarrelling over the beautiful and helpless women, who had fallen victims to their brutal power and licentiousness. Some wretched females were seen running with frantick rapidity—pursued by scores of ruffians—and when escape was impossible, they threw themselves from the rocks into the sea. The scene was dreadful! The rough sailors of Anastasius, as they passed on, covered their faces with their hands—or turned their eyes from the picture of horror.

They soon came to the place, where was once the beautiful residence of Helena's father. They found the house a smouldering mass of ruins, the trees scorched, or burnt, and at a little distance, lay the bloody remains of the father and mother, as they had been shot down in the attempt to fly. Anastasius could just look farther, where a group of Turks were collected. He beheld her, the idol of his heart, in the centre of the savage crew, held firmly in the arms of their leader, a tall, ferocious Turk. She was exhausted by her exertions to free herself from the violence he offered, and was just sinking down in despair, when she saw Anastasius. She called on him, in a heart rending tone, to save her.

The savage who held her, turned, and seeing Anastasius ready to spring upon him, pulled a pistol from his belt, and brought our hero to the ground. Anastasius gave but one look more—and saw her borne off

senseless.—His eyes became glazed, and it was not till his men had carried him beyond the reach of danger, that animation returned. For some time, he continued in a state of stupor—and when the tide of life flowed with more celerity—fever and delirium succeeded.—He incessantly called on her, whom he had lost.—He would often spring from his bed—and when confined to it, by the strength of his affectionate men, he would curse them for preventing him from rescuing her.—When he, at length, regained his health and strength, the desolate state of his feelings can not be described. His heart was like a waste, where no vegetation smiles, and where not a sunbeam comes to cheer its loneliness. He prayed that he might soon have an opportunity of sacrificing his life for his country, and at the same time, freeing himself from the load of misery that weighed him down. He loved the dangerous service he was engaged in;—its desperate nature suited the gloomy habit of his soul.

He had almost despaired of having an opportunity of distinction, when, after seeking it in every quarter, he was, at last, rejoiced to see a large Turkish frigate riding at anchor near the island: and the stillness, that prevailed on her decks, showed that her crew were unconscious of the proximity of danger. But when the black scowling hulk of the fire ship hove in sight, far different was their conduct. Her deadly character was instantly known.

Anxiety first seized them—then frantick terror, as they saw her steadily bearing down upon them, like the demon of destruction. The decks of the frigate became a scene of confusion. An ineffectual attempt was made to cut her cables and escape. Some essayed to point the ship's guns at the hrulot; but fear and despair prevented their taking aim. The shot skipped harmlessly over the blue waves. The fire ship came steadily on, with every sail set, and not a living thing to be seen on deck. Yet the unseen helmsman kept her straight to her prey, and as she neared the frigate, her crew lost all subordination, under the influence of terror. They cut down such officers as opposed them, seized the boats, and made for the shore. The captain of the frigate saw that destruction was inevitable; yet with the fixed determination of a fatalist, he exerted himself to the utmost to prevent desertion.

The nature of the service required the greatest presence of mind; and Anastasius briefly requested his crew to be calm and collected. Their duty was simple and easy. They were to cause the fire ship to be driven onward by the united force of wind and current, and as they approached the enemy, to watch their captain, and the moment they saw him apply the match, rush to the stern port, cut loose the boat, and row for their lives.

The crash of the vessels, as they came together, was soon heard. The grappling hooks of the hrulot were in-

stantly entangled in the rigging of the frigate—Anastasius touched the deadly train.

“Now!” cried he, “to the boat!—to the boat!—and may God be with us!”

They sprang to the boat, with the rapidity of lightning—cut the ropes—and with a force, which the most imminent danger could only give, sent her, the first plunge of the oars, some distance from the brulot. As they shot out from under the stern, they saw the Turkish captain, standing on the quarter deck of the frigate, leaning on the capstan, deserted by his crew, and contemplating in grim despair, the approach of death. For him there was no alternative but to die. He could not save his ship; and he well knew, that if he survived her, he would be suffered to live but for a brief time. But as he beheld his destroyers about to escape, he assumed the look of a fury. His eyes flashed with anger, he sprang forward, fired both his pistols at the retiring crew, and with impotent rage, flung the weapons after them.

Anastasius had hardly applied the match, before the flames ascended through the hatch, and the hull of the brulot was a mass of fire. Like streaks of lightning, it darted through the rigging. The fire ran along the yards, and in one short moment, the flames of the frigate towered in the air. They leaped from sail to sail, and climbed the ropes, until they sent up their forked points from the tops of the masts. The crackling of the burning rigging, the roar of the fire in the

hold, and the successive explosion of the barrels of powder, all formed a scene of awful grandeur.

Just then a loud shriek reached the ear of Anastasius. He cast his eyes toward the scene of destruction, and saw a female form on the deck of the frigate imploring their assistance. He knew the tones of the voice, though altered by despair. In spite of the efforts of his men, he leaped from the boat, and with a supernatural strength, swam to the frigate—mounted the side—and Helena, whom he had mourned as lost and dishonoured, was locked in his arms. The captain of the frigate was the man, who had borne her off from Ipsara, had taken her on board his ship, and as yet, had refrained from force. She had closed her eyes on the light of day ever since she saw her home destroyed, her parents murdered, and him she loved apparently killed.

In the general confusion of the scene, she was neglected and forgotten. The dreadful noise of the flames restored her to a sense of her situation. She ran on deck, and the horrible scene around caused her to utter the shriek, that rose above the noise, and reached the ears of Anastasius. She fell in the arms of our hero senseless. But the rapturous feelings excited by this unhopcd for meeting were momentary, and a mournful presentiment crossed the minds of both, that now was the time they were to die together. The idea was even pleasant. To think that amid the dangers that had surrounded them, she had been preserved in

innocency for this grand and awful hour, made them grateful to heaven. That he might die for his country, had long been the wish of Anastasius. And now, when escape was impossible, a feeling of satisfaction possessed his soul. He viewed with pleasure the fiery canopy above, and the flaming walls around.

Suddenly, the thought struck him, that he might save her and himself, by plunging into the sea, and endeavouring to reach his boat, in which his men were waiting. With this view he grasped her more closely in his arms, and, unopposed by the Turkish captain, who in a kind of stupor awaited his fate, he leaped over the side of the vessel, and with the assistance of a floating spar, supported the yet insensible Helena in his arms. His men from the boat could yet see what passed at the frigate. They witnessed the act of our hero, and knew his wish; but their rough natures were subdued into tears, when they could not afford any assistance. The frigate might blow up; every moment her guns were discharging themselves from heat, and destruction was the inevitable consequence of an attempt to approach. But the strength of Anastasius, already exhausted by his exertions, was unable to hold out longer. He felt himself failing fast. He cast on Helena a last, mournful regard, and overcome with grief, begged her to give him a look before they sunk forever. At the sound of his voice, she opened her eyes—and for a moment they beamed with the lustre they had possessed in days of happiness; and while

Anastasius contemplated that face, they sunk—and the blue waves of the Ægean closed over them in placid calmness.

Long as the sailors of Anastasius continued in sight, they could distinguish the Turkish captain, the solitary monarch of his ship, standing in lonely majesty.— On a sudden, the hull of the frigate seemed to lift itself from the water, the air was darkened by the smoke of the explosion, and the sea covered with the floating timbers of the wreck.

LOUIS R. NOBLE.

THE TURKISH FLAG SHIP.

THE Moslem crew lay wrapt in sleep,
 Nor dreamed of foe or danger near ;
 And not a beacon o'er the deep,
 Gleamed to awake distrust or fear.
 All silent was the lonely deck,
 As rocked the flag ship on the tide,
 Whose hundred ports oped wide and black
 The terrors of her hulwarked side.

The sea-bird's cry was heard no more,
 In calmness heaved the ocean's swell,
 No sound the gentle night breeze bore,
 But tread of watchful sentinel.
 But soon from sweet and deep repose,
 The startled mariner awoke :—
 A flash has burst !—An instant shows
 The Moslem flag ship wrapt in smoke.

O'er mast, and yard, and shroud it came,
 While through the darkness fearfully,
 The hot guns—pouring streams of flame,
 Pealed their last thunders o'er the sea.
 No shriek was heard :—the warrior oak
 Parted with earthquake shock in twain.
 A moment's gleam o'er ocean broke—
 Then night resumed her sleep again.

HENRY STARK.

TO MARY.

My Mary, if the tales were true,
Of fairy forms that tell,
Who sip from flowers the balmy dew,
Or haunt the shadowy dell;
Who watch the silent glance or tear,
That bashful maids conceal,
And softly to the enamoured ear,
The tender tale reveal;

How blest would be the rapid wing
Of herald, true as these;
Soft messages of love to bring,
Swift as the sweeping breeze;
For they to thee would whisper, dear,
Of him far from thee driven,
Whose sighs ascend in daily prayer,
For thy dear sake to Heaven!

And, Mary! they would softly tell,
Where'er I chanced to rove,
What anxious thoughts my bosom swell,
For thee—my plighted love!
And, daily, when thy cheeks reveal
Charms so divine in thee,
Soft kisses they would gently steal,
And bear the sweets to me!

ORLANDO.

THE BILLIARD TABLE.

ON one of those clear nights in December, when the cloudless, blue sky is studded with millions of brilliant luminaries, shining with more than ordinary lustre, a young gentleman was seen rapidly pacing one of the principal streets of Pittsburgh. Had he been a lover of nature, the beauty of the heavens must have attracted his observation; but he was too much wrapped up in his thoughts—or in his cloak—to throw a single glance towards the silent orbs, that glowed so beautifully in the firmament. A piercing wind swept through the streets, moaning and sighing, as if it felt the pain that it inflicted. The intense coldness of the weather had driven the usual loiterers of the night from their accustomed lounging places. Every door and shutter was closed against the common enemy, save where the

“Blue spirits and red,

Black spirits and grey,”

which adorn the shelves of the druggist, mingled their hues with the shadows of the night; or where the window of the confectioner, redolent of light, and fruit, and sugar plums, shed its refulgence upon the half petrified wanderer. The streets were forsaken, except by a fearless, or necessitous few, who glided rapidly and silently along, as the spectres of the night. Aught else

than love or murder would scarcely have ventured to stalk abroad on such a night; and yet it would be hardly fair to set down the few, unfortunate stragglers, who faced the blast on this eventful evening, as lovers or assassins. Pleasure sends forth her thousands, and necessity her millions, into all the dangers and troubles of this boisterous world.

On reaching the outlet of an obscure alley, the young gentleman paused, cast a suspicious glance around, as if fearful of observation, and then darted into the gloomy passage. A few rapid steps brought him to the front of a wretched frame building, apparently untenanted, or occupied only as a warehouse, through whose broken panes the wind whistled, while the locked doors seemed to bid defiance to any ingress, but that of the piercing element. It was in truth a lonely back-building, in the heart of the town: but so concealed by the surrounding houses, that it might as well have been in the silent bosom of the forest. A narrow flight of stairs, ascending the outside of the edifice, led to an upper story. Ascending these, the youth, opening the door with the familiarity of an accustomed visitor, emerged from the gloom of the night, into the light and life of the Billiard Room.

It was a large apartment, indifferently lighted, and meanly furnished. In the centre stood the billiard table, whose allurements had enticed so many on this evening to forsake the quiet and virtuous comforts of social life, and to brave the biting blast, and the not

less "pitiless peltings" of parental or conjugal admonition. Its polished mahogany frame, and neatly brushed cover of green cloth, its silken pockets, and party-coloured ivory balls, presented a striking contrast to the rude negligence of the rest of the furniture; while a large canopy suspended over the table, and intended to collect and refract the rays of a number of well trimmed lamps, which hung within its circumference, shed an intense brilliance over that little spot, and threw a corresponding gloom upon the surrounding scene. Indeed, if that gay altar of dissipation had been withdrawn, the temple of pleasure would have presented rather the desolate appearance of the house of mourning.

The stained and dirty floor was strewn with fragments of segars, play-bills, and nut-shells; the walls, blackened with smoke, seemed to have witnessed the orgies of many a midnight revel. A few candles, destined to illumine the distant recesses of the room, hung neglected against the walls—bowing their long wicks, and marking their stations by streams of tallow, which had been suffered to accumulate through many a long winter night. The ceiling was hung with cobwebs, curiously intermingled with dense clouds of tobacco smoke, and tinged by the straggling rays of light, which occasionally shot from the sickly tapers. A set of benches, attached to the walls, and raised sufficiently high to overlook the table, accommodated the loungers, who were not engaged at play, and who sat or

reclined—solemnly puffing their segars—idly sipping their brandy and water—or industriously counting the chances of the game; but all observing a profound silence, which would have done honour to a turbaned divan, and was well suited to the important subjects of their contemplation. Little coteries of gayer spirits, laughed and chatted aside, or made their criticisms on the players in subdued accents;—any remarks on that subject being forbidden to all but the parties engaged; while the marker announced the state of the game, trimmed the lamps, and supplied refreshments to the guests.

MR. ST. CLAIR, the gentleman, whom we have taken the liberty of tracing to this varied scene, was cordially greeted on his entrance, by the party at the table, who had been denouncing the adverse elements, which had caused the absence of several of their choicest spirits. The game, at which they were then playing, being one, which admitted of an indefinite number of players, St. Clair was readily permitted to take a ball; and, engaging with ardour in the fascinating amusement, was soon lost to all that occurred beyond the little circle of its witchery.

The intense coldness of the night was so severely felt in the badly warmed apartment, which we have attempted to describe, that the party broke up earlier than usual. One by one, they dropped off, until St. Clair and another of the players were left alone. These being both skillful, engaged each other single-handed,

and became so deeply interested, as scarcely to observe the defection of their companions, until they found the room entirely deserted. The night was far spent. The marker, whose services were no longer required, was nodding over the grate; the candles were wasting in their sockets, and although a steady brilliance still fell upon the table, the back ground was as dark as it was solitary.

The most careless observer might have remarked the great disparity of character, exhibited in the two players, who now matched their skill in this graceful and fascinating game. St. Clair was a genteel young man of about five and twenty. His manners had all the ease of one accustomed to the best society; his countenance was open and prepossessing; his whole demeanour frank and manly. There was a careless gaiety in his air, happily blended with an habitual politeness and dignity of carriage, which added much to the ordinary graces of youth and amiability. His features displayed no trace of thought or genius; for Mr. St. Clair was one of that large class, who please without design and without talent, and who, by dint of light hearts, and graceful exteriors, thrive better in this world, than those who think and feel more acutely.—Feeling he had, but it was rather amiable than deep; and his understanding, though solid, was of that plain and practical kind, which, though adapted to the ordinary business of life, seldom expands itself to grasp at any object beyond that narrow sphere. It was very

evident that he had known neither guile nor sorrow.—In his brief journey through life, he had as yet trod only in flowery paths; and having passed joyously along, was not aware, that the snares, which catch the feet of the unwary, lie ambushed in the sunniest spots of our existence. He was a man of small fortune, and was happily married to a lovely young woman, to whom he was devotedly attached; and who, when she bestowed her hand, had given him the entire possession of a warm and spotless heart. They had lately arrived at Pittsburgh, and being about to settle in some part of the western country, had determined to spend the ensuing spring and summer in this city, where Mrs. St. Clair might enjoy the comforts of good society until her husband prepared their future residence for her reception.

His opponent was some ten years older than himself; a short, thin, straight man—with a keen eye, and sallow complexion. He was one of those persons, who may be seen in shoals at the taverns and gambling houses of a large town, and who mingle with better people in stage coaches and steam boats. He had knocked about the world, as his own expression was, until like an old coin, whose original impression has been worn off, he had few marks left by which his birth, or country could be traced. But, like that same coin, the surface only was altered, the base metal was unchanged. He aped the gentility which he did not pos-

sess, and was ambitious of shining both in dress and manners;—but nature, when she placed him in a low condition, had never intended he should rise above it.

It is unfortunate for such people, that, like hypocrites in religion, demagogues in politics, and empirics of all sorts, they always overact their parts, and by an excessive zeal betray their ignorance or knavery.—Thus the person in question, by misapplying the language of his superiors in education, betrayed his ignorance, and by going to the extreme of every fashion, was always too well dressed for a gentleman. In short, he was a gambler—who roamed from town to town, preying upon young libertines, and old debauchees; and employing as much ingenuity in his vocation, as would set up half a dozen lawyers, and as much industry, as would make the fortunes of a score of mechanics.

Such were the players who were left together, like the last champions at a tournament—who, after vanquishing all their competitors, now turned their arms against each other. For a while they displayed a courtesy, which seemed to be the effect of a respect for each other's skill. It was natural to St. Clair; in the gambler it was assumed. The latter having found the opportunity he had long eagerly sought, soon began to practise the arts of his profession. The game of billiards, requiring great precision of eye, and steadiness of hand, can only be played well by one who is com-

pletely master of his temper; and the experienced opponent of St. Clair essayed to touch a string, on which he had often worked with success.

"You are a married man, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, Sir.—"

"That was bad play—you had nearly missed the ball."

"You spoke to me just as I was striking," said St. Clair good humouredly.

"Oh, I beg pardon.—Where did you learn to play billiards?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Do they understand the game?"

"I have seen some fine players there."

"Very likely. But I doubt whether they play the scientific game. New Orleans is the only place. There they go it in style. See there now! That was very bad play of yours. You played on the wrong ball."

"No, Sir, I was right."

"Pardon me, Sir. I profess to understand this game. There was an easy cannon on the table, when you aimed to pocket the white ball."

"You are mistaken," said St. Clair.

"Oh, very well! I meant no offence.—Now mark how I shall count off these balls.—Do you see that?—There's play for you!—You say you are a married man?"

"I said so.—What then?"

"I thought as much by your play."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you, married men, are accustomed to early hours, and get sleepy earlier than we do."

"I did not think, I had shown any symptoms of drowsiness."

"Oh, no! I meant no allusion.—"There's another bad play of yours."

"You will find, I play sufficiently well, before we are done."

"Oh! no doubt.—I meant nothing.—You play an elegant game.—But then, you, married men, get scared, when it grows late.—No man can play billiards, when he is in a hurry to go home.—A married gentleman can't help thinking of the sour looks, and cross answers, he is apt to get, when he goes home after midnight."

"I will thank you to make no such allusions to me," said St. Clair, "I am neither scared nor sleepy, but able to beat you as long as you please."

"Oh, very well! I don't value myself on my playing. Shall we double the bet? and have another bottle of wine?"

"If you please.—"

"Agreed.—Now do your best—or I shall beat you."

Pestered by this impertinence, St. Clair lost several games. His want of success added to his impatience; and his tormentor continued to vex him with taunting remarks, until his agitation became uncontrollable.—He drank to steady his nerves; but drink only inflamed his passion. He doubled, trebled, quadrupled the bet,

to change his luck; but in vain.—Every desperate attempt urged him towards his ruin; and it was happy for him, that his natural good sense enabled him to stop, before his fate was consummated—though not until he had lost a large sum.

Vexed with his bad fortune, St. Clair left the house of dissipation, and turned his reluctant steps towards his own dwelling. His slow and thoughtful pace was now far different, from the usual lightness of his graceful carriage. It was not, that he feared the frown of his lovely wife; for to him her brow had always been unclouded, and her lips had only breathed affection. She was one of those gentle beings, whose sweetness withers not with the hour or the season; but endures through all vicissitudes.

It was the recollection of that fervent and forbearing love, that now pressed like a leaden weight upon the conscience of the gambler, when he reflected upon the many little luxuries, and innocent enjoyments, of which that lovely woman had deprived herself, while he had squandered vast sums in selfish dissipation. Having never before lost so much at play, this view of the case had not occurred to him; and it now came home to his bosom with full force—bringing pangs of the keenest self-reproach. He recalled the many projects of domestic comfort they had planned together, some of which must now be delayed by his imprudence. That very evening they had spoken of the rural dwelling, they intended to inhabit; and LOUISA'S taste had sug-

gested a variety of improvements, with which it should be embellished. When he left her, he promised to return soon;—and now, after a long absence, he came, the messenger—if not of ruin—at least of disappointment. The influence of wine, and the agitation of his mind, had wrought up the usually placid feelings of St. Clair, into a state of high excitement. His imagination wandered to the past and to the future; and every picture, that he contemplated, added to his pain.

“I will go to Louisa,” said he. “I will confess all. Late as it is, she is still watching for me.—Poor girl! She little thinks, that while she has been counting the heavy hours of my absence, I have been madly courting wretchedness for myself, and preparing the bitter cup of affliction for her.”

In this frame of mind, he reached his own door, and tapped gently for admittance. He was surprised that his summons was not immediately answered; for the watchful solicitude of his wife had always kept her from retiring in his absence. He knocked again and again—and at last, when his patience was nearly exhausted, a slip-shod house-maid came shivering to the door. He snatched the candle from her hand, and ascended to his chamber.—It was deserted!

“Where is Mrs. St. Clair?” said he to the maid who had followed him.

“Gone———”

“Gone! Where?”

“Why, Sir, she went away with a gentleman.”

"Away with a gentleman! Impossible!"

"Yes, Sir, indeed she went off with a gentleman in a carriage."

"When?—Where did she go?"

"I don't know where she went, Sir.—She never intimated a word to me.—She started just after you left home."

"Did she leave no message?"

"No, Sir, not any.—She was in a great hurry."

St. Clair motioned the girl to retire, and sunk into a chair.

"She has left me," he exclaimed, "cruel, faithless, Louisa! Never did I believe you would have forsaken me! No, no—it can not be.—Louisa eloped! The best, the kindest, the sincerest of human beings?—Impossible!"

He rose, and paced the room—tortured with pangs of unutterable anguish. He gazed round the apartment, and his dwelling, once so happy, seemed desolate as a tomb. He murmured the name of Louisa, and a thousand joys rose to his recollection.—All— all were blasted! For she, in whose love he had confided, that pure, angelic being, whose very existence seemed to be entwined with his own, had never loved him! She preferred another!—He endeavoured to calm his passions, and to reason deliberately;—but in vain.—Who could have reasoned at such a moment? He mechanically drew out his watch;—it was past two o'clock. Where could Louisa be at such an hour? she had no

intimates, and few acquaintances in the city. Could any one have carried her away by force? No, no—the truth was too plain! Louisa was a faithless woman—and he a forsaken, wretched, broken-hearted man!

In an agony of grief, he left his house, and wandered distractedly through the streets, until, chance directed, he reached the confluence of the rivers. To this spot he had strolled with his Louisa in their last walk. There they had stood, gazing at the Monongahela and the Alleghany uniting their streams, and losing their own names in that of the Ohio; and Louisa had compared this “meeting of the waters” to the mingling of two kindred souls, joining to part no more—until both shall be plunged in the vast ocean of eternity. To the lover—and St. Clair was still a fervent lover—there is no remembrance so dear, as the recollection of a tender and poetic sentiment, breathed from the eloquent lips of affection; and the afflicted husband, when he recalled the deep and animated tone of feeling, with which this natural image was uttered by his wife, could not doubt, but that it was the language of her heart. All his tenderness and confidence revived; and he turned mournfully, with a full but softened heart, determined to seek his dwelling, and wait, as patiently as he could, until the return of day should bring some explanation of Louisa’s conduct.

At this moment, a light appeared, passing rapidly from the bank of the Alleghany towards the town.—

In an instant it was lost—and again it glimmered among the ancient ramparts of Fort du Quesne—and then disappeared. He advanced cautiously towards the ruined fort, and, clambering over the remains of the breast-work, entered the area—carefully examining the whole ground by the clear moonlight. But no animate object was to be seen. A confused mass of misshapen ridges, and broken rocks were alone to be discovered—the vestiges of a powerful bulwark, which had once breasted the storm of war.

“It is deserted,” said the bereaved husband, “like my once happy dwelling. The flag is gone—the music is silent—the strong towers have fallen, and all is desolate!”

Perplexed by the sudden disappearance of the light, and indulging a vague suspicion that it was in some way connected with his own misfortune, he continued to explore the ruins. A faint ray of light now caught his eye, and he silently approached it. He soon reached the entrance of an arched vault, formerly a powder magazine, from which the light emanated. The doorway was closed by a few loose boards, leaned carefully against it, and evidently intended only to afford a brief concealment; but a crevice, which had been inadvertently left, permitted the escape of that straggling beam of light, which had attracted his attention, and which proceeded from a small taper placed in a dark lantern. Two persons sat before it, in one of whom, the astonished St. Clair recognised his late

companion, the gambler! The other was a coarse, ill-dressed ruffian, with a ferocious, and sinister expression of countenance, which, at once, bespoke his character. They were busily examining a number of large keys, which seemed newly made.

"Bad, awkward, clumsy work!" said the gambler; "but no odds about that, if they do but fit."

"It's ill working in the night, and with bad tools," rejoined the other. "Me and Dick, has been at 'em for a week, steady—and if them keys won't do, I'll be hanged, if I can make any better."

"Hav'nt I been working in the night too, my boy?" said the gambler. "I have made more money for us since dark, than a clumsy rascal, like you, could earn in a month."

"Clumsy or no, you put us into the danger always, and play gentleman yourself."

"Well, that's right.—Do'nt I always plan every thing? And do'nt I always give you a full share? Come, do'nt get out of heart.—That key will do—and so will that.—"

St. Clair could listen no longer. Under any other circumstances, the scene before him would have excited his curiosity;—but the discovery, that he had been duped by a sharper—a mere grovelling felon—added to the sorrows that already filled his bosom, stung him so keenly, that he had not patience, nor spirits to push his discoveries any further.

"It was for the company of such a wretch," said he, as he again mournfully bent his steps homeward, "that I left my Louisa! Perhaps she may have guessed the truth.—Some eaves-dropper may have whispered to her, that I was the associate of gamblers and house-breakers! Shocked at my duplicity and guilt, she has fled from contamination!—No, no! She would not have believed it.—She would have told me.—She would have heard my explanation.—Her kind heart would have pitied and forgiven me. Perhaps my neglect has alienated her affection.—I have left her too often alone, and in doubt.—She has suffered what I have felt to-night, the pangs of suspense and jealousy. She could bear it no longer, my cruelty has driven her forever from me!"

He again entered his habitation. How changed! No hand was extended to receive him; no smile to welcome him.—All was cheerless, cold, and silent. A candle, nearly exhausted to the socket, was burning in the parlour, shedding a pale light over the gloom of the apartment:—but that bright, peculiar orb, that had given warmth and lustre to this little world, was extinguished! St. Clair shuddered, as he looked round.—Every object reminded him of the happiness he had destroyed; and he felt himself a moral suicide. Half dead with cold, fatigue, and distress, he approached the fire—when a note, which had fallen from the card-rack to the floor, caught his eye. The address was to

himself, and in Louisa's hand writing. He tore it open and read as follows :—

“That agreeable woman, Mrs. B. who has paid us so many kind attentions, has just sent for me.—She is very ill, and fancies that no one can nurse her so well as myself. Of course, I can not refuse, and only regret, that I must part with my dear Charles for a few hours. Good night.

Your devoted

LOUISA.”

The feelings of St. Clair can be better imagined than described, as he thus suddenly passed from a state of doubt and despair, to the full tide of joy. He kissed the charming billet, and enacted several other extravagances, which our readers will excuse us from relating. He retired, at length, to his couch—where his exhausted frame soon sunk to repose.

He rose early the next morning. Louisa was already in the parlour to welcome him with smiles. He frankly related to her all that had happened on the preceding night. Louisa's affectionate heart sympathised in the pain he had suffered, and tears stole down her cheek which was pale with watching.

“Do not tell me,” said St. Clair, “that I have only suffered that which you have often endured. No—you will not reproach me—but I know it, I feel it;—and I here renounce gaming forever! Never again shall you have cause to complain of my dissipation or neglect.”

He kept his word; and acknowledged, that the peace and joy of his after days were cheaply purchased with the miseries of that eventful night.

JAMES HALL.

YOUTH AND FANCY.

THY visions, oh Fancy! are dear to the heart,
While life's ardent morning is passing along,
And we feel, with delicious emotions, the art,
Which music and poetry blend in their song.

Oh! then the warm soul is alive to each story,
That love's joyous magic to memory can bring,
And lists to the proud tale of valour and glory,
Which high sounding chivalry wakes from the string.

Sweet period of confidence, feeling, and truth!
Alas! that its brightness should leave us so soon!
That the freshness, which breathes round the dawning
 of youth,
Like the dews of the morning, should vanish ere noon!

But, ah! chill experience still sheds o'er our way,
The poison of doubt, and suspicion, and sorrow;
And the warm, trusting heart, that is happy to-day,
May be frozen by cold disappointment to-morrow!

N.

TO A COLD FAIR ONE.

Beware, beware! or love's arch eye,
 May teach thy tranquil breast to smart—
Beware, beware! or love's soft sigh,
 May plant its sorrows in thy heart.
For, oh! there's nought so cold and chill,
 That love can not teach to glow;
And, oh! there's nothing so fixed and still,
 That love can not force to flow.

The unpressed lip may doubtful smile,
 When the power of love is sung;
And the untouched heart may mock the while,
 Love's fitful change is rung.
But, oh! that lip may sigh in vain,
 When once his power is known;
And the heart, that mocked another's pain,
 May learn to weep for its own.

THE PARTING.

We parted ne'er to meet again,
In this dark vale of tears;
That cruel moment broke the chain,
That had endured for years.
But not a tear-drop dimmied her eye;—
And that fond lip, that used to sigh
Love's softest hopes and fears,
Was colourless, and cold, as though
The stream of life had ceased to flow.

No fond adieu escaped her tongue—
No tender prayer for me;—
She only sobbed, and madly wrung
Her hands in agony.
She laughed.—Then terror shook her frame —
Then hid her face, as if in shame,
Though none was there, but me;—
And then she wept, and would have spoke,
But, ah! too late—her heart was broke.

JAMES HALL.

THE DESCENDANTS OF PAUGUS.

" Their heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A nobler monument command—
The mountains of their native land!"

AT the battle of Lovewell's Pond in New Hampshire, fought in the year 1725, it is well known, that the two celebrated chiefs, PAUGUS and WAHWA, were slain. Previous to this discomfiture, a vague and melancholy impression of impending destruction prevailed through the whole tribe. A conviction of this nature, once fastened upon the mind of the savage, renders him reckless, sullen, and desperate. Hence the frequency and bloody character of all the contests of the Pequawkets during the three year's war; and hence, too, the alacrity with which they engaged in acts of aggression upon the settlements of the whites. Finding themselves always the losers, even by victory, they determined to consult their Deities, in solemn form, touching the destinies of the nation.

The holy men, chosen to conduct the ceremony, had been deterred from proceeding to the mountain height, usually appropriated to such purposes, by a violent tempest, which raged among the hills for sever-

al days in succession. Believing the storm to be sent, as an indication that the great spirit was angry with his children, and would be appeased only by the strongest evidence of their penitence and devotion, the terrified Pequawkets had come out, on the very week of the battle, to accompany Paugus to the foot of that sublime altar, from whose summit he was to offer himself a sacrifice for the salvation of the tribe.

This circumstance accounts for the fury which they displayed at the commencement of the action, and the readiness with which they gave way after the death of their chief. The little remnant of survivors took up their line of march at night fall, a vanquished, dejected, and broken spirited people.

The connecting link was struck from the chain, which bound them with their red brethren in Canada and on the sea coast. Both extremities seemed now receding from their common centre, and they stood unarmed in the midst of powerful and exasperated enemies.

They were saddened, not merely by defeat, but because the great sacrifice was still to be made, when they could least afford to part with a warrior, much less, with a distinguished chief. True, Paugus had been slain; but the death required by their superstition must be voluntary, and he had yielded up his life upon the field of battle. His oldest son, Powhela, had fallen by his side, covered with wounds; and Algoucheck, the youngest member of the family now stood in the place

of his father, and was the only living being, capable of averting the doom denounced upon the miserable Pequawkets.

Under these circumstances of painful interest, the warriors assembled around the council-fire, for the last time in the pleasant places which they were soon to abandon forever. The Moon of Flowers smiled upon the dejected Indians, as they mustered in silence together. Long and sad were the deliberations of their aged and venerable seers, and morning dawned, ere the stricken assembly resolved to leave the valley of the Saco, and risk whatever of evil the determination might bring upon them hereafter. They were conscious how feeble a resistance they could offer against a powerful foe, and this resistance would be rendered still less, if the last inheritor of the blood of Paugus could no longer hold the rank, in which his ancestors had so often led them to victory.

The council broke up by acknowledging the command, to which a single disastrous day had raised Algoucheek. The oldest warrior present then presented him with the tomahawk and belt of the deceased chief. Around his neck was hung a broad ornament of dark wood, bound with a rim of plain silver, and having in its centre a little plate of the same metal, upon which was engraved the *totem* of his father.

Before the next moon arose, they were again in motion towards the waters of the St. Francois, where large settlements of the French and Indians, of the

great Tarateen family, had been placed by treaty, near a century before.

We must now leave this devoted band for awhile, and return to the battle ground at Lovewell's Pond.—The Indians had fled so hastily, that most of their dead were left unburied upon the field. Paugus and Wahwa had been brought off and hurried into the grave, without any of the solemnities usual when great warriors are committed to the earth. The body of Powhela remained unmoved, in the very spot where he had fallen. Though severely bruised, and covered with wounds, he was still alive; and about noon of the next day, he so far recovered his consciousness as to be sensible, from the number of his slaughtered brethren around him, that he was resting upon a soil, that had now witnessed, for the first time, the defeat of his tribe.

He was left entirely ignorant of the direction in which the vanquished party had retreated. Something was, indeed, said, upon the very eve of the battle, of retiring towards the St. Johns, or St. Francois, in case the day went against them; but nothing definite was agreed upon, and he possessed no means of ascertaining whether either of these proposals had been adopted.

Abandoned to this uncertainty, Powhela felt the necessity of removing himself beyond the reach of the whites, should they be inclined to revisit the arena of their bloody victory. With great exertion, he was

enabled to drag himself, in the course of a whole day to a place of security, about a mile distant from the Pond. Here his wounds, which were severe, but not dangerous, soon closed over, like the scarred bark of a young and vigorous sapling. In a week, he was sufficiently recovered, to find little difficulty in revisiting the lake, so fatal in the annals of the Pequawkets.

Not till this moment, was he fully sensible of the deep desolation which had swept over this unhappy people. He saw before him brave hearts torn from the breasts of the mighty, to glut the ravening appetite of foul birds; and noble limbs become the banquet of wild beasts, who shook with seeming terror, while they gorged the corrupting mass, as if they still doubted, whether the spirit had indeed deserted the lifeless body. But he was too well acquainted with scenes of carnage, to be much moved by the ghastly aspect of the festering dead. There was a gloomier subject of reflection reserved for him—far gloomier, than all these imposing emblems of mortality. He stood by the grave of his slaughtered father. He knew it by the little mound, hastily raised over the warrior, and if he read aright the scroll of birch with its symbols of bale and wo, the whole male line of the Pequawket chiefs was extinct.

The savage, with all his disciplined insensibility to danger, has his hours of bitter and withering anguish; and when the occasion arises powerful enough to move the solemn deep of his passions and feelings, every ves-

tige of vitality is swept away ; there comes no calmness again over the agitated surface, and the seeds of hope and joy are torn from their native soil, and cast forth forever upon the troubled waters.

Powhela would have lived for revenge ; but he remembered the awful doom which hung upon his tribe, and which he alone could avert. Still revenge was dear to him—dearer even than the dream of his early love ; and while he swore upon the ashes of his sire, to bow his head to the anger of the Great Spirit, he determined to make one effort to unite the neighbouring nations, in a great and general attack upon the hated race of the white men. This object accomplished, he was ready to offer himself, a living sacrifice, in the place of his offending brethren.

Powhela knew he could receive but feeble assistance from any of the numerous branches of the Tarateens, in New England. He resolved, therefore, to proceed at once to the more powerful tribes near the great lakes. With this design, he was soon equipped for the journey, and immediately set forth for the principal residence of the Six Nations, at Onondago Hill, a little to the south of Ontario.

The time of his application to the Six Nations was opportune. The tidings of the fight at Lovewell's Pond had already reached them, and impressed upon them strongly, a sense of the power of the enemy growing up upon all their borders. They were themselves, of old, incensed against the English, and had

often joined with the French to harrass their nearest settlements. They were now distrustful of the increasing influence of the French, and had assembled their widely scattered warriors to consult upon the difficulties, which they saw gathering like a tempest about their dwellings.

At this critical juncture, Powhela arrived at Onceda lake. His brief chronicle of misery was soon related, sometimes in words of sadness, and again with the fervid eloquence of burning indignation.

The tree, he said, had been struck at its summit, its leaves and flowers were withered, its root was dried up, and he, the last remaining branch must soon fall from the ruined trunk. He entreated them not so much to avenge the death of Paugus, as to save their own wives and little ones from the bloody fate, that had befallen the children of Paugus. As a last request, he besought the attendance of their holy prophets, when he should return to the ancient home of his tribe, that they might invoke with him the Great Spirit, and listen to his death song.

After the young chief finished his earnest appeal, the warriors expressed their opinions with reserve,—making allowance for the excited state of his feelings, and bearing constantly in mind the hazardous measure, which he urged them to adopt. The result of their deliberations was favourable to the main wish of his heart; but they took care to provide, that no decided step should be taken, until it was rendered certain the at-

tempt would not overwhelm them all in ruin. In fine, here commenced that system of deceptive policy, which so nearly proved successful forty years afterwards.—With reiterated assurances of readiness to commence hostilities, so soon as a favourable moment should arrive, the warriors departed to their respective dwellings, in the silence of the night. Powhela was now left to his own solitary reflections. His joy at the certain, though distant prospect of revenge, was alloyed by the idea, that, come when it might, he should never witness the hour of retribution.

It is not our design to follow him in his path through the wilderness. We shall carry our readers at once to the period of his arrival in the valley of the Saco. He was standing again in the heritage of his fathers. Their abodes were now silent as the tomb, and the wild beasts of the forest had already reclaimed their long lost empire. No living being had crossed his track, through the whole line of country from Oneida lake. Nothing but the ruins around him, indicated that the place had ever been occupied by the habitations of men.

The four prophets, who accompanied Powhela, were to go no farther than the base of the sacred mountain; thence, he was to proceed alone to the little pond above,* which superstition regarded as the entrance

* Blue Pond is situated about two thirds of the way up one of the loftiest peaks in the whole range of the White Hills. It is visible from the summit of Mount Washington.

to the islands of the blest. From this spot the Deity received his favourite children, and conducted them to the hunting grounds, far away, in the western ocean.

As the little band drew near the base of the hill, the distant sound of a rifle gave notice, that they were not so absolutely alone, as the quiet scenery had led them to suppose. Shortly afterwards, they came upon a fresh trail, running forward in the direction they were pursuing. The foot prints indicated to an experienced eye the elastic tread of the red men;—whether many or few, it was not easy to tell,—hostile they certainly could not be. In about an hour more, their course, which had been hitherto in a northwardly direction along a little spur of the mountain, turned abruptly to the west, and brought them, at once, in view of those, whose track they were cautiously following.

Directly before them, and within twenty yards, two Indians completely armed, and one of them decorated with all the ornaments of savage royalty, were seen seated upon an eminence, apparently resting from the fatigues of the chase. Powhela had, at this moment, fallen in the rear of his attendants. The strangers, aroused by the sudden interruption, seized their weapons, and placed themselves immediately in an attitude of defence. The advancing party halted, and extended to them the emblems and salutation of peace.

The young chief now came up with his companions. His eye rested a moment upon the warriors before him.

In another moment, he rushed by the prophets, and uttering a strong exclamation of surprise, struck his hand violently upon his breast!—He then stood silent and motionless as a statue, with his dark form raised to its utmost height.

“Shade of my brother!” cried Algoucheek, for it was he, “do you come from the silent home of the dead to reproach the son of Paugus with the ruin of his race? Behold! my footsteps are already turned towards the hunting ground of the blessed.”

The reply of Powhela removed every doubt. He promptly claimed the performance of the solemn duty, which belonged to him, as the inheritor of his father’s rank, and explained the manner of his escape from the field of battle. Algoucheek, on the contrary, urged the obligations which bound him to follow the fortune of the dispersed tribe, and informed him of the direction they had taken after the fight.

Leaving the brothers thus engaged in asserting their respective rights to stand in the place of the devoted Pequawkets,—the one relying upon his age, and the other upon the comparatively small importance of his life, we must briefly recur to the events which brought them so unexpectedly together.

The defeat of the Pequawkets has already been related. On the evening after the battle, it was determined, in a hastily summoned council, to save the life of Algoucheek. This resolution once formed, the warriors started forward for the waters of the St. Fran-

gois. But difficulties and disasters crowded their path; the cup of misfortunes was not yet drained to its dregs; and the iron arm of the whites again fell heavily upon them. Their fighting men were hourly dropping beneath the weapons of a lurking foe. And, as if in mockery of their woes, their red brethren, through whose territory they advanced, opposed their progress. Every thing, in fact, seemed to the mind of superstition indicative of the continued and increasing displeasure of the Great Spirit.

Algoucheek had never assented to the proposal, which was to rescue him from an untimely death. He now urged upon his brethren, when their minds were irresolute with fear, the necessity of his return, and his determination to submit to the decree of fate. He called no consultation, for his rank had been acknowledged, and it was unnecessary to seek advice, which he was determined not to follow. His last request was, never to bury the hatchet, or cease in their efforts to arouse the neighbouring nations, till every white man was swept from the soil of New England. With this parting injunction, he left them, accompanied by a single attendant, and arrived at the White mountains nearly at the same time with Powhela, whom he supposed to have been slain.

The meeting of the brothers has been told—their mutual surprise, and steady resolution to meet death for the good of the tribe. Algoucheek had evidently, strong reason on his side. He was not, indeed, enti-

tled of right to the rank of chief, but he had been so acknowledged, and at any rate, he inherited the blood of Paugus. On the contrary, the Pcquawkets had suffered too much by their apparent disobedience to the strict requirement of their Deities.

Meantime, while they were thus engaged, their attendants consulted together apart.

The oldest of their number, at length, interrupted the young warriors, and reminded them, that as the Great Spirit demanded the sacrifice, he would select the appointed victim. The suggestion afforded a ready means of settling their mutual claims; and they finally agreed to depart in different directions into the solitude of the forest—there to offer up their supplications to the unseen powers; whose heavy commands they sought to fulfil. Each party was to give notice to the other of the result, and he who might be spared, was then to return speedily, and follow up the good work begun by Powhela.

The events of our narrative will now carry us to a distant region of the country, and forward about fifteen years in the order of time. Powhela had returned, zealous and steady in the pursuit of his darling purpose of revenge. By argument and entreaty, by indignant reasoning and earnest appeals to the feelings, and more than all, by the most unsparing exposure of his person in the hour of danger, he had acquired a preponderating influence in the affairs of the Six Nations. At length, he arose to the command of

the Oneidas, who were styled, "the oldest son," in this great confederacy. Sometimes, motives of policy kept him from open hostilities; but his design was never abandoned, and he laboured the more incessantly to unite the various tribes subject to his sway,—employing artifice and concealment, when force was unavailing. One spirit seemed to actuate the extended family. A favourable opportunity was only wanting to strike a blow, which, all felt, must recoil in ruin upon themselves, if it did not crush their enemies.

Notwithstanding the union thus effected, success had rarely attended their expeditions, and, at the period of which we speak, the personal influence of the chief was materially shaken. Often had the Six Nations been made sensible, that they were placed in the midst of raging fires, which might in time check the violence of each other, but must first consume every living thing within the course of their devouring flames. Then it was, they recurred to their former fortunes.—In their whole progress from the north, according to tradition, they had overcome every obstacle; the timid fled; the powerful were vanquished; and even the mighty Delawares had submitted to their control. Afterwards, while allies of the French, victory had always crowned their united efforts. But since the arrival of Powhela, the face of things was entirely changed. The story of his return seemed to afford a glimpse at the cause of their multiplied disasters.—The curse denounced upon the descendants of Paugus,

had fallen upon those with whom he was connected. Might it not be, that they had received and honored one whom the gods had denounced!

Distrust of this kind is not easily removed from the susceptible mind of the Indian. In the present case, the belief, which, from its very vagueness possessed the greater power, was strengthened by the fact that no one had witnessed the death of Algoucheek. Powhela had not; and the prophets who accompanied him, had long since returned to their respective tribes. Such was the state of affairs among the Six Nations, in the autumn of 1745, the period fixed upon for a general attack upon the white settlements.

Powhela was apprised of the delicate situation in which he was now placed. He knew the influence of superstition, and determined to yield to its utmost requirements, rather than give up, or even put in jeopardy, his project of revenge. As the time for the proposed expedition drew nigh, little bands of warriors were daily arriving, to deliberate around the council-fire upon the most important movement they had ever been called to make. The day at length came. The fighting men gathered about their chief in silence; and a deep and portentous gloom rested, like a shadow, over the whole assembly. The dark features of the Indians, as they glided to their appointed places with noiseless tread, exhibited that strange expression, which the human countenance sometimes puts on,—an expression of melancholy determination—of sorrow and

resolution—of firm purpose and tortured feeling, as if the heart bled in anticipation of the deed, which the whole soul was determined to perform.

Powhela was the first to interrupt the death like stillness. He arose with doubt and hesitation—for his worst fears had been more than realized—and he saw, that, unless confidence could be restored, his power was at an end. He recounted briefly the more prominent events of their history, and dwelt earnestly upon their character for courage acquired under his guidance. Adverting to their critical position between the French and English, both of whom they had deceived, he pointed out the necessity of preventing that union of their enemies, which would inevitably follow in case of their defeat. Finally, he declared his determination, never to return from the field of battle, unless victorious.

The chief ceased his address; but it was too evident he had failed to produce the desired effect. This was no time for concealment. The oldest warriors expressed their readiness to arm themselves for the approaching contest, on condition only, that Powhela should not place himself at their head. Their beloved chief need not relinquish his rank,—it was enough that he remained for a time inactive, while they prosecuted the war. The door of hope seemed now closed upon Powhela. He knew that even if he could overcome their scruples by his personal influence, he should thereby endanger the success of the meditated attack.

Once more, and for the last time, he stood forth to speak. He declared at the outset, his willingness to make the painful sacrifice. The countenances of the savages lighted up as he went on. And when he exhorted them to roll back the advancing tide, or sink together beneath its resistless waters, they brandished their weapons with exultation, and raised the shout of anticipated victory.

The wary chief saw with delight the effect produced by his artful compliance with their wishes, and when silence was restored, he stood for a moment as if doubtful how to proceed. But he had only half gained his purpose, and he again recurred to the subject to which he had last alluded. He led them gradually from their more powerful enemy, and turned their attention to the little tribe of Wyandots just upon their border. He knew it would not be difficult to direct their feelings, so strongly excited, against a people who had resolutely refused to join with them in hostility to the English. Their cowardice and grovelling treachery were portrayed with the sneer of contempt.

"So detestable were they," said he, "to their ancient neighbours, that they have been driven down from the upper waters of the St. Lawrence, and are now cooped up for slaughter in an island near our territories. Let them be swept from the earth, since they dare not go with us, to lop off the arm, which holds the knife to their throats."

Another shout of applause testified their willingness to accede to his proposal. But the most difficult point yet remained to be gained, and he now sought, not without many fears, to guide their rising enthusiasm into another channel.

"Where then," he proceeded, "shall the father of the Oneidas be, when his children are drinking the blood of their foes! Shall he skulk in the wigwams with the women, and leave his warriors to gather the scalps, and tear out the hearts of the Wyandots? Even the timid doe will not fly from the dogs, if the fawn be in danger, and when did Powhela ever linger behind in the day of battle? The cowardly foe will laugh as you approach, and ask, 'Where have the Oneidas hidden their chief?'—The son of Paugus will wipe the stain from his name. If the Great Spirit still frown upon us, then let him be stript of the weapons of a warrior, and when his brethren come back to carry destruction into the dwellings of the white men, let him remain idle at home.—He will never complain."

The chief had not miscalculated upon the influence of his appeal. The Oneidas were unwilling to place him in a situation, which the Indian most dreads; and the proposal of leaving the decision of his fate to the attack upon the Wyandots, seemed a very appropriate method of testing the justness of their superstitious apprehensions. There was more of art in the request than they perceived, for their enemy, feeble in numbers, would probably afford an easy conquest. The

desired effect was, however, produced, and they departed pleased at an opportunity of still retaining Powhela.

In about a week, the Oneidas set forth to execute their sanguinary purpose. The Wyandots, as we before mentioned, were driven from the North, and had sought refuge in an island at the foot of lake Ontario. They had always refused to engage with the Six Nations, believing it the better policy to submit to a power, which could not be resisted with any hopes of success. Towards the peaceful home of this unhappy tribe, the hostile party was now rapidly advancing.

Having arrived upon the shore of the lake, they halted some time, waiting for the canoes, which were to ascend by the Onondago creek. Arrangements were finally made to transport the forces during the night, so that the attack might be made about day break in the morning. Powhela was never for a moment inactive. He felt how much depended upon the struggle, and was every where present, exhorting and encouraging the warriors, as they embarked for the island.

The fate of the Wyandots was sealed. Six hundred fighting men were within an hour's march of their wigwams, while they, unconscious of impending danger, were wrapt in deep sleep. Their village was situated upon the banks of a small river, which ran northwardly into the lake. A hill of moderate elevation covered the settlement towards the south.

The advancing party had been deceived as to the time, by a dense fog, and the sun arose while they were yet a mile distant from their enemies. This circumstance produced a momentary confusion. In a hasty consultation among the chief warriors, it was agreed to separate their forces. A part were to sweep round, and come down upon the foe, in a direction opposite to that which they were now pursuing. The remainder, after waiting to give their companions a sufficient start, were to proceed directly forward.

The party remaining with Powhela now advanced towards the foot of the hill. Here they halted to prepare their weapons for an immediate assault. At this moment, the shrill war cry of their brethren announced that their motions had been discovered, and they rushed forward eager to mingle in the fight.

A hunter, who had been early pursuing the chase, had given notice to his tribe of the approach of a powerful enemy. The alarm was soon spread, and when the Oneidas came up, they were in some measure ready for battle. Raising the war cry of the nation, they hurried on to commence the work of extermination.

The Wyandots struggled bravely, but at length gave way, and retreated sullenly towards the hill at the rear of their wigwams. Here they were met by Powhela and his warriors, who now echoed back the horrid yell of their brethren. They were completely surrounded. They expected no mercy, and fought with

the ferocity of wild beasts or demons, rather than like beings clothed with the attributes of humanity. The rifle and the musket were rendered useless, for the contest wore the aspect of numberless, independent, private combats. Each selected his antagonist, and grappled with him in a struggle, from which more than one could not escape. There was no room, and apparently no wish for retreat. The utter destruction of one party appeared the only possible termination to the fight.

Powhela's countenance beamed with delight. He actually breathed more freely, as he saw the foe falling thick around him. His war dress was heavy with gore, and his very weapons seemed instinct with the power of death. He endeavoured in vain to force his way up to the tall chief of the Wyandots, who was surrounded and guarded by a band of his chosen warriors.

As the numbers of this faithful cohort diminished, they resolved to rally their feeble forces, and make a last effort to break the fatal circle, that was fast closing around them. With a wild yell of despair, they rushed upon the Oneidas, who were not unprepared to receive them. The slaughter was terrible. Most of them were borne down by the press; but a party of about fifty effected their escape, and hurried towards their canoes.

Their unsparing pursuers followed them even here, as if determined to leave no witness to tell the tale of their woes. Powhela perceived that their chief was

among the survivors, and he wished to overtake him, as a victim worthy of his arms, before he could reach the creek. Both parties arrived at the bank nearly at the same moment. The battle now assumed a singular aspect, and was transferred from the land to the water. The frail barques were soon surrounded, some of them were upset, and others held fast, while the savages completed the business of slaughter. In every direction the dark forms of the warriors were seen sinking in the death struggle, their features distorted with rage, and gleaming with malignity from the bottom of the transparent stream. Powhela had, by this time, come up with the Wyandot chief, and they sprang together into a canoe, which, yielding to the sudden impulse, floated rapidly from the shore.

"Dog of a Wyandot!" shouted he, "do you fly when the earth drinks the blood of your fighting men, and your children are falling like the leaves of the forest!"

He had not ceased speaking, before the tomahawk of his enemy flashed in the sun and whizzed past his head, striking deep into a sapling upon the opposite bank.—The moment the weapon left his hand, the hostile chief drew his long knife, and endeavoured to close with his opponent. Powhela was, however, on his guard, and they stood sometime engaged in a skilful and dangerous contest. Both of them were severely wounded. The Oneida seemed to possess the advantage in point of dexterity. At length, watching his opportunity, he made a skilful feint, and instantly changing the direc-

tion of his weapon, brought it down with the full force of his vigorous arm, directly upon the breast of his antagonist. The fate of the Wyandot appeared inevitable, but the elastic weapon was bent double, and recoiling, threw the hand of Powhela violently back.

If he had before been excited, he now became frantic with rage;—for nothing more exasperates a man of high and chivalric spirit, than the idea that he has been exposing his own life, without the possibility of taking that of his adversary.

“Offspring of a cowardly race!” cried he in tones almost choked with passion, “does the Wyandot bear the heart of a dove beneath the shell of the turtle?”

A flush passed across the cheek of the chief, as if he felt vexed rather than ashamed, that circumstances had subjected him to a reproof, which he knew to be ill deserved. Instantly tearing open his garment, he threw out the ornamented brooch, which had been accidentally thrust beneath its folds in the hurry of the fight. All this was but the work of a moment, and he now sprang forward to renew the contest. Powhela stood motionless, and apparently stupified, with his eyes still fixed upon the medallion, which hung suspended from the neck of the chief.

“Son of Paugus!” at length he exclaimed;—but it was too late, the knife of Algoucheek was at his heart, and the canoe glided from beneath them as they fell in the grapple of death. The Oneidas, who had witnessed the unexpected termination of the combat, now

hurried wildly to the spot. Powhela was already dead from the blow, and Algoucheek, by falling upon the blade of his brother, whose arms had been thrown unconsciously about him, with the muscular vigor of a dying man.

The brothers were mutually deceived when they parted at the foot of the White mountains. Their attendants, the prophets, after they retired into the forest, sent the same deceptive message to both parties, declaring to each, that the other had been selected as the proper sacrifice to their offended deity. Algoucheek then returned, and overtook his tribe, just as they had united their fortunes with the Wyandots, who were retreating before their enemies. His merits, in time, raised him to the rank of chief over their common forces. His melancholy fate has already been told.

The warriors buried them in the same grave, and raised over them a little mound to mark the spot.—The island was ever afterwards regarded by the Indians with superstitious fears. Whenever their pathway led them to the resting place of the DEVOTED OR ACCURSED, as the brothers were called in the figurative language of the savage, they passed by in silence, with averted faces. The Six Nations always spoke of them as beings born beneath unlucky influences,—condemned to a fate, which they sought anxiously to accomplish,—freely encountering obstacles and difficulties in pursuit of death, and finally swept away with unrelenting se-

verity, by the very Deities who had frustrated their efforts, and compelled their disobedience.

The extensive scheme of destruction projected by Powhela did not die with him. About fifteen years after the overthrow of the Wyandots, that powerful alliance, composed of almost all the Indians on this side of the Mississippi, was effected,—chiefly by the exertions of the Oneidas. Harvest was selected as the time for a general attack. So well had every measure been concerted, that the strong garrisons of Venango, Presqu' Isle, and others along the line of the lakes, were surprised and taken. Terror and consternation prevailed among the whites, from Canada to the Atlantic. An effectual resistance was, at length, commenced, by calling out the forces of all the northern colonies;—the Indians were forced to terms of peace, hostilities ceased, and the Six Nations were reduced to a state of dependence from which they never after recovered.

S. S. BOYD.

LOVE'S SMILE.

With careless step, by folly led,
In pleasure's path I lingered long,
Incautious, plucked each opening bud,
And sipped the sweets I roved among.

But soon I saw those flowers fade,
Those cloying sweets were bitter soon—
My youthful day was wrapt in shade,
Before it knew the warmth of noon.

With steadier step, in nobler fields,
Less fickle joys my heart pursued;
They withered too—nor left a hope,
To cheer my bosom's solitude.

I sighed for something soft and sweet,
My chilled affections to beguile,
And, oh! was destined soon to meet
That something in a woman's smile!

ORLANDO.

THE DYING MAIDEN.

SHE spake of joy :—while in her heart,
She felt the tide of sorrow swell ;—
As if her soul could then impart
The themes she once had loved so well.
She still was fair.—But that rich light,
Which pleasure once around her threw,
Was fled ;—and cheeks, of late so bright,
Wore the sweet lily's pallid hue.

Her grief was silent.—Long confined
Within her own, pure, gentle breast,
It revelled on her spotless mind,
And dimmed the sunshine of her rest :—
Yet her pale face would oft reveal
A lingering gleam of withered joy—
A smile, which pain could not conceal,
Or sorrow's ruthless blight destroy.

'Twas like the sun's rich, mellow ray,
That breaks through drapery of clouds,
More soft and sweet—yet far less gay,
Than when no shade its lustre shrouds.
As setting stars, in their decline,
A brighter gleam of glory cast ;
So her pure spirit seemed to shine,
More sweet, and lovely to the last !

HARVEY D. LITTLE.

CONSOLATION.

WHEN smiling hours for aye are flown,
 And rent our holiest ties;
 When in the world, bereft, alone,
 Our bosom torn with sighs;—
 When those on whom our hearts are placed,
 Greet us on earth no more,
 Nor we those tranquil pleasures taste,
 Which cheered our hearts before;—
 We find that all is emptiness,
 A glittering, pageant show,—
 That here : no substantial bliss,
 No lasting joy below.
 Then the Blest Page, and that alone,
 The mystery will explain,
 Why thus our bleeding hearts are torn,
 And we bereaved remain :
 There the fair field of wisdom lies,
 Its paths we then explore,
 The world throws off its deep disguise,—
 Illusions cheat no more !

EPHRAIM ROBBINS.

THE EGYPTIAN MANUSCRIPTS.

THE WESTERN MUSEUM is, as a matter of course, visited by every body, who is so fortunate, as to have an opportunity of seeing the lions of the renowned city of Cincinnati. It is equally a matter of course, for all those fortunate persons to be delighted with the neatness and good order of the establishment, and to wonder, that so many really curious articles are to be found there. But the greatest wonder with most visitors is, what can be the contents of those antique manuscripts on papyrus, in the glass case, which contains so many specimens of the intolerably bad taste of the ancient Egyptians. Being written in a most villanous, awkward, and uncouth hand, like the autographs of some of our modern great men, they are, like them, supposed to conceal treasures of genius; which, the laudable curiosity to discover whatever is hidden, prompts almost every one to wish could be displayed to the public.

One of my friends, with whom I lately paid a visit to the Museum, feeling this curiosity very highly excited—in his anxiety to have it gratified—urged me very strongly to oblige the public, by giving a translation of these extraordinary antiquities. To this I objected—somewhat hastily, and inconsiderately, as I was after-

wards convinced—that bowever desirous I might be to gratify him and the public, yet my ignorance of the language in which these manuscripts were written, disqualified me from attempting it in this instance.— For I had, from some cause or other, imbibed a notion, that a translator, ought to understand the language, from which he translates. This notion, however, my friend immediately undertook to refute, and brought forward the examples of many successful, modern translators to prove, that it was totally unnecessary.

“Indeed,” added he, “you have a decided advantage over most of those I have mentioned: for they understood neither the language of their author, nor the one into which they rendered his work. Now, although you may not perfectly understand this ancient language, yet you have some slight knowledge of your own, which will give your translation a manifest superiority over many, which are very popular—particularly some from the German. Indeed, one of the most celebrated translations in the English language, required no knowledge of that of the author; and it is found to be only the more popular from this circumstance.”

It was impossible not to be convinced, by this reasoning, of my fitness for the undertaking proposed to me, and of my duty to add one more to the many obligations, which I had already conferred upon the public. I, therefore, proceeded to the accomplishment of my task, with the usual diffidence of my own abilities, which I prepared myself to exhibit, by showing, what

amazing difficulties I had to encounter, how successfully I had overcome them, and how every body, who had ever made a similar attempt, had completely failed. This part of my labour, however, the publisher informs me must be omitted for want of room. I shall, therefore, reserve it for a future work, and shall merely mention, that I have consulted all the authors, whose works could in any way aid me in my undertaking; discovered all the various readings, of which the manuscript is susceptible, and selected the most correct one; and finally, have been, as I flatter myself, completely successful in exhibiting my author, precisely as he would have appeared, had he written in English. As the copy is much mutilated, we have neither its beginning, nor end;—a circumstance which would be a decided advantage in the works of many modern authors, and particularly in the published speeches of our members of congress—of which we always dread the beginning, and to the end no one has ever had the patience to travel.

The subject of this curious work, appears to be an account of the manners and customs of a very extraordinary race of people, whose country is not named in that part of it that remains; so that we can not judge of its correctness.—Indeed, it appears altogether so improbable an account, that we can not be certain, that it is not entirely fictitious. It may possibly be a correct account—or, at least, as much so as could be expected from a traveller—of some nation, formerly

inhabiting the interior of Tartary, or the northern part of China ; but, if so, the period to which it relates, must have been very remote ;—since customs so absurd, as those mentioned, could only have existed at so early a period, and in so rude a nation, as to be beyond the reach and province of history. I can not pretend, in giving this translation, to be doing any thing more, than merely gratifying curiosity ; since it can not be supposed, that in so very different a state of society, as that which exists at present, we can be benefitted by such accounts—either by regarding them as warnings or examples.

The translation commences with the very first words which are legible ; and it appears to be in that part of the work, which is devoted to the subject of the religion of the people described, and is as follows :—

* * * * * ————“ Another of the religious rites of this extraordinary nation is one, which is performed only occasionally, and by the higher classes of these barbarians. The most usual occasion of its performance is, when one of them has, by any accident, lost his temper, and wishes to regain it ; in which case he considers this ceremony, as the only means, whereby it can be accomplished, consistently with the laws of honour.—These laws are a code for the express government of a particular class, who are said to imagine, that by complying with its requisitions, they are absolved from the performance of all other duties, and from obedience to

all other laws. At what period, or by what law-giver, it was instituted, I could not learn; nor could I obtain much information concerning this ceremony, except the manner, in which it is performed. This, as nearly as I could learn—not having had an opportunity of witnessing it myself—is as follows:

“The person desirous of performing this rite, selects one of his friends as a temporary servant, or assistant, and sends him with a letter to another friend, in which are contained professions of respect, and an assurance, that the writer is the humble and obedient servant of the friend he addresses; in which capacity, he begs the favour of him to meet the writer, at such time and place, as may be agreed upon by him, and the servant, who carries the letter; and then to give him, what, in their barbarous language, is termed the satisfaction of a gentleman. This request it is always necessary to grant; for to refuse it, would be considered an affront, not so much to the person making the request—as to all the associates of the one refusing it, who would punish him by degradation, and repeated insults, for any such refusal. He, therefore, prepares to perform his part of the ceremony; which he does, by selecting one of his friends, to act as a servant, or assistant, for the occasion, as in the former case, whom he sends with a letter, in reply to the one he has received, and similar to it—granting the request, and mentioning the time and place for meeting. At such time and place, they accordingly meet; and it is then the duty

of the two servants to appoint places, a short distance apart, where each one places his master, and gives him a couple of warlike weapons—such as have been agreed on, which they proceed to display their skill in the exercise of, until one is killed, or severely wounded. In this latter case, the other immediately steps up, and expresses much regret at the misfortune which has happened, and says many flattering things;—to which the wounded man replies, by requesting the servants to bear witness, that he has behaved honourably, and like a gentleman—and declares, that if he should die, he acquits the other of the blame of having caused his death;—hopes he will suffer no inconvenience on account of it, and bids him farewell, with great cordiality and good humour;—and thus the ceremony ends.

“It is then considered, that the satisfaction of a gentleman has been given to the one, who begged for it, whether he happens to be the one killed or wounded, or not. I was not able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language of these barbarians, to understand what satisfaction they could take, in being thus killed or wounded. All to whom I applied for information on the subject, appeared unwilling to elucidate this portion of their religious mysteries to a foreigner. It must, doubtless, be an exclusively mental satisfaction; since no other can be possibly supposed to be enjoyed, either in the performance of the rite, or in suffering its consequences. And this supposition is confirmed by the fact, that the practice is confined to

those, who bestow most time in cultivating their mental faculties.

“ But I suppose, that a thorough knowledge and comprehension of this, and their other religious rites, can only be obtained, by studying their sacred books, in which all the mysteries of their religion are explained. This I was not able to do; for I was unwilling to remain with so savage a nation long enough to acquire a thorough knowledge of their language; and it will be seen by what I am about to relate, as well as by what I have already said, that such a religion, as they are governed by, is not worthy of any extraordinary labour, or sacrifice, for the purpose of understanding it. And in truth, it seems to me, from what knowledge I did obtain on the subject, that no one, but a person born and educated in the same state of barbarism, as these people themselves, could ever arrive at a sufficient understanding of this matter.

“ It seems, likewise, to be the wish of these people to keep their religious doctrines concealed; for whenever I asked for information respecting them, I received accounts so different from what my own observation showed me to be the facts, that I was convinced, that they purposely deceived me, from an unwillingness, that I should acquire any knowledge of their religious mysteries.

“ I did not, indeed, wish to know any thing more than the general principles, or laws, by which they are governed, which always, among all people, emanate from

their religious belief. But so little regard to truth is displayed, and so careless are they about being believed, that, notwithstanding they saw that their own conduct contradicted all their assertions, and that I could not help observing it; yet they had the astonishing impudence to assure me, that these general principles taught them to be meek, kind, charitable, forgiving their enemies, and loving one another; and doing to others, as they would have others do to themselves.—These rules they are so far from following, that, in most cases, they spend their lives in doing acts, which are precisely the reverse of them. For instead of forgiving their enemies, they are always endeavouring to injure them; and they do not even forgive their friends, if they happen to be unfortunate, or if they happen to be uncommonly fortunate. In either of these cases, they frequently add them, to the number of their enemies. And as for meekness, it is universally despised, and held in such detestation and abhorrence, that they who are entirely devoid, or possess the least, of it, are generally raised to the highest stations, and have power granted them—not only to do themselves, but to enable others to do, the very acts, which they pretend are forbidden by their religion. And to show that this power is exercised, and how it is made to destroy one of the qualities, which they pretend is most strongly enjoined by their religion, viz: charity. I will here mention one of those customs, which have arisen naturally, from such a practice.

“Whenever it so happens, that, from misfortune, or any other cause, one of these barbarians owes to another more than he can pay—he, to whom the debt is due, obtains the power, from the rulers, to prevent the debtor from ever being enabled to pay—by confining him in a prison, where he can neither labour, nor, by any other means, acquire wherewithal to make payment. In order to account for this unnatural trait of barbarism, I supposed, that it was considered a criminal act in this country, to contract a debt. But upon enquiry, I was greatly surprised to learn, that instead, of this being the fact, the reverse of it is true. Their laws hold out temptations, in various ways, to induce men to be indebted to one another, and to the rulers themselves. They even compel a certain class of merchants—those who traffic with foreign countries—whenever they bring home any merchandize, to contract a debt to their governors, for about one third of its value; and they are not allowed to bring any thing into the country, upon any other conditions. Various other measures are adopted, of which the following are some of the most common.”————* * * * *

The remainder of the manuscript is in such mutilated fragments, that it would require more time to arrange them, than I have as yet been able to afford.—At some future period I propose to communicate to the public such further translations, as I may be enabled to make.

J. P. F.







THE SHAWANOE WARRIOR.

O'ER this bank, now so still and forlorn,
The dark Shawanoe used to rove;
And his trail might be found every morn,
In the cane-brake and cotton tree grove.
His war song he often has sung,
By the shade of yon wide spreading tree,
While the far distant echoes have rung,
To the voice of the bold Shawanoe.

When'er in the dark winding dell,
Or the prairie, in ambush he lay,
The huge elk and buffalo fell,
And the nimble, wild deer was his prey.
But in war was the chieftain's delight—
No warrior more valiant than he;
There was none, in the bloodiest fight,
So fierce as the bold Shawanoe.

The Shawanoe warrior is gone—
The light of his valour is fled;
And his cruel oppressor, alone,
Can show where he battled and bled.
The fate of the chief is fulfilled,
His foes from his vengeance are free;
But the heart of the white man is chilled,
When he speaks of the bold Shawanoe!

I have set by the grass covered mound,
Where the bones of the warrior repose;
There in bountiful fragrance around,
Bloom violet, daisy, and rose;
For 'tis ever the fate of the brave,
By beauty high honoured to be,
As the wild flower decks the lone grave,
Where is mouldering the bold Shawanoe.

Some, enamoured, dark maiden has here
Given vent to a torrent of grief,
And moistened, with many a tear,
The grave of her dearly loved chief.
Thus hallowed, the soil has no more
Given place to a thorn-bearing tree;
But flowers adorn the wild shore,
And the grave of the bold Shawanoe.

JAMES HALL.

THE ORPHAN'S HARP.

THE harp of the Orphan is mute and still,
And its notes will cheer us never;
For she, who could waken its deepest thrill,
Lies voiceless, and cold, forever!
She sleeps in the vale, where violets bloom,
And the wild rose twines above her:—
No friends to lament o'er her hapless doom—
No kindred to pity, or love her.

Her cheek wore a bloom in her early day,
Ere the tear of sorrow started,
Or childhood's bright dreams had faded away,
And left her broken-hearted.
The kind look of pity, or affection, smiled
On the desolate Orphan never;
Love's sweet illusion her heart had beguiled—
Then left it in gloom forever!

The depth of her anguish none could know—
Her emotions never were spoken;
But the hope of Heaven a gleam can throw
Of joy, o'er the heart that is broken.

She passed from earth, like the pensive light,
Which slowly fades at even ;
And her spotless spirit hath winged its flight,
To its own bright home in Heaven.

Her harp hangs alone :—its musick is hushed,
And will waken no more on the morrow ;
For the heart, that loved its tones, was crushed,
By its own deep weight of sorrow.
No sigh is breathed o'er her lonely tomb—
No eyes are dim with weeping ;
But the violet, and the wild rose bloom
O'er the grave where the Orphan is sleeping.

J. B. DILLON.

ELEGY.

ADIEU ! ye shady walks and bowers,
Where oft, in brighter days, I strayed,
When life's rough path was strewn with flowers,
And joys, like sun-beams, round me played.
Oh ! then I deemed it happiness,
To wander o'er that shady green,
And gaze at nature's verdant dress,
With her, the enchantress of the scene.

And can I e'er those scenes forget,
While memory binds me in her spell ?
Ah, no !—'twas there, that first we met,
'Twas there, we took our last farewell !
How often, at the close of day,
Have we reclined beneath yon trees,
To watch the sun's last golden ray,
Or listen to the evening breeze.

But, oh ! no more the sun's last ray,
Shall glitter on her faded eye ;
Nor ever more, at close of day,
She'll listen to the zephyr's sigh !
No longer now those bowers I prize,
No more those walks my feet retrace,
For she, who loved them, darkly lies,
Beneath their shade, in death's embrace.

VELASCO.

THE INDIAN HATER.

IN the course of a journey, which I lately took through Illinois, I stopped one day at a village for a few hours, and stepped into a store to purchase some trifling article of which I stood in need. Finding a number of persons there, and being not unwilling to while away a few minutes in conversation, I leaned my back against the counter, and addressed myself to a well-dressed farmer, who answered my enquiries respecting the country with intelligence and civility.

While thus engaged, my attention was drawn to a person who stood near. He was a man who might have been about fifty years of age. His height did not exceed the ordinary stature, and his person was rather slender than otherwise; but there was something in his air and features, which distinguished him from common men. The expression of his countenance was keen and daring. His forehead was elevated, his cheek-bones high, his lips small and compressed—while long exposure to the climate had tanned his complexion to a deep olive. The same cause seemed to have hardened his skin and muscles, so as to give him the appearance of a living petrification. There was over all a settled gloom—a kind of forced composure, which indicated resignation, but not content. In his eye, there

was something peculiar, yet it was difficult to tell in what that peculiarity consisted. It was a small grey orb, whose calm, bold, direct, glance seemed to vouch, that it had not cowered with shame, or quailed in danger. There was blended in that eye a searching keenness, with a quiet vigilance—a watchful, sagacious, self-possession—so often observable in the physiognomy of those, who are in the habit of expecting, meeting, and overcoming peril. His heavy eye-brows had once been black; but time had touched them with his pencil.—He was dressed in a coarse, grey hunting shirt, girded round the waist with a broad, leathern belt, tightly drawn, in which rested a long knife, a weapon common to the western hunter. Upon the whole, there was about this man an expression of grim and gloomy sternness, fixedness of purpose, and intense, but smothered passion, which stamped him as of no common mould; yet there were indications of openness and honesty, which forbade distrust. His was not the unblushing front of hardy guilt, nor the lurking glance of underhanded villany. A stranger would not have hesitated to confide in his faith or courage, but would have trembled at the idea of provoking his hostility.

I had barely time to make these observations, when several Indians, who had strolled into the village, entered the store. The effect of their presence upon the backwoodsman, whom I have described, was instantaneous and violent. His eyes rolled wildly, as if he had been suddenly stung to madness, gleaming with a

strange fierceness; a supernatural lustre, like that which flashes from the eye-balls of the panther, when crouched in a dark covert, and ready to dart upon his prey. His hollow cheek was flushed—the muscles, that but a moment before seemed so rigid, became flexible, and moved convulsively. His hand, sliding quietly to the hilt of his large knife, as if by instinct, grasped it firmly; and it was easy to perceive, that a single breath would be sufficient to blow up the smothered fire.—But, except these indications, he remained motionless as a statue, gazing with a look of intense ferocity at the intruders. The Indians halted when their eyes met his, and exchanged glances of intelligence with each other. Whether it was from instinct, or that they knew the man, or whether that sagacity, which is natural to their race, led them to read danger in his scowling visage, they seemed willing to avoid him, and retired.—The backwoodsman made a motion as if to follow; but several of the persons present, who had watched this silent scene with interest, gently withheld him, and after conversing with him a few moments in an earnest, but under tone, led him off in one direction, while the Indians rode away in another.

Having understood from the farmer, with whom I had been talking, that he was about to return home, and that my route led through his neighbourhood, I cheerfully accepted the offer of his company, and we set out together. Our discourse very naturally fell upon the scene we had witnessed, and I expressed a curi-

osity to learn something of the history and character of the man, whose image had impressed itself so forcibly upon my mind.

"He is a strange, mysterious looking being," said I, "and I should think he must be better, or worse, than other men."

"SAMUEL MONSON is a very good neighbour,"—replied the farmer, cautiously.

"You say that in a tone," rejoined I, "which seems to imply, that in some other respects he may not be so good?"

"Well, as to that—I can not say, of my own knowledge, that I know any harm of the man."

"And what do other people say of him?"

The farmer hesitated, and then with a caution very common among people of this description, replied:—

"People often say more than they can prove. It's not good to be talking of one's neighbours. And Monson, as I said before, is a good neighbour."

"But a bad man, as I understand you."

"No—far from it:—the man's well enough—except—" and here he lowered his tone, and looked cautiously around. "The folks do say he is rather too keen with his rifle."

"How, so;—does he shoot his neighbour's cattle?"

"No, Sir—Samuel Monson is as much above a mean action, as any other man."

"What then;—is he quarrelsome?"

"Oh, bless you, no!—There's not a peaceabler man in the settlement;—but he used to be a great Indian fighter in the last war, and he got sort o' haunted to the woods;—and folks do say, that he is still rather too keen on the track of a moccasin."

"I do not exactly comprehend you, my dear Sir.—The Indians are, I believe, now quiet, and at peace with us."

"Why, yes, they are very peaceable. They never come near us, except now and then a little party comes in to trade."

"They are civil, are they not?"

"Yes, Sir, quite agreeable—bating the killing of a hog once in a while—and that we don't vally—seeing that it is but just natural to the poor savage to shoot any thing that runs in the woods."

"In what way then does this Monson interfere with them?"

"I did not say, stranger, that Monson done it. No, no; I wouldn't hurt no man's character; but the fact and truth are about this. Now and then an Indian is missing; and sometimes one is found dead in the range;—and folks will have their notions, and their talk, and their suspicions about it—and some talk hard of Monson."

"But why charge it upon him?"

"Why if you must have it out, stranger, in this country we all know the bore of every man's rifle.—

Monson's gun carries just eighty to the pound.—Now the bullet holes in all these Indians that have been shot, are the same, and we know whose rifle they suit. Besides this, horse tracks have been seen on the trail of the moccasin. They were very particular tracks, and just suited the hoof of a certain horse.—Then a certain man was known to be lying out about that same time; and when all these things are put together, it don't take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell who done the deed. Then he sometimes goes off, and is gone for weeks, and people guess that he goes to their own hunting grounds to lie in wait for them. They do say, he can scent a red skin like a hound, and never lets a chance slip."

"But is it possible, that in a civilized country, within the reach of our laws, a wretch is permitted to hunt down his fellow creatures like wild beasts? To murder a defenceless Indian, who comes into our territory in good faith, believing us a Christian people?"

"Why it is not exactly permitted; we don't know for certain who does it, nor is it any particular man's business to inquire more than another. Many of the settlers have had their kin murdered by the savages in early times; and all who have been raised in the back woods, have been taught to fear and dislike them.—Then Monson is an honest fellow, works hard, pays his debts, and is always willing to do a good turn, and it seems hard to break neighbourhood with him, for the matter of an Indian or so."

"But the wickedness—the shame—the breach of law and hospitality!"

"Well, so it is.—It is a sin; and sorry would I be to have it on my conscience. But then some think an Indian or two, now and then, will never be missed; others again hate to create an interruption in the settlement; others, who pretend to know the law, say that the general government has the care of the Indians; and that our state laws won't kiver the case; and withal Monson keeps his own counsel, and so among hands he escapes. After all, to come to the plain sentimental truth, Monson has good cause to hate them; and many a man, that would not dip his own hand in the blood of an Indian, would as soon die as betray Monson; for few of us could lay our hands on our hearts, and say that we would not do the same in his situation.—"

At this point of the conversation, we were joined by several horsemen, who were pursuing the same road with ourselves; and my companion seeming unwilling to pursue the subject in their hearing, I was unable to learn from him what injury the Indian-hater had received, to provoke his sanguinary career of vengeance. Nor did another opportunity occur; for we soon came to a point where the road diverged; and although my friendly companion, with the usual hospitality of the country, invited me to his house, I was obliged to decline the invitation, and we parted.

I continued my journey into the Northwestern part of Illinois, which was then just beginning to attract

the attention of land purchasers, and contained a few scattered settlements. Delighted with this beautiful country, and wishing to explore the lands lying between this tract and the Wahash, I determined on my return to strike directly across through an uninhabited wilderness of about a hundred and fifty miles in extent. I hired an Indian guide, who was highly recommended to me, and set out under his protection.

It is not easy to describe the sensations of a traveller, unaccustomed to such scenery, on first beholding the vast prairies, which I was about to explore.—Those, which I had heretofore seen, were comparatively small. The points of woodland which make into them like so many capes or promontories, and the groves which are interspersed like islands, are, in these lesser prairies, always sufficiently near to be clearly defined to the eye, and to give the scene an interesting variety. We see a plain of several miles in extent, not perfectly level, but gently rolling or undulating like the swelling of the ocean when nearly calm.—The graceful curve of the surface is seldom broken, except when here and there the eye rests upon one of those huge mounds, which are so pleasing to the poet, and so perplexing to the antiquarian. The whole is overspread with grass and flowers, constituting a rich and varied carpet, in which a ground of lively green is ornamented with a profusion of the gaudiest hues. Deep recesses in the edge of the timber, resemble the bays and inlets of a lake; while occasionally a

long vista, opening far back into the forest, suffers the eye to roam off and refresh itself with the calm beauty of a distant perspective.

The traveller as he rides along these smaller prairies finds his eye continually attracted to the edges of the forest, and his imagination employed in tracing the beautiful outline, and in finding out resemblances between these wild scenes, and the most highly embellished productions of art. The fairest pleasure grounds, the noblest parks of European princes, where millions have been expended to captivate the fancy with elysian scenes, are but mimic representations of the beauties which are here spread by nature; for here are clumps, and lawns, and avenues, and groves—the tangled thicket, and the solitary tree—and all the varieties of scenic attraction—but on a scale so extensive, as to offer an endless succession of changes to the eye. There is an air of civilization here, that wins the heart—even here, where no human residence is seen, where no foot intrudes, and where not an axe has ever trespassed on the beautiful domain. So different is this feeling from any thing inspired by mountain, or woodland scenery, that, the instant the traveller emerges from the forest into the prairie, he no longer feels solitary. The consciousness that he is travelling alone, and in a wilderness, escapes him; and he indulges the same pleasing sensations, which are enjoyed by one, who, having been lost among the labyrinths of a savage mountain, suddenly descends into rich and highly cultivated

fields. The gay landscape charms him. He is surrounded by the refreshing sweetness, and graceful beauty of the rural scene; and recognises at every step some well remembered spot, enlarged and beautified, and, as it were, retouched by nature's hand. The clusters of trees so fancifully arranged, seem to have been disposed by the hand of taste, and so complete is the delusion, that it is difficult to dispel the belief, that each avenue leads to a village, and each grove conceals a splendid mansion.

Widely different was the prospect exhibited in the more northern prairies. Vast in extent, the distant forest was barely discoverable in the shapeless outline of blue, faintly impressed on the horizon. Here and there a solitary tree torn by the wind, stood alone like a dismantled mast in the ocean. As I followed my guide through this desolate region, my sensations were similar to those of the voyager, when his barque is launched into the ocean. Alone, in a wide waste, with my faithful pilot only, I was dependant on him for support, guidance, and protection. With little to diversify the path, and less to please the eye, a sense of dreariness crept over me—a desolation and withering of the spirit, as when the heart, left painfully alone, finds nothing to love, nothing to admire, nothing from which to reap instruction or amusement. But these are feelings, which, like the sea sickness of the young mariner, are soon dispelled. I began to find a pleasure in gazing over this immense, unbroken waste; in watching the

horizon in the vague hope of meeting a traveller, and in following the deer with my eyes, as they galloped off—their forms growing smaller and smaller, as they receded, until they faded gradually from the sight.— Sometimes I descried a dark spot at an immense distance, and pointed it out to my companion with a joy, like that of the seaman, who discovers a distant sail in the speck which floats on the ocean. When such an object happened to be in the direction of our path, I watched it as it rose and enlarged upon the vision—supposing it one moment to be a man—and at another, a buffalo; until, after it had seemed to approach for hours, I found it to be a tree.

Nor was I entirely destitute of company; for my Pottowattomie guide proved to be both intelligent and good humoured, and although his stock of English was but slender, his conversational powers were by no means contemptible. His topographical knowledge was extensive and accurate, so that he was able not only to choose the best route, but to point out to me all the localities. When we halted, he kindled a fire, spread my pallet, and formed a shelter to protect me from the weather. When we came to a stream which was too deep to ford, he framed a raft to cross me over with my baggage, while he mounted my horse and plunged into the water. Throughout the journey, his assiduities were as kind and unremitting, as all his arrangements were sagacious and considerate. A higher motive, than the mere pecuniary reward which he

expected for his services, governed his actions; a genuine integrity of purpose, a native politeness and dignity of heart, raised him above the ordinary savage, and rendered him not only a respectable, but an interesting man.

After travelling nearly five days without beholding a human habitation, we arrived at the verge of a settlement on the Wabash. We passed along a rich bottom, covered with large trees, whose thick shade afforded a strong contrast to the scenes we had left behind us, and then ascending a gentle rise, stood on a high bluff bank of the Wabash. A more secluded and beautiful spot, has seldom been seen. A small river, with a clear stream, rippling over a rocky bed, meandered round the point on which we stood, and then turning abruptly to the left, was lost among the trees. The opposite shore was low, thickly wooded, and beautifully rich in the variety of mellow hues painted by the autumn sun. The spot we occupied was a slip of table land, a little higher than the surrounding country. It had once been cleared for cultivation, but was now overgrown with hazle-bushes, vines, and briars, while a few tall, leafless trunks, once the proudest oaks of the forest, still adhered tenaciously to the soil. A heap of rubbish, intermingled with logs, half burnt and nearly rotten, showed the remains of what had once been a chimney—but all else had been destroyed by time or fire. One spot only, which had been beaten hard, was covered with a smooth, green sward, unmixed with

brush; and here we stood gazing at this desolate spot, and that beautiful stream. It was but a moment, and neither of us had broken silence, when the report of a rifle was heard, and my guide uttering a dismal yell, fell prostrate. Recovering his senses for an instant, he grasped his gun, partly raised his body, and cast upon me a look of reproach, which I shall never forget; and then, as if satisfied by the concern and alarm of my countenance, and my prompt movement to assist him, he gave me one hand, and pointing with the other towards the woods, exclaimed—"Bad—bad, white man!—Take care!—" and expired.

I was so much surprised and shocked at this catastrophe, that I stood immoveable, thoughtless of my own safety, mourning over the brave Indian, who lay weltering in his gore, when I was startled by a slight rustling in the bushes close behind me, and raising my eyes, I beheld Monson! Advancing without the least appearance of shame or fear, until he came to the corpse, and paying not the slightest attention to me, he stood and gazed sternly at the fallen warrior.

"There's another of the cursed crew," said he, at length, "gone to his last account!—He is not the first, nor shall he be the last.—It's an old debt, but it shall be paid to the last drop."

As he spoke, he gnashed his teeth, and his eyes gleamed with the malignity of gratified revenge. Then turning to me, and observing the deep abhorrence with which I shrunk back, he said:—

"May be, stranger, you don't like this sort of business?"

"Wretch—miscreant—murderer! begone! Approach me not," I exclaimed, drawing a large pistol from my belt; but—before I was aware, the backwoodsman, with a sudden spring, caught my arm, and wrested the weapon from me; and then remaining perfectly calm, while I was ready to burst with rage, he said—

"This is a poor shooting-iron for a man to have about him—it might do for young men to "tote" in a settlement, but it is of no use in the woods—no more than a shot-gun."

"Scoundrel!" said I, "you shall repent your violence——"

"Young man!" interrupted he, very coolly, "I am no scoundrel;—you mistake—you do not know me."

"Murderer!" repeated I, "for such I know you to be.—Think not this bloody deed shall go unpunished. My life is in your power, but I dread not your vengeance!"

While I was thus exhausting myself in the expression of my rage and horror, the more politic Monson, having possessed himself of the Indian's gun, dropped it, together with my unlucky pistol, on the ground, and placing one foot on them, he proceeded deliberately to reload his rifle.

"Don't be alarmed, young man," said he in reply to my last remark, "I shall not hurt a hair of your

head.—You can not provoke me to it.—I never harmed a christian man to my knowledge.”

“See here!” he continued, as he finished loading his piece.—Then pointing to the ruins of the cabin, he proceeded in a hurried tone:—

“This was my home.—Here I built a house with my own labour.—With the sweat of my brow I opened this clearing.—Here I lived with my wife, my children, and my mother.—We worked hard—lived well—and were happy. One night—it was in the fall—I had gathered my corn, the labour of the year was done, and I was sitting by the fire among my family, with the prospect of plenty and comfort around me,—when I heard a yell! I never was a coward, but I knew that sound too well; and when I looked round upon the women and the helpless babes that depended on me for protection, a cold chill ran over me, and my heart seemed to die. I ran to the door, and beheld my stacks in a blaze. I caught up my gun—but in a moment, a gang of yelling savages came pouring in at my door like so many howling wolves. I fired, and one of them fell.—I caught up an axe, and rushed at them with such fury that I cleared the cabin. The monsters then set fire to the roof, and we saw the flames spreading around us. What could I do? Here was my poor, old mother, and my wife, and my little children, unable to fight or fly.—I hurst the door, and rushed madly out; but they pushed me back. The blazing timbers came falling

among us—my wife hung on my neck, and called on me to save her children—our pious mother prayed—while the savage wretches roared, and laughed, and mocked us. I grasped my axe, and rushed out again. I killed several of them;—but they overpowered me, bound me, and led me to witness the ruin of all that was dear to me. All—all perished here in the flames before my eyes.—They perished in lingering torments. I saw their agonies—I heard their cries—they called on my name.—Oh, heaven! can I ever forget it?"

Here he stopped, overcome with his emotions, and looked wildly around.—Tears came to his relief, but the man of sorrows brushed them away, and continued:—

"They carried me off a prisoner. I was badly wounded, and so heart broken, that for three days I was helpless as a child. Then a desire of revenge grew up in my heart, and I got strong. I gnawed the ropes they had bound me with, and escaped from them in the night. In the Indian war that followed, I joined every expedition—I was foremost in every fight;—but I could not quench my thirst for the blood of those monsters. I swore never to forgive them, and when peace came, I continued to make war. I made it a rule to kill every red skin that came in my way, and so long as my limbs have strength I shall continue to slay the savage.

"Go!" he continued, "pursue your own way, and leave me to mine. If you have a parent that prays for

you, a wife and children that love you, they will receive you with joy, and you will be happy. I am alone;—there is none to mourn with me, no one to rejoice at my coming. When all that you cherish is torn from you in one moment, condemn me, if you can: but not till then. Go!—That path will lead you to a house;—there you will get a guide.”

JAMES HALL.

LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

'Tis sweet to behold the soft light,
That lingers at eve in the west;
But the evening of life is more bright,
And the twilight of hope is more blest.
For suns, though in brilliance they sink,
Are followed by shadows of gloom;
But virtue, on life's fearful brink,
Sees glory beyond the dark tomb.

And sweet, when the morning's first beam,
O'er hill, and o'er wave, smiles serene;
But brighter by far is hope's gleam,
When it dawns upon sorrow and sin;
For morn ushers in a brief day,
That night shall o'ershadow with gloom,—
But piety's home sheds a ray,
That triumphs o'er night and the tomb.

ORLANDO.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

MIDST gratulations, warm and loud,
From thronging friends, who round thee crowd,
Will mine seem cold, or please thee less,
For coming from the wilderness?

Oh! will it not the rather seem,
Thus heard o'er mountain, vale, and stream,
Some distant echo, borne along,
In answer to that joyous throng.

Blest be thy home!—May no rude care,
Nor sorrow, find admittance there;
Nor aught to dim thine eye with tears,
Through the long lapse of coming years.

Oh! may it be the loved retreat,
That friendship seeks with willing feet;
Where all is calm, serene, and clear,
As heaven's unclouded atmosphere.

A peaceful scene of sweet content,
O'er which, e'en angels—mercy sent—
Might lingering pause, and thus delay
Their gentle mission on the way.

M. P. FLINT.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

OH, who would consent through this wide world to roam,
With a canker of doubt and distrust in his breast,
If it was not that heaven had pointed a home,
Where the pilgrim may soothe all his sorrow to rest!
Dark, dark is the path, ever winding the way,
And thorny and chill is the ground that we tread,
But still through the darkness there glimmers a ray,
To arrest smiling hope, ere its bright wing be spread.

The orbs that allure us, are many and bright,
Yet briefly they shine, or deceitfully glare,
Like the lightning's red flash that illumines the night,
But to show the dark tempest that rides on the air;
One only is true.—'Tis the bright Star of Love,
That allures us to virtue, wherever we roam,
And conducts us at last to that refuge above,
Which is love's last retreat, and virtue's blest home!

ORLANDO.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN.A REAL INCIDENT.

IN the autumn of the year 1823, a man was descending the Ohio River, with three small children, in a canoe. He had lost his wife, and in the emigrating spirit of our people, was transporting his all to a new country, where he might again begin the world. Arriving towards evening at a small island, he landed there with the intention of encamping for the night. After remaining a short time, he determined to visit the opposite shore, for the purpose, probably, of purchasing provisions; and telling his children that he would soon return to them, he paddled off, leaving them alone on the island. Unfortunately, he met on the shore with some loose company who invited him to drink. He became intoxicated, and in attempting to return to the island in the night, was drowned. The canoe floated away, and no one knew of the catastrophe until the following day.

The poor, deserted, children, in the meanwhile, wandered about the uninhabited island, straining their little eyes to catch a glimpse of their father. Night came, and they had no fire, nor food—no bed to rest upon, and no parent to watch over them. The weather was extremely cold, and the eldest child,





Drawn by H. W. Clay

THE DISSEMINATED CHILDREN.

Engraved by J. W. Fildes



though but eight years of age, remembered to have heard that persons, who slept in the cold, were sometimes chilled to death. She continued, therefore, to wander about; and when the younger children, worn out with fatigue and drowsiness, were ready to drop into slumber, she kept them awake with amusing, or alarming stories. At last, nature could hold out no longer, and the little ones, chilled and aching with cold, threw themselves on the ground. Then their sister sat down, and spreading out her garments as wide as possible, drew them on her lap, and endeavoured to impart to them the warmth of her own bosom, as they slept sweetly in her arms.

Morning came, and the desolate children sat on the shore, weeping bitterly. At length, they were filled with joy, by the sight of a canoe approaching the island. But they soon discovered that it was filled with Indians; their delight was changed into terror, and they fled into the woods. Believing that the savages had murdered their father, and were now come to seek for them, they crouched under the bushes, hiding in breathless fear, like a brood of young partridges.

The Indians having kindled a fire, sat down peaceably around it, and began to cook their morning meal; and the eldest child, as she peeped out from her hiding place, began to think that they had not killed their father. She reflected too, that they must inevitably starve, if left on this lone island, while

on the other hand, there was a possibility of being kindly treated by the Indians. The cries, too, of her brother and sister, who had been begging piteously for food, had pierced her heart, and awakened all her energy. She told the little ones, over whose feeble minds her fine spirit had acquired an absolute sway, to get up and go with her; then taking a hand of each, she fearlessly led them to the Indian camp-fire. Fortunately, the savages understood our language, and when the little girl had explained to them what had occurred, they received the deserted children kindly, and conducted them to the nearest of our towns, where they were kept by some benevolent people, until their own relations claimed them.

THE ROSE.

LADY, the rose,
Plucked by thy hand is doubly blest;
For though it knows
No more, its native bed of rest,
By beauty's hand the flower was prest.

Thus should you steal,
Some light heart from its home away,
It soon would feel,
That beauty's touch, and beauty's ray,
Could keep the wanderer from decay!

REPEAT THE STRAIN.

REPEAT the strain—too lovely maid!

The last that love shall hear—
Already has the vow been paid,
That dooms thee to despair!

Sing, careless maid! still sweetly sing
The bliss that lovers know!
Then go! receive the fatal ring,
That binds thy fire to snow.

THE INDIAN MAID'S DEATH SONG.

THE valiant DACOTA has gone to the chase,
 The pride of my heart, and the hope of his race;
 His arrows are sharp, and his eye it is true,
 And swift is the march of his birchen canoe;
 But suns shall vanish, and seasons shall wane,
 Ere the hunter shall clasp his WINONA again!

Away you false hearted, who smile to destroy,
 Whose hearts plan deceit, while your lips utter joy;
 Winona is true to the vow she has made,
 And none but the hunter, shall win the dark maid.
 I sing my death dirge; for the grave I prepare,
 And soon shall my true lover follow me there.

His heart is so true, that in death he shall not
 Forget the sad scene of this blood-sprinkled spot;
 But swift, as the foot of the light bounding doe,
 He'll fly through the regions of darkness below,
 To join his Winona in mansions of truth,
 Where love blooms eternal, with beauty, and youth.

Stern sire, and false hearted kindred, adieu!
 I sing my death song, and my courage is true,
 'Tis painful to die—but the pride of my race,
 Forbids me to pause betwixt pain and disgrace;—
 The rocks they are sharp, and the precipice high;
 See, see! how a maiden can teach ye to die!

CAN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

CAN years of suffering be repaid,
By after years of bliss?
When youth has fled, and health decayed,
Can man taste happiness?
When love's bright visions are no more,
Nor high ambition's dream,
Has heaven no kindred joy in store,
To gild life's parting beam.

Oh bright is youth's propitious hour,
And manhood's joyous prime,
When pleasure's sun, and beauty's flower,
Adorn the march of time.
But age has riper, richer, joy,
When hearts prepared for heaven,
Thrice tried, and pure of all alloy,
Rejoice in sins forgiven.

When long tried love still twines her wreath,
Around the brow of age;
And virtue, the stern arm of death,
Disarms of all its rage;
When friends, long cherished, still are true,
When virtuous offspring bloom;
Then man's enjoyment purest flows,
Though ripening for the tomb.

WILLIAM BANCROFT.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A YOUNG BACKWOODSMAN.

THE morning of life, radiant with the rain-bow promises of youth, smiles upon us, as we are swiftly passing along the stream of time; and all that can gratify the senses, invigorate the body, and delight the intellect, appear at our bidding, and contribute to our felicity. We look back upon the path of our young existence without regret; and, casting our eyes down the bright vista of futurity, perceive no intervening cloud, to throw even a passing shadow over it.—But, alas! the brief revolution of a week too often changes the scene; substituting for our late enlivening visions, the prospect of a cheerless waste, over which, the wearisome pilgrimage of life must be run, amid blighted hopes, disease, and disappointment.

The current of our days may oft-times, be aptly compared to a river, rising in beauty, and meandering through meadows and wood-lands, gathering strength from a thousand rills, and sporting in the pride of increasing volume—until suddenly it is dashed from rock to rock, and from chasm to chasm, and finally sinks beneath the quick-sands, and is lost:—but not forever:

In renovated purity and gentleness it again rises to the surface, and glides calmly along, until it mingles with the ocean;—thus beautifully prefiguring that glorious resurrection, the assured promise of which, sheds its sustaining influences over the pillow of the expiring christian,—robbing even death of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

NEAR the close of a fine autumnal day, in the year 1822, a pleasure boat was seen gliding over the bosom of one of the small romantic lakes, in the western part of New York. As it approached the shore, the inspiring sound of a huntsman's horn was heard; and ere its prolonged echoes had entirely died away among the surrounding hills, a panting deer leaped from a thicket, and dashed into the lake, to elude the close pursuit of a pack of hounds. The pleasure boat immediately joined in the chase; and on overtaking the exhausted stag, a struggle ensued, which threw two of the females over-board. Several of the gentlemen, immediately plunged into the water, and, without difficulty, effected their rescue. On the return of the party to the village of ———— this little incident gave rise to much merriment, and elicited some sparkles of wit,—having just enough of the romantic to make it an amusing topic of conversation.

The most conspicuous member of this party, was a beautiful bride, in honor of whose recent marriage the aquatic excursion had been projected. A short

time previous to her union, ANNA C—— had returned from the excellent Female Academy at Troy, to a joyous welcome beneath the paternal roof. Uniting, in a high degree, those moral and personal attributes which constitute the essential charm of woman's loveliness, she was not less esteemed for her amiable disposition, than admired for the beauty of her person and the extent of her intellectual attainments. Her young affections had, already been taken captive; and, just as she was entering, with buoyant hopes, and quickened impulses, upon that delightful period of life, which usually intervenes between the time of leaving school and the assumption of the cares incident to a family, she was led, a gay, timid, and blooming bride, from the hymenial altar.

WILLIAM BANCROFT, once her juvenile play-mate, now her youthful husband, was a junior, but promising member of the Bar, in his native village. While yet a boy, he had manifested a passion for a soldier's life; and, accordingly he had been placed, at the age of fifteen, in the Military Academy at West Point. Upon his return from that valuable institution, the solicitations of an affectionate mother induced him to resign his commission, and engage in the more peaceful and self-denying study of the law:—thus achieving, in yielding up to parental love his fondly cherished visions of military glory, a victory over young ambition, more valuable even than the laurels that entwine the hero's victorious brow.

Few, perhaps, have entered upon the career of married life under circumstances more auspicious than attended this confiding pair. Indeed, if the possession of wealth, talents, and virtue, could ever shield the pilgrimage of man from the chilling blasts of misfortune,—then had the path of the enthusiastic William and Anna, been one of unvarying brightness and prosperity.

The little incident connected with the pleasure boat, however amusing at the time of its occurrence, was, in its consequences to the bride, of an eventful character. Her immersion in the lake resulted in a cold, which, being neglected in its incipient stages, was attended by a troublesome cough, united with other symptoms of pulmonary disease. Medical advice was obtained; and, the usual remedies having proved unavailing, the mild climate of the West Indies was prescribed. Preparations for the journey were speedily made, and in a few weeks, the lovely invalid and her devoted husband embarked at New Orleans, on board the substantial packet ship Triton, bound to Havana.

For two days, borne onward by favouring gales, she bounded merrily over the waters. On the morning of the third, while becalmed in a dense fog, the report of a gun disturbed the silence of the ocean, and, amid whirling volumes of smoke and vapour, an armed schooner was descried, with the flaming pennant of Piracy floating in careless folds at her mizen peak.—Preparation was promptly made for battle; and the

unceremonious salute returned with ardour and effect. The second fire from the Pirate raked the deck of the Triton, and suddenly deprived her of her gallant commander. After a few more rounds, the pirate ship closed on the Triton's bow, and swinging astern, brought the combatants in the fearful array of yard-arm and yard-arm. The attempt of the buccaneers to board, was met with a spirit of determined resistance:—the mate and Bancroft, leading on the hardy crew, fought with desperation, until overpowered by numbers, they were compelled to yield, and suffer themselves to be manacled and driven below; while their dead and wounded companions were carelessly tumbled into the ocean.

“A rope—quickly—bring forth the mate!”—Was the first and stern command of the Pirate chief, as he deliberately raised his fur-cap and wiped the blood from a finely expanded forehead, that had been severely gashed during the contest. When his order was obeyed for a brief space he gazed upon his unresisting victim with an immovable countenance, and then pointed with his cutlass to the yard-arm:—The next moment the convulsed and quivering limbs of the mate were swinging high in the air;—one deep, agonizing groan was heard, and his body hung lifeless before the jeering crew.

The Pirate again pointed to the hatchways, and Bancroft was brought upon deck; the same stern command was repeated;—A rope was passed around his

neck, and, as the heartless executioners were about to consummate the horrid act, the frantic Anna—pale, emaciated, with dishevelled hair and streaming eyes, rushed upon deck, and clasping the knees of the lawless chief, besought in the impassioned accents of a frenzied spirit, the life of her husband. Until then, it was unknown to the marauders that a female was on board; and the appearance of the distracted wife, in such a scene of blood and carnage, startled for a moment even the leader of the band. Her appeal was not in vain. Bancroft was speedily released; and with his exhausted partner removed on board the piratical schooner. The Triton being hastily plundered of her more valuable articles, was scuttled and sunk, with many of her unfortunate crew, confined under the battered hatches:—As she went down, one wild scream was heard to issue, like the shriek of suffocation, from that last living tenement of the dead, and the circling waters closed over her forever.

In a few hours all traces of the late bloody conflict were removed from the deck of the Rover, and she again sped before a light breeze, like a felon, retreating from the scene of his guilty doings. To retain Bancroft and his wife on board the buccaneer was incompatible with prudence; to throw them into the sea, after impliedly promising them protection, was a degree of faithlessness, that even the leader of the band felt unwilling to manifest: To land them on one of the little, desolate islands, presented almost the only alterna-

tive. This was done on the succeeding day ;—the Pirate sending with them, a liberal supply of provisions, together with the greater part of their baggage. They were landed on one of the Bahama Keys, uninhabited, wild, and sandy, but affording some of the fruits and flowers of the tropical regions. The first act of Bancroft, was that of constructing a hut for their accommodation, which in a temporary manner, he soon accomplished by means of a hatchet, a few ropes, and a portion of an old sail, that was luckily attached to their trunks. When removed into her humble habitation, Anna looked around, and with a placid smile beaming in her countenance, remarked,—

“ With you, dearest William! I can be happy even here.”

Touched by such evidence of devoted affection, the husband folded her in his arms, unable to express his mingled gratitude and affection.

The afflicting incidents of the last few days, had evidently quickened the ravages of disease upon the wasted form of the suffering invalid, who was, nevertheless, far from being sensible of her critical situation. Her husband watched unceasingly over her rude couch, soothing her with the tenderest assiduities, and witnessing, in speechless agony of soul, the returning hectic flush, and sunken eye,—the certain and appalling harbingers of approaching dissolution. The afternoon of the eighth day presented them with a succession of scenes of deep interest sublimity and horror. The

emaciated patient having risen from her pallet with unwonted strength, aided by her husband, walked towards the sea shore, to enjoy the refreshing breeze.— Here they remained contemplating the ocean, whose gently heaving billows were reflecting the beams of a fiery tropical sun, until a dark cloud, that had for more than an hour been visible in the western horizon, began to spread, with a lowering aspect, far up the heavens:—A brisk wind was agitating the waters, and the sea-birds, careering to and fro in frantic gambols, chanting as it were in joyous frolic the sailor's funeral dirge,—gave fearful omen of an approaching storm.— Suddenly their attention was arrested by some objects far off upon the ocean, and they were soon delighted to behold two vessels, with crowded sails, standing towards the island. While dwelling with the liveliest emotions of joy, upon the prospect of an immediate escape from their desolate situation, the startling report of three guns, in rapid succession, told the anxious spectators, that the vessels were enemies, and that their hopes of a rescue were much diminished. A severe cannonading,—every sound of which struck like an ice bolt, on the heart of the trembling Anna, now followed, and marked a desperate running fight. The pursuing vessel gained upon the other, which seemed to have no alternative, but that of being captured, or suffering a ship-wreck on the breakers. When the schooner, for such proved to be the chase,—her pursuer being an armed brig, approached within about a

league of the island,—her mainsail was suddenly dropped, and the long-boat launched and rowed rapidly towards the shore. As the boat parted from her side, a column of smoke began to ascend from the deserted schooner, which, with telegraphic precision, indicated that she was on fire. The brig no sooner perceived this, than she tacked, and stood off to the windward to avoid the conflagration that was evidently about to spoil her of her anticipated prey. The rapidly increasing smoke, that rose in tremendous majesty from the burning schooner,—ascended for the space of a few minutes in one unabated volume of blackness, when it was suddenly illuminated by the bursting of a vivid flame from the deck, mounting in swift convolutions to the main-mast-head, which resembled the apex of a huge column of fire, surmounted by clouds of smoke, wove into fantastic wreaths with braids of flame. In an instant, the schooner seemed to burst into atoms, and to fly, like the ignited particles of a sky-rocket, crackling high in the air. The report of the awful explosion, that to the wrapt imaginations of the excited couple, appeared to convulse the island and the sea, gradually died away;—the burning fragments of the vessel were quenched as they fell into the water; and the expanding volumes of smoke rolled off majestically to the leeward, and were imperceptibly blended with the shadows of night.

The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon;—his lingering rays still tinging the circle of the ocean,

darted in a thousand hues through the waves, as they broke in foaming white-caps, dancing in the breeze.— The heavens, as if mocking the impotent strife of man, continued to gather blackness, and the wind raged with increasing violence, dashing the tumultuous waters in reckless fury on the shore. At a short distance on the lee of the struggling boat, a ledge of rocks projected into the ocean; and the last glimpse of the little bark, that Bancroft could catch through the brief twilight, descried her drifting towards the reefs which flung the spray far into the air.

Deeply solicitous for the safety of the boat, which appeared to be crowded with the crew of the schooner, Bancroft hastened to his hut, and hung out a light to guide her to a safe landing. The resounding thunder soon afterwards broke over the wide expanse, and was followed by torrents of rain, which at distant intervals continued throughout the night.

When morning came, Bancroft looked out on the ocean, but no traces of either the long-boat, or the ship, could be seen. He wandered down to the water's edge, where he was pained to discover the frail bark drifted high on the beach; and pursuing his search, he found a lifeless body still floating and rocking in the last feeble surges of the ocean. He immediately recognised the Pirate Chief, all doubts of whose identity were removed by finding on his forehead the wound inflicted in the battle with the Triton, and in his pocket the gold watch, of which the Rover had divested

him soon after his capture. He removed the body beyond the reach of the waves, and there hastily buried it in the sand, that his enfeebled wife might not be shocked in beholding the corpse of him, who had so cruelly added to her cup of earthly bitterness.

Returning to the couch of his wife, Bancroft found her unusually weak in body, and depressed in spirits; and upon learning that neither the boat nor the pursuing vessel could be seen, and that the promised means of escape from the island had vanished, even hope, the last lingering feeling that sustains us in the hour of calamity, seemed to have expired. Her voice began to falter, she sunk calmly back upon her pillow, and, before mid-day, her gentle spirit ceased to animate its mortal tenement. The doating husband threw himself by her side, where he laid until the morrow's sun beamed brightly through his hut, as if chiding the gloom of its only living tenant. At length, with a heavy heart, the simple funeral preparations were made, and towards sunset, Bancroft sorrowfully engaged in the performance of the last melancholy offices, which bereaved love is permitted to render to the object of its adoration. He dug the grave beneath a palm tree, close by the door of their hut, and affectionately strewed it with a profusion of wild flowers and evergreens. And now, for the last time, the disconsolate husband gazed on that face,

“So coldly sweet, so deadly fair;—”

for even the withering touch of disease had not power to destroy its lineaments of beauty:

“ Her’s was the loveliness in death,
That parts not with the parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression’s last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay.”

The corpse was carefully wrapped in a winding sheet, formed of the canvass that had sheltered her wasting form from the tropical rains, and then placed in its lonely bed. The companionless husband returned to the silent apartment, sad, exhausted, and inconsolable. For the two succeeding days, he lingered around the grave of his buried love, indifferent to the calls of hunger, and reckless of every thing, save that of dying upon the sod that covered her earthly remains. On the third, he once more discovered a sail approaching the island, and having made a signal, a boat was sent on shore. The ship proved to be an American merchantman, passing from Rio Janeiro to the United States, in which Bancroft returned to New Orleans. On reaching that city, his system yielded to disease, and for several weeks, he was confined to his bed.

Partially restored to health, he embarked in the early part of February, 1823, for Louisville, on board one of the larger class of steam boats. Between Natchez and the mouth of the Ohio, about 10 o’clock, on a dark night, in the midst of a violent snow storm, and while

running under a heavy press of steam, she struck, in the impetuousness of her course, one of those formidable *planters*, which at that day were so destructive to the commerce of the western waters. It passed directly through the bottom of the boat, entered the fore-castle, and was broken off—partially checking her headway. At the time of the accident, most of the deck passengers were asleep—those of the cabin being engaged in various kinds of amusement. The shock was sudden and tremendous. The sleeping were aroused in dismay, and all were filled with unutterable horror. The boat was instantly turned to the shore, from which she was distant but a few rods, and by command of captain Campbell, who exhibited an admirable self-possession, the extent of the injury was promptly ascertained. When she neared the beach, one end of a cable that lay coiled on her bow was fastened to a tree;—no one, in the hurry of a moment fraught with such imminent danger, thinking to enquire whether the other end was made fast. The boat swung round in the rapid current, and soon the treacherous cable ran out;—the lost end fell splashing in the water, and the agitated passengers saw the almost certain prospect of escape, changed in the lapse of an instant, to immediate and remediless destruction. A scene of tumultuous confusion ensued. The long-boat was filled with passengers and rowed to the land; but unfortunately losing an oar, it was not returned in time to afford any further assistance to this perishing mass of

human beings. Some plunged into the cold stream to save themselves by swimming;—some clung to the willows;—while others threw themselves upon the firewood, and such articles of furniture as were most likely to bear them up. The raging of the storm, the deep gloom of the night,—the prayers, and shrieks, and expiring groans of such as were sinking beneath the turbid waters—the confusion and despair of those clinging to the trees, or still standing on the wreck, presented a scene, sickening, terrific, indescribable! In a few minutes, the *TENNESSEE* filled with water and sunk; and, in one mournful hour, not less than sixty of her two hundred passengers, were hurried from time to eternity.

A few days after this melancholy occurrence, the body of Bancroft was found, not far below the fatal spot. It was known by discovering, suspended on his bosom, the miniature likeness of a beautiful female, with her name engraven on the gold in which it was encased.

The grave of William Bancroft, indicated only by a rough stone, on which are rudely traced the initials of his name, stands beneath a towering sycamore, on the south bank of the Mississippi, near the Walnut Hills.

THE MASSACRE.

O'ER Raisin's wave the willow tree
Its funeral shadow flings,
And many a night-bird mournfully
His wail of sorrow sings.
A curse hangs o'er, that gloomy shore,
And o'er the silent wave,
And spirits stalk at midnight hour,
Around the warrior's grave.

They fell unarmed, unpitied here,
Beneath the assassin blade ;
No friendly eye to drop a tear,
No generous foe to aid.
They quailed not, and they scorned to sue,
But met the dastard blow,
And sighed a last, a fond adieu,
To all they loved below.

Long, long, upon that deed of crime,
The stamp of shame shall be,
When hero's fell in youthful prime,
By Briton's perfidy.

The sin was foul; and deep the wail,
That mourned that guilty hour;
The plighted maiden heard the tale,
And woke to peace no more.

The father would have given his son,
With but a parent's sigh,
The bright career of fame to run,
And for his country die;
But parents, friends, and country mourn,
The murdered captive's doom,
And fierce revenge, and hatred burn,
Around the martyr's tomb.

The blood is washed from Raisin's shore—
There loveliest flowers bloom,
And many a shrub is bending o'er
The solitary tomb;
But deep the stains of crimson glow,
Upon the victor's fame;
Time will efface the mourner's woe,
But not the murderer's shame!

JAMES HALL.

WINTER.

ARRAYED like a bride, in her mantle of white,
 The GODDESS OF WINTER has broke on our sight,
 And creation confesses her presence—for lo!
 She has come in her crystalized chariot of snow.
 The winds are her steeds, and her scourge is the hail,
 And her course can be tracked over mountain and vale;
 She has shook her white wreath on the forest clad hill,
 Has chained with her cold icy fetters the rill,
 And the verdure of Spring, and the harvest of Fall,
 Are concealed by her bright, and her beautiful pall.

Let us hail her approach, as the herald of mirth:—
 Let the faggots be lit to enliven the hearth—
 Deck the festival hall, where the happy ones meet—
 When the soft strains of musick, in melody sweet,
 Are bursting around;—for the dance shall be wove,
 By the forms we adore, and the friends that we love;
 And the revel and song shall not cease, while the reign
 Of the health-breathing Goddess is felt on the plain—
 While her spangles of frost can be seen in the air,
 Or the mountains, and valleys, her liveries wear.

HASSAN.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

PLUCKED from the parent stem, the rose
Is hastening to a swift decay ;
For now its bloom no longer knows
The moistening dew, the genial ray.

Thus should some rude, unfeeling hand,
Despoil that sunny breast of thine,
And steal the heart, so gay, so bland—
Soon on thy cheek the rose would pine.

But should some frank and generous youth
Possess the bud that's blooming there,
And cherish it with vows of truth,
And guard it with a lover's care ;

'Twill flourish then, as now it blows.
In beauty on the parent stem,
And still will be as bright a rose,
As ever decked a diadem.

ORLANDO

VIEW OF FRANKFORT.

FRANKFORT is the Capital of the STATE OF KENTUCKY. It is surrounded by hills, and is in a deep basin. It was sportively compared by MR. POLETICA, the Russian Minister, to a city in a hat crown. It is well built, and the principal streets are paved. The KENTUCKY RIVER runs through it, and the banks are very high. A new and beautiful State House built of the white marble, dug from the neighbouring cliffs, has been erected on the ruins of the one, which was burnt in the winter of 1824. BENSON CREEK empties into the Kentucky just below the town.

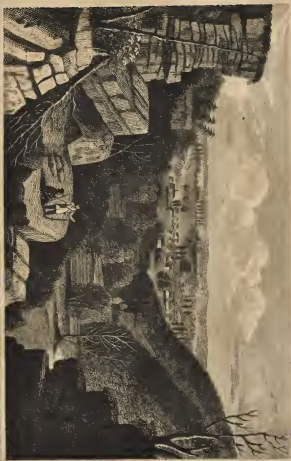
The view here given, was taken from a point about two miles up the creek, and presents one of the most romantick, and beautiful landscapes in the country.



THE OF PLANTING.

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PETE FEATHERTON.

EVERY country has its superstitions, and will continue to have them, so long as men are blessed with lively imaginations, and while any portion of mankind remain ignorant of the causes of natural phenomena. That, which can not be reconciled with experience, will always be attributed to supernatural influence, and those who know little, will imagine much more to exist than has ever been witnessed by their own senses. I am not displeased with this state of things; for the journey of life would be dull indeed, if those who travel it, were confined forever to the beaten highway, worn smooth by the sober feet of experience. To turnpikes, for our beasts of burden, I have no objection; but I can not consent to the erection of railways for the mind, even though the architect be "Wisdom, whose ways are pleasant, and whose paths are peace." It is, sometimes, agreeable to stray off into the wilderness which fancy creates, to recline in fairy bowers, and to listen to the murmurs of imaginary fountains. When the beaten road becomes tiresome, there are many sunny spots where the pilgrim may loiter with advantage—many shady paths, whose labyrinths may be traced with delight. The mountain, and the vale, on whose scenery we gaze enchanted,

derive new charms, when their deep caverns, and gloomy recesses are peopled with imaginary beings.

But above all, the enlivening influence of fancy is felt, when it illumines our fire-sides, giving to the wings of time, when they grow heavy, a brighter plumage, and a more sprightly motion. There are seasons, when the spark of life within us, seems to burn with less than its wonted vigor; the blood crawls heavily through the veins; the contagious dullness seizes on our companions, and the sluggish hours roll painfully along. Something more than a common impulse is then required to awaken the indolent mind, and give a new tone to the flagging spirits. If necromancy draws her magic circle, we cheerfully enter the ring; if folly shakes her caps and bells, we are amused; a witch becomes an interesting personage, and we are even agreeably surprised by the companionable qualities of a ghost.

We, who live on the frontier, have little acquaintance with imaginary beings. These gentry never emigrate; they seem to have strong local attachments, which not even the charms of a new country can overcome. A few witches, indeed, were imported into New England by the fathers; but were so badly used, that the whole race seems to have been disgusted with new settlements. With them, the spirit of adventure expired, and the wierd women of the present day, wisely cling to the soil of the old countries. That we have but few ghosts will not be deemed a matter of

surprise, by those who have observed, how miserably destitute we are of accommodations for such inhabitants. We have no haronial castles, nor ruined mansions;—no turrets crowned with ivy, nor ancient abbeys crumbling into decay; and it would be a paltry spirit, who would be content to wander in the forest, by silent rivers and solitary swamps.

It is even imputed to us as a reproach, by enlightened foreigners, that our land is altogether populated with the living descendants of Adam—creatures with thews and sinews; who eat when they are hungry, laugh when they are tickled, and die when they are done living. The creatures of romance, say they, exist not in our territory. A witch, a ghost, or a brownie, perishes in America, as a serpent is said to die, the instant it touches the uncongenial soil of Ireland.—This is true, only in part.—If we have no ghosts, we are not without miracles. Wonders have happened in these United States.—Mysteries have occurred in the valley of the Mississippi. Supernatural events have transpired on the borders of “The beautiful stream;” and in order to rescue my country from undeserved reproach, I shall proceed to narrate an authentic history, which I received from the lips of the party principally concerned.

A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow laid ankle-deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air, and the cheerful sun-beams invigorated the animal crea-

tion, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking places.

The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio, were commencing with the sun, the business of the day. A stout, raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and hugging log after log, erected a pile in the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honours to the stateliest ox. A female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage, which is seldom wanting at the morning repast, of the substantial American peasant.

The breakfast over, MR. FEATHERTON reached down a long rifle from the rafters, and commenced certain preparations, fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed, and the springs oiled; and the keen eye of the backwoodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essayed those coaxing and captivating blandishments, which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport.—Every pretext which her ingenuity supplied, was urged with affectionate pertinacity;—the wind whistled

bleakly over the hills, the snow lay deep in the valleys, the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter, cold weather, his toes might be frost bitten, and her own hours would be sadly lonesome in his absence. The young hunter smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride, for such she was, and continued his preparations.

He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last would not be very likely to prevail.—PETE FEATHERTON, as he was familiarly called by his acquaintances, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian, of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion, announced an ardent temperament; his tall form, and bony limbs indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and tall cheek-bones, evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times, wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. He loved his wife, was true to his friends, never allowed a bottle to pass untasted, nor turned his back upon a frolic.

He believed, that the best qualities of all countries were centred in Kentucky; but had a whimsical manner of expressing his national attachments. He was firmly convinced, that the battle of the Thames was the most sanguinary conflict of the age, and extolled colonel J——n, as “a severe colt.”—He would ad-

mit that Napoleon was a great genius; but insisted that he was "no part of a priming" to Henry Clay.—When entirely "at himself,"—to use his own language,—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly, and rational, and a better tempered soul never shouldered a rifle.—But let him get a dram too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. It was then that he would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air with the activity of a rope dancer, and after uttering a yell, which the most accomplished Winnebago might be proud to own, swear that he was the "best man" in the country, and could "whip his weight in wild cats!" and after many other extravagances, conclude that he could "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning."

In addition to this, which one would think was enough for any reasonable man, Pete would brag, that he had the best rifle, the prettiest wife, and the fastest nag in all Kentuck; and that no man dare say to the contrary. It is but justice to remark, that there was more truth in this last boast, than is usually found on such occasions, and that Pete had no small reason to be proud of his horse, his gun, and his rosy-cheeked companion.

These, however, were the happy moments, which are few and far between; for every poet will bear us witness from his own experience, that the human intellect is seldom indulged with those brilliant inspira-

tions, which gleam over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was as listless a soul, as one would see of a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling speech, and a deliberate gait, a stoop of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole inward and outward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection and want, and without any impulse, strong enough to call forth his manhood—as the panther, with whom he so often compared himself, when his appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

It will be readily perceived, that our hunter was not one, who could be turned from his purpose, by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and wrappers of buckskin: and he was soon accoutered with his quaintly carved powder-horn, pouch, flints, patches, balls and long knife;—and throwing “Brown Bess,”—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth.

But in passing a store hard by, which supplied the country with gunpowder, whiskey and other necessities, he was hailed by some of his neighbours, one of whom challenged him to swap rifles. Pete was one of those, who would not receive a challenge without throwing it back. Without the least intention, therefore, of parting with his favourite rifle, he continued to

banter back—making offers like a skilful diplomatist, which he knew would not be accepted, and feigning great eagerness to accede to any reasonable proposition, while inwardly resolved to reject all. He magnified the perfections of Brown Bess.

“She can do any thing but talk,” said he—“If she had legs, she could hunt by herself.—It is a pleasure to *tote* her—and I na-ter-ally believe, there is not a rifle south of Green river, that can throw a ball so far, or so true.”

These discussions consumed much time, and much whiskey—for the rule on such occasions is, that he who rejects an offer to trade, must treat the company, and thus every point in the negotiation costs a pint of spirits.

At length, bidding adieu to his companions, Pete struck into the forest. Lightly crushing the snow beneath his active feet, he beat up the coverts, and traversed all the accustomed haunts of the deer.—He mounted every hill and descended into every valley—not a thicket escaping the penetrating glance of his practised eye.—Fruitless labour!—Not a deer was to be seen. Pete marvelled at this unusual circumstance, and was the more surprised when he began to find, that the woods were less familiar to him than formerly. He thought he knew every tree within ten miles of his cabin; but, now, although he certainly had not wandered so far, some of the objects around him seemed strange, while others again were easily recog-

nised; and there was, altogether, a singular confusion of character in the scenery, which was partly familiar, and partly new; or rather, in which the component parts were separately well known, but were so mixed up, and changed in relation to each other, as to baffle even the knowledge of an expert woodsman. The more he looked, the more he was bewildered. He came to a stream which had heretofore rolled to the west; but now its course pointed to the east; and the shadows of the tall trees, which, according to Pete's philosophy, ought, at noon, to fall to the north, all pointed to the south. He cast his eye upon his own shadow, which had never deceived him—when lo! a still more extraordinary phenomenon presented itself. It was travelling round him like the shade on a dial,—only a thousand times faster, as it veered round the whole compass in the course of a single minute.

It was very evident, too, from the dryness of the snow, and the brittleness of the twigs, which snapped off as he brushed his way through the thickets, that the weather was intensely cold; and yet the perspiration was rolling in large drops from his brow. He stopped at a clear spring, and thrusting his hands into the cold water, attempted to carry a portion of it to his lips; but the element recoiled and hissed, as if his hands and lips had been composed of red hot iron.—Pete felt quite puzzled when he reflected on all these contradictions in the aspect of nature; and he began to consider what act of wickedness he had been guil-

ty of, which could have rendered him so hateful, that the deer fled, the streams turned back, and the shadows danced round their centre at his approach.

He began to grow alarmed, and would have turned back, but was ashamed to betray such weakness, even to himself; and being naturally bold, he resolutely kept his way. At last, to his great joy, he espied the tracks of deer imprinted in the snow—and, dashing into the trail, with the alacrity of a well-trained hound, he pursued in hopes of overtaking the game. Presently, he discovered the tracks of a man, who had struck the same trail in advance of him, and supposing it to be one of the neighbours, he quickened his pace, as well to gain a companion in sport, as to share the spoil of his fellow hunter.—Indeed, in his present situation and feelings, Pete thought he would be willing to give half of what he was worth, for the bare sight of a human face.

“I don’t like the signs, no how,” said he, casting a rapid glance around him; and then throwing his eyes downwards at his own shadow, which had ceased its rotatory motion and was now swinging from right to left like a pendulum—“I don’t like the signs,—I feel sort o’ juhus.—But, I’ll soon see, whether other people’s shadows act the fool like mine.”

Upon further observation, there appeared to be something peculiar, in the human tracks before him, which were evidently made by a pair of feet, of which one was larger than the other. As there was no person

in the settlement who was thus deformed, Pete began to doubt whether it might not be the Devil, who, in borrowing shoes to conceal his cloven hoofs, might have got those that were not fellows. He stopped and scratched his head, as many a learned philosopher has done, when placed between the horns of a dilemma, less perplexing than that which now vexed the spirit of our hunter. It was said long ago—that there is a tide in the affairs of men, and although our friend Pete had never seen this sentiment in black and white, yet it is one of those truths, which are written in the heart of every reasonable being, and was only copied by the poet from the great book of human nature. It readily occurred to Pete on this occasion. And as he had enjoyed through life a tide of success, he reflected whether the stream of fortune might not have changed its course, like the brooks he had crossed, whose waters for some sinister reason, seemed to be crawling up-hill. But, again, it occurred to him, that to turn back, would argue a want of that courage, which he had been taught to consider as the chief of the cardinal virtues.

“I can’t back out,” said he.—“I never was raised to it, no how;—and if so-be, the Devil’s a mind to hunt in this range, he shan’t have all the game.”

He soon overtook the person in advance of him, who, as he had suspected, was a perfect stranger. He had halted, and was quietly seated on a log, gazing at the sun, when Pete approached, and saluted him with

the usual—"How are you stranger?" The latter made no reply, but continued to gaze at the sun, as if totally unconscious that any other person was present. He was a small, thin, old man, with a grey beard of about a month's growth, and a long, sallow, melancholy visage, while a tarnished suit of snuff-coloured clothes, cut after the quaint fashion of some religious sect, hung loosely about his shrivelled person.

Our hunter, somewhat awed, now coughed—threw the butt end of the gun heavily upon the ground—and still failing to elicit any attention, quietly seated himself on the other end of the same log, which the stranger occupied. Both remained silent for some minutes—Pete with open mouth, and glaring eye-balls, observing his companion in mute astonishment, and the latter looking at the sun.

"It's a warm day, this," said Pete, at length; passing his hand across his brow, as he spoke, and sweeping off the heavy drops of perspiration that hung there. But receiving no answer, he began to get nettled. His native assurance, which had been damped by the mysterious deportment of the person who sat before him, revived; and screwing his courage to the sticking point, he arose, approached the silent man, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed—

"Well, stranger! Don't the sun look mighty droll, away out there in the north?"

As the heavy hand fell on his shoulder, the stranger slowly turned his face towards Pete, who recoiled

several paces;—then rising, without paying our hunter any further attention, he began to pursue the trail of the deer. Pete prepared to follow, when the other, turning upon him with a stern glance, inquired—

“Who are you tracking?”

“Not you,” replied the hunter, whose alarm had subsided, when the enemy began to retreat; and whose pride piqued by the abruptness with which he had been treated, enabled him to assume his usual boldness of manner.

“What do you trail then?”

“I trail deer.”

“You must not pursue them further, they are mine.”

The sound of the stranger’s voice broke the spell, which had hung over Pete’s natural impudence, and he now shouted—

“Your deer! That’s droll, too! Who ever heard of a man claiming the deer in the woods?”

“Provoke me not,—I tell you they are mine.”

“Well, now,—you’re a comical chap! Why, man! the deer are wild! They’re jist nateral to the woods here, the same as the timber.—You might as well say the wolves, and the painters are yours, and all the rest of the wild varmants.”

“The tracks, you behold here, are those of wild deer, undoubtedly; but they are mine.—I roused them from their bed, and am driving them to my home, which is not of this country.”

"Couldn't you take a pack or two of wolves along?" said Pete, sneeringly.—"We can spare you a small gang. It's mighty wolfy about here."

"If you follow me any further, it is at your peril!" said the stranger.

"You don't suppose I'm to be skeered, do you?—You musn't come over them words agin.—There's no back out in none of my breed."

"I repeat——"

"You had best not repeat,—I allow no man to repeat in my presence"—interrupted the irritated woodsman. "I'm Virginia born, and Kentucky raised, and, drot my skin! if I take the like of that from any man that ever wore shoe leather."

"Desist! rash man, from altercation. I despise your threats."

"I tell you what, stranger!" said Pete, endeavouring to imitate the coolness of the other, "as to the matter of a deer or two—I don't vally them to the tantamount of this here cud of tobacco; but I'm not to be backed out of my tracks.—So, keep off, stranger!—Don't come fooling about me.—I feel mighty wolfy about the head and shoulders.—Keep off! I say, or you might get hurt."

With this, the hunter, to use his own language, "squared himself, and sot his triggers,"—fully determined, either to hunt the disputed game, or be vanquished in combat. To his surprise, the stranger with-

out appearing to notice his preparations, advanced, and blew with his breath upon his rifle.

"Your gun is charmed!" said he. "From this time forward, you will kill no deer." And so saying, he deliberately resumed his journey.

Pete Featherton remained a moment or two, lost in confusion. He then thought he would pursue the stranger, and punish him as well for his threats, as for the insult intended to his gun; but a little reflection induced him to change his decision. The confident manner, in which that mysterious being had spoken, together with a kind of vague assurance within his own mind, that the spell had really taken effect, so unmanned and stupified him, that he quietly "took the back track," and sauntered homewards. He had not gone far, before he saw a fine buck, half concealed among the hazle bushes which beset his path, and resolving to know at once how matters stood between Brown Bess and the pretended conjurer, he took a deliberate aim, fired, and—away bounded the buck unharmed!

With a heavy heart, our mortified forester re-entered his dwelling, and replaced his degraded weapon in its accustomed birth under the rafters.

"You have been long gone," said his wife;—"but where is the venison you promised me?"

Pete was constrained to confess he had shot nothing.

"That is strange!" said the lady. "I never knew you fail before."

Pete framed twenty excuses.—He had felt unwell;—his rifle was out of fix—and there were not many deer stirring.

Had not Pete been a very young husband, he would have known, that the vigilant eye of a wife is not to be deceived by feigned apologies. Mrs. Featherton saw, that something had happened to her helpmate, more than he was willing to confess; and being quite as tenacious as himself, in her reluctance against being “backed out of her tracks,” she advanced firmly to her object, and Pete was compelled to own, “That he believed Brown Bess was somehow——sort o’——charmed.”

“Now, Mr. Featherton!” said his sprightly bride, “are you not ashamed to tell me such a tale as that! Ah, well! I know how it is.—You have been down at the store, shooting at a mark for half pints!”

“No, indeed!” replied the husband, emphatically, “I wish I may be kissed to death, If I’ve pulled a trigger for a drop of liquor this day.”

“Well, do now—that’s a good dear!—tell me where you have been, and what has happened? For never did Pete Featherton, and Brown Bess, fail to get a venison any day in the year.”

Soothed by this well-timed compliment, and willing, perhaps, to have the aid of counsel in this trying emergency, Pete narrated minutely to his wife, all the particulars of his meeting with the mysterious stranger.

Unfortunately, the good lady was as wonder-struck as himself, and unable to give any advice.—She simply prescribed bathing his feet, and going to bed; and Pete, though he could not perceive how this was to affect his gun, passively submitted.

On the following day, when Pete awoke, the events which we have described, appeared to him as a dream; and resolving to know the truth, he seized his gun, and hastened to the woods.—But, alas! every experiment produced the same vexatious result. The gun was charmed! and the hunter stalked harmlessly through the forest. Day after day, he went forth and returned, with no better success. The very deer, themselves, became sensible of his inoffensiveness, and would raise their heads, and gaze mildly at him, as he passed; or throw back their horns, and bound carelessly across his path! Day after day, and week after week, passed without bringing any change; and Pete began to feel very ridiculously. He could imagine no situation more miserable than his own. To ride through the woods, to see the game, to come within gun-shot of it, and yet to be unable to kill a deer, seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of human wretchedness. There was a littleness, an insignificance, attached to the idea of not being able to kill a deer, which to Pete's mind was down-right disgrace. More than once, he was tempted to throw his gun into the river; but the excellence of the weapon, and the recollection of former exploits, as often restrained him; and he continued to stroll through

the woods, firing now and then at a fat buck, under the hope, that the charm would sometime or other expire by its own limitation; but the fat bucks continued to frisk fearlessly in his path.

At length, Pete bethought himself of a celebrated Indian doctor, who lived at no great distance. An Indian doctor, be it known, is not necessarily a descendant of the aborigines. The title, it is true, originates in the confidence, which many of our countrymen repose in the medical skill of the Indian tribes. But to make an Indian doctor, a red skin, is by no means indispensable. To have been taught by a savage, to have seen one, or, at all events, to have heard of one, is all that is necessary, to enable an individual to practise this lucrative and popular branch of the healing art. Your Indian doctor is one, who practises without a diploma, and without physic; who neither nauseates the stomach with odious drugs, nor mars the fair proportions of nature with the sanguinary lancet. He believes in the sympathy, which is supposed to exist between the body and the mind, which, like the two arms of a Syphon, always preserve a corresponding relation to each other; and the difference between him, and the regular physician, is, that they operate at different points of the same figure—the one practising on the immaterial spirit, while the other boldly grapples with the bones and muscle. I can not determine which is in the right; but must award to the Indian

doctor at least this advantage, that his art is the most widely beneficial; for while your doctor of medicine restores a lost appetite, his rival can, in addition, recover a strayed or stolen horse. If the former can bring back the faded lustre of a fair maiden's cheek, the latter can remove the spell from a churn, or a rifle.

To a sage of this order, did Pete disclose his misfortune, and apply for relief. The doctor examined the gun; and having measured the calibre of the bore, with the same solemnity, with which he would have felt the pulse of a patient, directed the applicant to call again. At the appointed time the hunter returned, and received two balls—one of pink, the other of a silver hue. The doctor instructed him to load his piece with one of these bullets, which he pointed out, and proceed through the woods to a certain hollow, at the head of which was a spring. Here he would find a white fawn, at which he was to shoot. It would be wounded, but would escape; and he was to pursue its trail, until he found a buck, which he was to kill with the other ball. If he accomplished all this, accurately, the charm would be broken.

Pete, who was well acquainted with all the localities, carefully pursued the route, which had been indicated, treading lightly along, sometimes elated with the prospect of speedily breaking the spell—sometimes doubting the skill of the doctor—and ashamed, alter-

nately, of his doubts and of his belief. At length, he reached the lonely glen; and his heart bounded, as he beheld the white fawn, quietly grazing by the fountain. The ground was open; and he was unable to get within his usual distance, before the fawn raised her head, looked mournfully around, and snuffed the breeze, as if conscious of the approach of danger.—His heart palpitated.—It was a long shot, and a bad chance; but he dared not advance from his concealment.

“Luck’s a lord,” said he, as he drew up his gun, and pulled the trigger. The fawn bounded aloft at the report, and then darted away through the brush, while the hunter hastened to examine the signs. To his great joy, he found the blood profusely scattered; and now flushed with the confidence of success, he stoutly rammed down the other ball, and pursued the trail of the wounded fawn. Long did he trace the crimson drops upon the snow, without beholding the promised victim. Hill after hill, he climbed, vale after vale, he passed—searching every thicket with penetrating eyes; and he was about to renounce the chase, the wizzard, and the gun, when lo!—directly in his path, stood a noble buck, with numerous antlers, branching over his fine head!

“Ah, ha! my jolly fellow! I’ve found you out at last!” said the delighted hunter, “you’re the very chap, I’ve been looking after.—Your blood shall wipe

off the disgrace from my charming Bess, that never missed fire, burned priming, nor cleared the mark in her born days, till that vile Yankee witch cursed her!——Here goes!——”

He shot the buck.——His rifle was restored to favour, and he never again wanted venison.

JAMES HALL.

ADDRESSED TO ———

THOUGH Love, that wild, and frolic boy,
Has charmed my cherished peace away,
Yet all his shafts were winged with joy,
And tipped with promised rapture's ray.
And now, with fairy visions bright,
And waking dreams of soft delight,
He cheers the lonely hours of night,
And speeds the lingering flight of day.

When with sad doubt, and rising sigh,
My sinking spirits feel oppress,
Her smiling look of light is nigh,
And sighs, and doubts, are lulled to rest.
Balm of toil and bliss of leisure—
Soul of joys delicious measure!
Oh! what can yield a glow of pleasure,
Like that which warms a lover's breast!

When on my couch, her gentle hand,
Seems strewing myrtles o'er my pillow,
And fancy hears her, soft and bland,
As murmuring of the distant billow;

With breath like violet-scented gale,
When summer wafts it o'er the vale,
With heart like pity's tender tale,
 Drawn by love's pencil, warm and mellow.

Each sighing breeze, that murmur's by,
 Reminds me of her harp's sweet strain;
Ah, dear and witching minstrelsy,
 When shall I hear your tones again?
Speed lingering moments, speed your flight!
Restore me to her angel sight,
And basking on love's roseate light,
 Twine closer round my heart, his chain.

N.

THE GIFT.

TAKE, oh take, the Gift I bring!
Not the blushing rose of spring,
Not a gem from India's cave,
Not the coral of the wave,
Not a wreath to deck thy brow,
Not a ring to bind thy vow—
Brighter is the gift I bring,
Friendship's purest offering.

Take the Book! oh, may it be,
Treasured long and dear by thee.
Wealth may buy thee richer toys,
Love may weave thee brighter joys,
Hope may sing a sweeter lay,
Pleasure shed a softer ray;
But not wealth nor love may twine,
Wreath so pure as this of mine;
Hope nor pleasure spread a hue,
Half so lasting, half so true—
Keep, oh keep, the gift I bring,
It is friendship's offering!

JAMES HALL

